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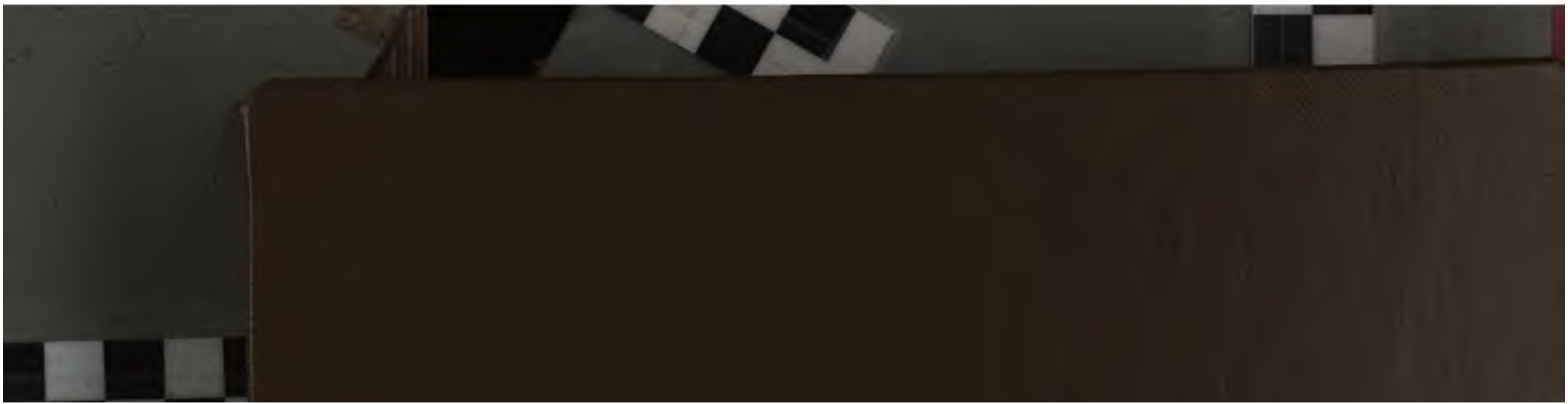

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NOTE *on the Article on* '*Penny Fiction*' *in No.* 341 *of the* '*Quarterly.*'

We have received a complaint that the 'Young Folks' Paper' has not been correctly classed by the writer of the article on 'Penny Fiction' in the last number of the 'Quarterly.' The Editor has in consequence carefully examined several numbers of the 'Young Folks' Paper,' and has pleasure in stating that the general quality and tone of its contents entitle it to be placed in a superior class of journals.

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*A History of Eton College*, 1440–1884. By H. C. Maxwell Lyte, C.B., Deputy-Keeper of the Records. With illustrations by P. H. Delamotte and others. A new edition, revised and enlarged. London, 1889.

THE year 1890 is the ninth Jubilee of the College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor, founded on the 11th of October, 1440, by King Henry VI. The older foundation of Winchester precedes that of Eton by more than fifty years, and celebrated the conclusion of its fifth century in the year 1887. A continuous life of 450 years, during the whole of which it has held a conspicuous place among English schools, has preserved for Eton a distinction which was at first conferred upon it by its royal origin, its situation under the shadow of Windsor Castle, its great revenues and stately buildings. It is not our intention to catalogue the 'Eminent Etonians' who have been luminaries in Church and State. The cynic would say that they would have been luminaries in any case, and must have been educated somewhere. The patriotic Etonian loves to trace the common features of his school in the portraits of his famous countrymen, and to believe that the Battle of Waterloo was won in the Playing Fields, and that 'Pop' was the training ground of orators. At any rate, without affirming that public schoolmen owe all to the school at which they were brought up, or that they owe nothing at all, we may agree that there is something of an ἦθος which distinguishes Eton men from those who have the characteristics of Harrow or Winchester, just as we can commonly discern, after half an hour spent in a man's company, whether he took his degree at Oxford or Cambridge.

Eton has gone through many phases, and it is not always easy to recognize her in all guises. But from early times we think

we may note as permanent characters that the scholarship of Eton stood as high as that of any other school, and that the boys had an unusual amount of liberty. It is—so say the lovers of Eton—the habit of trying experiments in life, instead of repeating the experience of others, which gives Etonians that easy grasp of life, that 'flexibility,' as Matthew Arnold called it, the claim to which they do not always accord to others. The Eton system aims at avoiding, on the one hand, the cramping and formalizing effect of a too careful training and too rigid application of rules; on the other hand, it teaches by practical lessons that over-luxuriance is not healthy growth. The boys at Tiverton school used to be thrown, as Mr. Blackmore tells us, into 'Blundell's Pool' to learn the art of swimming by experiencing the inconvenience of not being able to swim, and a like practice prevailed at Winchester. *Nabis sine cortice* has also been the rough doctrine of mother Eton; and though at the present day everything is made easy to everybody, Eton, in the changed conditions to which she, as well as other schools, is subjected, is still able to turn out her pupils with the old stamp upon them. Formerly the mass of the school spent their time in riot, were flogged often, and learnt little: now-a-days few escape competitive examination in one form or another; all the boys learn something, and some turn out as good scholars as ever; and when the Fourth of June calls Etonians together in all corners of the world to drink 'Floreat Etona' and think themselves young again, they are justified in believing that the familiar features of the type 'Eton boy grown heavy' are not different, allowing for the progress of the species, from what they were in the days when Goodall wore the wig of dignity and Keate the hat of dominion.

Books about schools are apt to be disappointing as containing too much anecdote and too little history. Men's recollections of their schooldays are more often gay than grave; they remember what and whom they laughed at more often than what impressed them seriously. It is quite natural. Boys are better judges of fun than of wisdom, and their early impressions of sermons and lectures are not always borne out by their maturer taste. Yet there have been schoolmasters whose moral influence was felt like Dr. Arnold's, and others whose stimulating power or art of imparting knowledge opened the way for those who could learn into new regions of thought, *avia Pieridum loca.* But of these the lettered Muse is too often silent; she prefers to talk about Keate's cough, Gabell's voice, and Busby's hat. And so men of genius, whose influence has been felt throughout a school, may be neglected, whilst 'characters' with salient oddities such as strike

strike the youthful mind are remembered longer than their betters.

Mr. Lyte's book is interesting as well as amusing; but he has to use what materials come to hand, and they are mostly anecdotical or archæological. A history of Eton, if the documents have not perished, ought to be a history of English education during the last 450 years. We search these pages in vain to find when the great changes were made which the New Learning introduced into schools; what effect the Reformation had on the studies of the place; how Greek* was introduced and flourished; what was the origin of the books used by successive generations of learners, by whom compiled, and where printed; how it came about that the Eton books were regarded a century ago as the best of all school books; why Keate submitted to teach for twenty-five years from the same texts which had been used at Eton for a century, he the contemporary of Blomfield and Monk, and the inheritor of Porson's traditions; why Attic Greek was almost entirely omitted from the school course, and Latin verse became the criterion of Eton scholarship; so that Bobus Smith came near to being reckoned, like Dante, among the five poets of ancient Rome; why and by what degrees Eton education ceased to be literary and rhetorical, and became critical and scholarly, a change not wholly for the better; what were the habits and traditions which formed the scholar-statesman of the type of Wellesley, Canning, and Praed, who were always scholars, and did not cease to be schoolboys when they became statesmen. All this and much more we should be glad to see treated of. Mr. Lyte would probably answer that he was writing a history of Eton College, not a tractate of education; but the one should in some degree include the other; and we hope that in some future edition room may be found for a comparison of Eton scholarship with that of other schools at different periods of their history.

We have but scanty information as to the state of learning in Medieval England. The impulse given to education by the Carlovingian revival of learning, of which the literature of the times of Alfred is one of the evidences, and in which our countryman Alcuin bore no inconsiderable part, had been obscured by a cloud of resurgent barbarism, but had retained some of its original vigour in the schools and seminaries attached to Cathedrals and Convents, which were intended for the education of poor clerks and of the young. Popes and

* Except a notice on p. 99 attributing the probable introduction of Greek into the school to Robert Aldrich, Head Master 1515–1521.

Councils had ordained that the cloistered clergy should take part in the work of education, and England was not behind the other nations of Christendom in this respect. 'England,' says Milman, 'was almost a land of schools; every cathedral, almost every monastery, had its own.'*

The schools attached to the Ecclesiastical Establishments were mainly intended to supply clergy to the Church. *Grammatica* and *Cantus* were the chief subjects taught: and of these *Grammatica* was a jejune study, consisting of little more than the text and a scholastic comment on Donatus, and the barbarous rhymes of the *Doctrinale* of Alexander Dolensis.† The Friars, whose new brooms swept in every corner of the Church, set up schools to reinforce or supplant the Cathedral and conventual schools. They invaded the Universities also, and for some generations the rival schools of Franciscans and Dominicans monopolized Christian education, as the Jesuits did in a later age. It must not be forgotten that popular education was not yet thought of, except in so far as the ministry was supplied in great measure from the middle and lower classes; for it was a common thing for the younger son of a farmer or tradesman to go to the University; and the annals of the Church are full of the names of prelates and doctors of humble origin. There were parish schools, no doubt, in all parts of England, but the poor were not taught to read and write: their education consisted of instruction in the Christian faith and the repetition of the ordinary Church offices, and there must have been many to whom, for want of more learning, the rule applied:—

> 'If thou can neither read ne say,
> Thy paternoster rehearse alway.'

It was not thought good that the poor should learn: and Jack Cade was not alone in disliking people who usually talked of a noun and a verb: though it must be set down to the credit of the clergy of England before the Reformation, that help was given to the poorest children to become clerks for the service of the Church.

Besides these schools, Bishops and Abbots took into their own households boys of good family to serve as pages, and supported a schoolmaster to teach them 'grammar;' that is, reading and writing, and the rudiments of such Latin as was then current. These were not only clerkly boys—princes of the blood and scions of noble houses were sent by their parents to

* 'History of Latin Christianity,' Book XIII., ch. vi.

† Mentioned (with no great respect) in 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum,' ii. 35.

the

the courts of prelates to learn 'curtesye.' A picturesque anecdote tells us how Sir Thomas More, when a boy, waiting at the table of Cardinal Morton, 'would . . . at Christmastide suddenly step in among the players, and never studying for the matter, make a part of his own there presently among them, which made the lookers-on more sport than all the players beside.' *

Amongst prelates who gave attention to this part of their pastoral duties, honourable mention may here be made of Richard Whiting, the last Abbot of Glastonbury, whose tragical death under the gallows on Glastonbury Tor has been recorded by Mr. Froude. He is said to have taught many boys at his own house in the Abbey, besides others to whom he gave exhibitions at the University; and what was done at Glastonbury was the rule at St. Edmundsbury, St. Alban's, and Reading, not to mention humbler foundations.

Noblemen's castles, like the court of the Persian King, were also seats of education in which *pueri gentiles* or *domicelli* were bred up in the customs of chivalry. We may surmise that they learnt more of hunting, tilting, hawking, and carving, than of more serious studies,—

> 'Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
> Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line'—

and young gentlemen would strut about with horns slung over their shoulders, 'as if they would blow the horn whilst they were dining,' says Erasmus, who did not love the swagger of the illiterate. But letters also were taught to those who would learn, and the poetry of the Middle Ages owes more to lay teaching than to the Church. The author of the 'Broad Stone of Honour' has collected instances of princes, ladies, and knights in various countries who were also beaux clercs and lovers of learning; and small as their store of Latin might be, and rare as such instances no doubt were, yet we must not set down as illiterate men who could listen to the gestes and lays which they could not read themselves, any more than we are at liberty to despise Walpole because he knew little Latin, Cromwell because he read little but the Bible, or the Duke of Wellington because he confounded the quantities of Jacobus and Carolus. Such men had a liberal education, though it did not come by the study of books. An age is not necessarily dull and unintelligent because it is illiterate, nor illiterate because its literature is limited.

We may, however, freely admit that the age in which William of Wykeham was born was one in which letters had sunk to a

* Roper, quoted by Furnivall, 'Education in Early England,' 1867.

low

low ebb. It was the period which came between the end of clerical education and the beginning of humanism. The Statute of Provisors is said to have lowered the education of the clergy by cutting England off from Continental learning, and the sequestration of alien Priories may have operated in the same direction. It was also, it is true, the period of the rise of English undefiled, the age of Chaucer, Gower, and Langland; but English Latin, as we read it in the chronicles and correspondence of the time, was barbarous, and its barbarism was made more conspicuous by the tawdry use of quotations from classical authors dragged in for the sake of ornament. A famous bishop, Thomas Bekynton, a Wykehamist too, and one of the first benefactors of Eton, is not ashamed to write such stuff as 'navem sequebatur piscis vocatus *le Shark*, qui quidem piscis percutiebatur bis cum uno harpyngyren et recessit,' and so forth; nor is the Bursars' Latin, as shown in the Audit Rolls of the College, more respectable. Probably some instruction in Priscian and Donat, Terence, Ovid, and Horace, was all the classical lore that was taught in schools;* and the versification to be read on the tombs of early Provosts and Fellows of Eton, shows how meagre was the result of this study of the ingenuous arts.

Better days were coming. The removal of the Papal See to Avignon, a century earlier, had brought Italian knowledge out of Italy, and Petrarchism was taking the place of Scholasticism, and preparing the world for the Renaissance. Since the time of Chaucer and Wyclif the education of the world was passing from the hands of the Roman Church into that of the laity. The foundations of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are rather educational than conventual. In Lancastrian times, besides the royal foundations, and Wykeham's almost royal foundations, we find schools at Rotherham, Wye in Kent, and Higham Ferrers, founded by three Archbishops, —Scott of York, Cardinal Kemp, and Chicheley of Canterbury. Other schools, such as Sir Simon Eyre's at Leadenhall, and William Sennock's at his birthplace, Sevenoaks, rose up by the side of St. Anthony's Hospital, St. Thomas of Acon, and the ancient ecclesiastical schools attached to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. The City of London School credits its first beginning to John Carpenter, Town Clerk of London, in the reign of Henry V.; and the Mercers' School belongs to the same date.

Wykeham had his education at St. Swithun's School in

* A list of books belonging to Charles, Duke of Berry, 1454, contains only the following: 'An ABC, vii. Psalms, Donat, Accidius, Cato, a "Doctrinal."' Gargantua's library was almost as meagre.

Winchester, and we may believe that it was the recollection of his own youth, as well as the facilities given by his position as Bishop of Winchester, which made him choose that city as the site of his new Foundation. The Oxford Foundation has nothing novel in it; Wykeham was but following in the fashion; so far, that is, as it can ever be the fashion for rich men to give largely of their wealth: the Statutes of New College do not differ materially from those of contemporary colleges. There are the same arrangements for masses to be said for the Founder's soul, the same care for the aged and the poor, the same precautions against the encroachments of monks and friars; even the same numbers occur as in the medieval schools and universities, 70, 25, 12. Nor are we to suppose that Wykeham designed to be the founder of the Public School system of England. His aim was more limited. Yet his foundation contained the germ of a greater growth, and the system which has grown out of it during the last 400 years is a true development.

Attached to the ecclesiastical Seminary which was Wykeham's original design (his 25 scholars were to be educated for the priesthood) was to be a lay school of 'filii nobilium et valentium personarum,' commoners, in fact, or *commensales*. The same institution was imitated at Eton. Henry VI. visited Winchester to acquaint himself with the working of Wykeham's school, and imitated it in his new foundation at Eton. Here, as at Winchester, there were two kinds of 'commensals:' the fellow-commoners, as they would be called at Cambridge, who dined at the second table in Hall, the high table being reserved for the College dignitaries; and the second class, who sat promiscuously with scholars and choristers. The first class were, we may suppose, lodged in the rooms of the Provost and Fellows; for the second, chambers were to be provided in the College buildings; but it is probable that this part of the Founder's intentions was not carried out, and that there were 'oppidans' or lodgers in the town in dames' houses from an early period.*

As at Winchester, so at Eton, the delegation of discipline to the elder boys was part of the original institution. Whether or not this was invented by William of Wykeham we have no means of judging; at any rate it has been a prominent characteristic of the public school system ever since that time, though it has never been carried so far at Eton as in other schools. Other common features are the system of servitors,

* The word 'oppidan' first occurs in an Audit Book of 1557.—P. 136, note.

of

of which fagging is a survival, the common dormitory and lavatory, the wearing of gown * and surplice.

We do not know what were the influences which disposed the Royal Founder's mind to the creation of a college at Eton or at Cambridge. It is recorded that John Langton, Master of Pembroke Hall and one of the King's Chaplains, 'fundari procuravit' King's College at Cambridge, but this may mean no more than that he was the means of the King's bounty being bestowed upon Cambridge rather than Oxford. Many of the immediate friends or guides of his youth were connected more or less directly with Wykeham; Cardinal Beaufort, who succeeded him as Bishop of Winchester, Chicheley, Bekynton, and Waynflete. We may conclude without much doubt that the young King's personal devotion was directed towards an act of piety of this kind by the splendour of the new foundations of William of Wykeham.

'Chicheley, the founder of All Souls, may have pointed out the advantage of securing the masses and prayers of what an old writer styles "an honest college of sad priests"; and Beaufort, the benefactor of St. Cross, near Winchester, may have pleaded the cause of the aged and infirm. However this may be, the king made the scheme his own, declaring that its adoption should mark the commencement of his personal rule, and be the first pledge of his devotion to God.'—Page 4.

The King went down to Winchester to visit his great-uncle the Cardinal and examine for himself the condition of the College. A few weeks later he had matured his plans, and the Charter of Foundation bears date October 11, 1440; not 1441, the date usually given. The Bull of Eugenius IV. confirming the foundation bears date January 1441.

The funds for the endowment of Eton as well as King's were derived almost entirely from the suppression of alien priories, or English cells of foreign monasteries. This was the act, not of the Founder, but of his father, Henry V. Henry VI., if he had been as wise as Solomon himself, could hardly have made a better use of money thus received from the Church than by returning it to the Church under a new obligation for its faithful use; and, having determined to make this use of the property which came into his hands, it was no 'vain expense,' but a royal liberality, which induced him to make his gift as splendid as possible.

Henry VI., we have been told till we are tired of hearing it, was an 'innocent' rather than a saint. Is this indeed so?

* 'It is interesting to notice that, in 1444, the cloth for the Eton gowns was purchased at Winchester.'—P. 20.

There

There is no doubt that the madness inherited from his mother's family took in him the form of imbecility some years later; and that at no time he was equal to the task of ruling a great nation 'in the midst of the death-struggle of nations, parties, and liberties.' But 'he was the last mediæval king who attempted to rule England as a constitutional kingdom or commonwealth;' and if he had died in 1450, he would have shared the fame of Edward VI. as one of the heroes of English history, and, like him, escaped the ordeal of a time of revolution; and Lord Bacon's sneer may be met not only by Gray's and Wordsworth's praise of the 'Royal Saint,' but by the sober judgment of an historian who has no weakness for weak kings:—

'Henry,' says Bishop Stubbs, 'was perhaps the most unfortunate king who ever reigned; he outlived power and wealth and friends; he saw all who had loved him perish for his sake, [and, to crown all, the son, the last and dearest of the great house from which he sprang, the depositary of the great Lancastrian traditions of English politics,] set aside and slain. And he was without doubt most innocent of all the evils that befell England because of him. Pious, pure, generous, patient, simple, true and just, humble, merciful, fastidiously conscientious, modest and temperate, he might have seemed made to rule a quiet people in quiet times. His days were divided between the transaction of business and the reading of history and Scripture. His devotion was exemplary and unquestionably sincere; he left a mark on the hearts of Englishmen that was not soon effaced: setting aside the fancied or fabled revelations, a part perhaps of his malady, and the false miracles that were reported at his tomb, it was no mere political feeling that led the rough yeomen of Yorkshire and Durham to worship before his statue, that dictated hymns and prayers in his honour, and that retained in the Primer down to the Reformation the prayers of the king who had perished for the sins of his fathers and of the nation. . . .' *

The details of his Foundation were superintended with constant care by the King himself. He bestowed on his new College 'various lands in the counties of Bucks and Berks, as well as certain rights of fishing in the Thames . . . and all the available houses, gardens, and fields in Eton itself.' To these benefactions he added various feudal rights and immunities, and moved the papal Curia to obtain spiritual grants and indulgences. No time was lost. About a year after the foundation William of Waynflete,† Head Master of Winchester, migrated from that place to the younger foundation, accom-

* 'Constitutional History of England,' vol. iii. p. 134.

† His surname appears to have been Barbour, *alias* Patten. Waynflete, in Lincolnshire, was his birthplace.

panied

panied by five Fellows and thirty-five Scholars of Winchester, and Dr. Thomas Bekynton the King's Secretary, and opened the new school. The buildings were hardly begun, but the King's commandment was urgent and allowed no delay. Thus it came about, not only that Eton was founded in imitation of Winchester, but that in her first beginnings she was actually a colony of the older foundation, and looks to her as her true μητρόπολις.

The kindly feeling which sprang up in these early beginnings has never decayed. In 1444 an agreement called the 'Amicabilis Concordia' was drawn up by the four Colleges at Winchester, Oxford, Eton, and Cambridge, in which 'under the direction of their respective Wardens and Provosts the four Colleges combined in a solemn covenant to assist and support one another mutually in all causes, trials, and difficulties through future ages.' *

The latest expression of this mutual friendship took place in 1887, when greetings were exchanged between Eton and Winchester in honour of the 500th anniversary of the foundation of the latter.

We have no space to go at length into the question of the College buildings, which has been thoroughly worked out by Mr. J. W. Clark in his splendid work on the 'Architectural History of Cambridge.' Mr. Lyte tells us that his third chapter has been re-written in the new lights furnished by Mr. Clark; but he omits to add that his own independent study had preceded Mr. Clark's work.

The plan as originally designed and further developed by the Founder was one of great magnificence. There, as at King's, 'the Power which came after' diverted much of his royal bounty into other channels: and as at King's the chapel was carried out according to the Founder's design, but the great campanile with its peal of bells, the gateway and eastern part of the College, were never built; so at Eton the Chapel was cut short, and the plan of the College buildings was altered in many particulars from that laid down in the King's 'avyse.'

The Collegiate Church of Eton would have been all that King's Chapel is, and more. The choir as it stands was built according to the original plan. The ante-chapel was to have been of the same length as the choir, and double the width. It was to be of three aisles, and broader than any English Cathedral, except York Minster. There would have been (as at King's, Winchester, and Canterbury) no triforium; and the

* Page 20.

great

great effect of height would probably have been enhanced by vaulting, as at King's. This vaulting, it may be surmised, would have been carried out in the style of the Chapel and Cathedral at Winchester and that of Lupton's Tower at Eton rather than the fan tracery of King's.* The length of the whole building would have exceeded that of King's College Chapel.

'Without transepts, presbytery, or distinct chapels to excite the imagination, the Collegiate Church of Eton would have been smaller than most of our cathedrals; the eye would have taken in the whole idea at a glance; but the unity of the style and the simplicity of the plan would have produced an effect of grandeur hardly to be equalled.' —P. 47.

The College precincts, as may be seen by a glance at Mr. Clark's plan (No. 11, of vol. iv.), would have included the whole of the Lower Shooting Fields; and the entire site was ordered to be enclosed by a stone wall 13 feet high, with towers at intervals.

The Lancastrian Foundation came in great peril of being destroyed within twenty years of its foundation. If it had not been for the timely efforts of Bishop Waynflete and Provost Westbury, 'the Camillus of Eton' as he has been called, the revenues, the furniture, and what was movable of the buildings themselves would have been transferred to St. George's College at Windsor, on which the sun of York was then shining. Pius II. (the learned and elegant Æneas Sylvius, who ought to have known better) 'readily granted a Bull abolishing the very name of Eton College,'† and annexing it to St. George's. Though the fulfilment of this design was averted, a great part of the College estates was given to the College of St. George, and the progress of the buildings was hindered for several years.

The late Dean Wellesley made a good point in an after-dinner speech in the hall at Eton some years ago, saying that 'he little expected to have to acknowledge an obligation in a room where, if all had their rights, he, as Dean of Windsor, should be dispensing rather than receiving hospitality.' The white and red roses have been reconciled in the person of his successor, who is at the present moment a Fellow of Eton and member of the new Foundation. He has not, however, so far as we have heard, made any proposal to restore to Eton the revenues out of which his own College was endowed by Edward IV.

* Mr. Gilbert Scott suggests the roof of the Lady Chapel at Ely.
† On the 13th of November, 1463.

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The Provost and Fellows destroyed their seal, 'more elaborate and beautiful' than that which is at present in use, in order to erase the effigy and achievement of the Founder, and substitute the arms of Edward IV.; but, though admitted to grace, they still continued in a depressed condition, and were glad to accept the liberality of Bishop Waynflete, who at his own expense built the ante-chapel, abandoning perforce the grander plan of the Founder and completing the building in such style as would suit the fortunes of a foundation whose revenues had fallen from 1500*l.* a year to 370*l.* The intention of vaulting the Chapel in stone, if ever entertained,* had long been laid aside, and the roof both of the Chapel and ante-chapel was built of oak and of plain design. The building as it now stands was completed in 1482, not long after Provost Westbury was laid to rest there. To the same date belong the series of wall-paintings, half of which (the upper part having been destroyed in 1847) still exist, hidden, however, by the Gothic stalls which now line the walls of the choir.

There is a tradition, which as it cannot be disproved may be piously believed, that Henry VII. was educated at Eton. It is more certain that he dined in the Hall in 1505. A second royal visit took place in 1510.

In 1516 Provost Lupton erected the beautiful range of buildings known by his name at the east end of the school yard, and the chapel on the north side of the Church. Lupton, like many other dignitaries, abjured the Pope and acknowledged the Royal Supremacy; but Edmund Powell, Head Master from 1494–96, was of less yielding disposition, and shared the fate of Fisher and More in 1540.† Lupton too, though he missed the honours of martyrdom, may have entertained like scruples, for he resigned the office of Provost in 1535, and was succeeded by Aldrich, the friend of Erasmus and Leland.

We come to times rich in events and full of anxious interest to those generations who lived in them, the times of the Reformation and of the Civil War. In both, Eton, like other institutions, was purged for a time and then restored; but no great events

* Mr. Clark thinks the buttresses no stronger than was necessary to meet the thrust of the solid mass of earth, twelve feet in height, on which the floor is laid. Mr. Lyte's opinion is that a vaulted roof was intended, and this is borne out by the Founder's direction that his college should be 'wel replenyshed with goodely wyndowes and vautes.' (Clark, vol. i. p. 354.)

† He deserves commemoration not only as 'perdoctus vir,' but as having gained reputation as one of Queen Katharine's counsel in 1515. He wrote a book against Luther, and another in defence of the Pope's supremacy, which no doubt cost him his life. (Wood, 'Athenæ Ox.,' i. 53; 'Fasti,' i. 10.)

in

in the history either of the place itself or of the country are connected with the name of Eton. It is on the whole natural that it should be so. Schools are less in the high road and trade of thought than Universities, and their politics have a more local colour. Neither at Eton nor at Winchester is much English history to be learnt. Indeed, if we may judge from the 'Consuetudinarium' of 1560, the school seems to have gone through the fiery trial of Mary's reign without much scorching. The names which strike our attention as connected with the school are those of Richard Cox, Head Master from 1528 to 1554, formerly tutor to Edward VI. and afterwards a strong Protestant in dangerous times; who, if he scandalized Christ Church by bringing Mrs. Cox to reside at the Deanery, and has a bad name both as a pluralist and a reckless destroyer of Oxford libraries, deserves also recognition as having been one of the memorable commission who met at Windsor in January 1548, with Archbishop Cranmer in the chair, the result of whose labours was the Book of Common Prayer. His subsequent history, the disputes at Frankfort between him and the Calvinists, Drs. Knox and Fox, his return to England and promotion to Ely, where he is said to have 'wasted the woods' of his see; his second marriage, and the great Queen's famous threat to 'unfrock' him, may all be read in Fuller and Wood. Cox was succeeded by Udall, a man of indifferent character, chiefly noted as being a 'great beater'; Malim, who shares a like reputation for severity; Sir Thomas Smith, Provost and Secretary of State, of whom Mr. Lyte omits to tell us that he was Professor of Greek at Cambridge; Cole, his successor in the Provostship, who preached an uncharitable sermon at the burning of Cranmer; Savile, the editor of the 'Eton Chrysostom,' 'the worthy English Knight who set forth the golden-mouthed Father in a silver print,'* spending his fortune upon the costly enterprise, but doing honour to his place and College. The printing press stood in that range of buildings which was occupied by Dr. Hawtrey, and has been the dwelling-house of successive Head Masters since his time. Here we may imagine the tall figure of Savile, in his grave scholarly attire with doublet and ruff, as we see him in the portrait which hangs in the Provost's Lodge, talking to the printers and consulting with Casaubon, Montague, and the 'ever memorable' John Hales, the last two of whom were made Fellows of the College by Savile's own influence. Savile stands high among those who desired to make Eton not

* Fuller, quoted, p. 186.

only

only a school for the young but a seat of learning. The library owes many of its treasures to his care and to the sums which he persuaded the Fellows to expend on books during his Provostship; an example which we venture to recommend to the present trustees of the College revenues. Montague and Hales were Fellows of the same College and reputed followers of the same party, yet no men had less in common. Montague did his best to set Church and Parliament on fire by his injudicious book, 'Appello Cæsarem.' Hales's object all his life was 'to seek peace and ensue it'; the one had a stormy and short-lived reputation as a controversialist, and the other's memory lives greenly wherever religion and philosophy are honoured as kindred powers.

Hales would not be buried within the walls of the Church, 'for,' said he, 'as in my life I have done the Church no service, so will I not that in my death the Church do me any honour,' or, in his own words to his friend Anthony Farindon, 'because I was neither the founder of it, nor have I been the benefactor to it;' and his simple tomb in the graveyard under the Chapel with its beautiful inscription (not given by Mr. Lyte) is as much neglected as he would himself have wished it to be. If his friend Wotton is commemorated by the sentence 'disputandi pruritus fit ecclesiarum scabies' engraved on his tombstone in Eton Chapel, Hales may be remembered by his answer to Laud's offer of such preferment as he desired, 'May it please your Grace, I have what I desire.'

The College, like other institutions, had to conform to the Puritan model. The Provost put in by the Parliament in 1644 after the death of Sir Henry Wotton (who is so well known that he needs no commemoration here) was Sir Francis Rous, M.P. for Truro and Speaker of the Little Parliament, one of Montague's critics in 1625, and he held the office till his death in 1659. We are glad to think that he did not molest John Hales, who held his Fellowship till the King's death; after which date the new Government required an 'engagement' from all beneficed persons, to the terms of which Hales could not agree, and so was deprived. Rous was a benefactor to the College and founder of some exhibitions at Pembroke College, Oxford. He is also commonly credited with the planting of the elms in the Playing Fields. His portrait in his robes as Speaker hangs in the Lodge, and he is not forgotten at Eton; 'a place' (as he said) 'which hath my dear affections and prayers that it may be a flourishing nursery of piety and learning to the end of the world.'

The Restoration brought with it among other changes an important

important addition to the School buildings. The Upper School, closing the great quadrangle or school yard, was built entirely at his own expense, *nobile sibi monumentum*, by Provost Allestree. The present structure is not that erected in 1670, but was built twenty years later in consequence, we are told, of the weak construction of Allestree's building. The details of the two buildings resemble each other so closely that we may be certain that most of the old material was worked up in the new building. From this date till 1863, when the 'New Schools' were built, the Upper School remained the focus of Eton life—the room in which Chatham, Fox, the Cannings, Wellesleys, and other eminent Etonians, learned to hold their own, cut their famous names on the panels, and scamped or learned their lessons amidst unceasing clamour, tempered only by the louder voices of *clamosi magistri*, and the perambulations of the Sixth Form Præpostor with his heavy key. There Barnard, Davies, Goodall, and Keate, taught or seemed to teach classes of 150 boys. There year after year the tradition of declamation has been kept up by the ancient custom of 'Speeches,' whether before the world on the Fourth of June and Election Saturday, or in the presence of a smaller but not less formidable circle of schoolfellows. Publicity was then the rule of school life; boys did their lessons in a crowd, ate, slept, and played in a crowd; the only privacy was to be found in the Dames' houses, and in the squalid rooms which Collegers hired 'up town' as a refuge from Long Chamber. The name of the first Head Master who taught in the Upper School, Dr. Newborough, is perhaps best known in connection with his prophecy that Robert Walpole (whose bust is now to be seen on the walls of the room) would turn out 'a good orator.' Newborough enjoyed the reputation of being a successful governor and teacher, and an elegant and vigorous scholar whose reading went far outside the ordinary run of commentaries. He taught St. John and Wyndham, as well as Walpole and Townshend.

The most important alteration in the Eton buildings in the period between Allestree's Provostship and the reign of her present Majesty was the handsome and costly, if incongruous, stall-work and roof erected in the time, and partly at the charges, of Provost Godolphin, a magnificent don, brother of 'my lord Treasurer,' whose name is recorded on the base of Francis Bird's statue of the Founder, set up by him in the school yard.

Mr. Lyte's account of it is as follows:—

'The work undertaken in the previous year was carried out according to the taste of the time, no regard being paid to the original style

style of the building. The east wall was concealed from view by an elaborate altar-piece of inlaid wood; a new roof was constructed, plastered and painted; stalls and high panelling were placed in front of the old mural paintings; and a huge organ-loft, about twenty-five feet in depth, approached by a flight of steps, was placed across the church, within the choir. The old altar-rails were removed to Burnham Church. Seven new vaults were made, and some of the seats for the parishioners were removed into the so-called ante-chapel. The new woodwork, however inappropriate to its position, was good of its kind, and very costly.'—P. 268.

Mr. Lyte, we fancy, does not regret the black and white marble pavement, nor the old oak fittings of the chapel, the canopy, louvre, and Palladian windows of the hall. No doubt they were incongruous, and never ought to have been put in a Gothic building. But after a century of 'restoration,' beginning with Strawberry Hill and Fonthill 'Abbey' Gothic, and proceeding through the courageous blundering of Wyattville, Essex, Blore, and Wilkins, to the timid correctness of to-day, we have not yet found a style, and hardly an architect or two, and we are beginning to doubt whether we are much wiser than our fathers. The voice of the leaders of art is now opposed to restoration altogether; and it is probably safer to preserve what is old, bad or good, wherever it is possible, till a generation arises which builds naturally and not by rule. Meanwhile much beautiful Renaissance work has perished, and the history of our buildings has suffered. Those reformers who did away with the old stalls at Canterbury and Wimborne forgot that in doing so they were obliterating the memory of an earlier piety, and destroying the witness which buildings give to the history of the Church and country. It is true that medieval builders swept away earlier work without regard for its beauty or antiquity; but they did so on the ground of utility, seldom if ever on that of art. When the idea of copying what had once been, or might have been, took possession of the minds of architects and their patrons, the continuity of English architecture was broken. It may seem a contradiction to speak of continuity through this period. But the continuity is that of English life. The art of the sixteenth and the following centuries is a part of the history of the country; and this continuity was a reality at Eton. We can no longer see the place where Ashton was remembered by Horace Walpole, 'standing up funking over against a conduct to be catechised,' nor the stalls where the young noblemen (as in Great St. Mary's at Cambridge) sat side by side with the dons; and there and then ate packets of almonds and raisins, without any

any consciousness of wrong doing; nor, to speak more gravely, the Church as it was in ancient days, in which so many generations of Eton boys worshipped, and which was a haven of rest from the turbulence of their school life. We can only guess at 'the place where the epistle was read,' where Bishop Longland was buried; and, till a few years ago, Provost Wotton's gravestone was almost hidden by an ugly wooden organ loft, now replaced by Mr. Street's handsome though somewhat incongruous screen. We hope that the twentieth century will spare the stalls and seats ('good of their kind and very costly') which the liberality of the Etonians of 1848 put in the place of Godolphin's pavement and stalls; though it is possible they may think that those who did so were more liberal than well inspired.

It is curious how little is recorded of the school-days of great men. Why did not their teachers oftener foresee what they were going to be? Why have we been content to know that Chatham was pronounced by his tutor, Mr. Burchett (whose name we record *honoris causâ*) to have 'made a great progress since his coming hither? Indeed I never was concerned with a young gentleman of so good abilities, and at the same time of so good a disposition,' and that his bill for half a year (including 5*s.* paid for curing his 'chilblanes') amounted to 29*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.*; that Charles Fox spent four months at Spa, which he might have spent better at Eton; and when he came back to Eton, was 'laughed at by the boys, and soundly flogged by the head master,' Dr. Barnard, of whom, by the way, it is recorded that he was a scholar and wit, and that to check the foppishness of his boys, 'he burnt all their ruffles and cut off their queues.' The most familiar record of Fox at Eton is his own name cut in gigantic characters on the panels of the Upper School, close to that of his friend Lord Carlisle. Why are we only told that Lord Wellesley wrote elegant verses, and 'made the King weep' at speeches; that his greater brother beat 'Bobus' Smith in a fight, and was flogged with eighty-two others for a mutiny; that Hookham Frere's first impressions of Eton were that Dr. Davies was a greater man than even his own father; that Porson was more remarkable for memory than scholarship; and Charles Simeon for ugliness than piety? A few have left records of themselves in journals like that of Lord Metcalfe or literary memorials such as the 'Etonian' of Praed and Sidney Walker, and the 'Microcosm' of Canning and Frere; but for the rest Father Thames is invoked in vain to tell us something of that barren theme, the 'Boyhood of Great Men.' 'The records of their school-days are scanty,' says Mr. Lyte. 'Scanty?' we wish they could be extended even to scantiness.

Some memorial remains of the quadruple alliance of the four friends, West, Ashton, Horace Walpole, and Gray; enough to show us that schoolboys could be happy a hundred and fifty years ago, that genius was not always persecuted, that letters were honoured. Eton has always been loyal to the memory of Gray, whose genius seems more akin to that of the school than that of the wayward Shelley. Gray is held in the highest honour at Eton. His bust is in the Upper School, his portrait hangs in the Lodge, and specimens of his handwriting are preserved in the Boys' Library; and the 'leaving book' given by the Head Master to the boys leaving the school is a copy of his works. Shelley is still perhaps best remembered at Eton as 'mad Shelley,' and there would seem to be a vague idea that he left the school early. It is said that Shelley himself imagined he had been sent away from Eton. The neglect of his memory there is as complete as if it had this justification in fact. He stayed at school long enough to outlive the 'Shelley-baits' (p. 32), and become Sixth Form, in which capacity he spoke a passage from the Catilinarian orations in the Upper School: we may fancy that his sympathies were rather with the rebel than with the Consul. People were living only a few years ago, who recollected him as 'a very gentlemanlike young man,' who could be 'kind' to younger boys, *i.e.* ask them to breakfast.

Shelley had a friendly remembrance of Eton. He mentions his rural joys 'in summer after six,' like any other Eton boy. He did not think bitterly of Eton, unless some lines in the dedication to the 'Revolt of Islam' are to be construed so. It is true that he 'cared to know nothing that his tyrants taught or knew,' and that it was the 'harsh and grating strife of tyrants and their foes' from the 'near schoolroom,' which roused his first revolt against tyranny. Yet we would gladly believe that, even for Shelley, some of the gentle influences of Eton brought comfort, and that, if the schools were hateful to him, 'the fresh May dawn,' and the 'glittering grass' of the Playing Fields, which witnessed his first dedication to the spirits of liberty and beauty, were bound up in his sacred memories, as was to Henry More that same tranquil scene, in which he commended himself to the Christian life.

Shelley once compared his critics to men who should 'go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton;' and it may be feared that Eton tradition can see little in Shelley beyond the gin-shop. At any rate there is nothing at Eton to commemorate the fact that one of the greatest of English poets was educated there, though there is room in the Upper School for his bust, and in the gallery of the Cloisters for his portrait.

We

We have no space to enter into the details of the history of Eton during the latter part of the eighteenth century, and record how like and how unlike the Eton of a hundred years ago was to the Eton of to-day. How George III. honoured the school by his patronage, and charmed old and young by his simple wit; how there were rebellions under the worthy and learned but unfortunate Dr. Foster (can it be he who 'whipped his scholars now and then?') and Dr. Davies, who taught Wellesley, Lord Grey, and Porson, whose name lives in the school record as the founder of valuable scholarships and prizes; how Canning and his friends of the 'Microcosm' distinguished themselves at Speeches; how the Oppidans went to Hounslow Heath to see Westminster beat Eton at cricket; how they hunted and rode, and drove tandems, shirked absences when they liked, poached and even coursed hares in Windsor Park, gambled, got up theatricals, and read the ancient and modern classics under the lenient but not unsuccessful rule of Dr. Goodall, 'the incarnation of Eton,' whose principle, whether he invented the saying or not, appears to have been 'it always *was* so,' and to whose easy-going neglect we may fairly believe that some of his successor's difficulties were due. That successor was Keate.

What manner of man was Keate? He belongs to ancient history as much as Mr. Pitt or Dr. Johnson, and yet it is not sixty years ago since he changed his 'fancy dress' as Head Master for the humdrum costume of a Canon of Windsor, and there are many old Etonians living to whose senses of sight, sound, and, we may add, touch, the word Keate has a perfectly vivid and individual meaning.* We try to call him Dr. Keate, but we cannot frame our lips to pronounce it. 'Dr. Arnold' and 'Dr. Hawtrey' sound natural enough, but 'Doctor' is an unnecessary addition to the simple formula 'Keate.' He is best known to our age by Mr. Kinglake's description of him in 'Eothen,'—a description, however, which those who knew him best have never accepted, except as a vigorous and overdrawn caricature. How are we to reconcile with itself this combination of man of the world and barbarian, of Valentine and Orson, of kind-hearted gentleman and scolding tyrant? How understand this lord of misrule abroad and kindly father of a family at home?

One of his colleagues used to speak of himself as having

* The cocked hat, by the way, which Keate was the last Head Master to wear, and from which Hawtrey had a special dispensation from William IV., was the Court hat, wore ceremonially by the Head Master, who was supposed to be always on duty and always in full dress. Dr. Hawtrey and Dr. Balston never dined out at Eton except in gown, cassock, and bands.

lived forty years in buckram, and some partial solution of the riddle may perhaps be found in the fact that the days in which Keate lived were the last great days of make-believe. It has even been said that Keate expected boys to tell lies to him, as a tribute of respect to his position. We do not believe it, as a personal reflection on Keate—but does the Queen expect the truth to be told her when she issues a *congé d'élire?* As the Fellows of Eton again and again met in the College Chapel to elect 'without fear or favour of persons' the King's nominee, so Keate in his armour of buckram accepted without demur excuses based on the supposed condition of things, and might have been put out if a too veracious boy insisted on raising the veil of truth. Such make-believe will never cease in the world; but it has perhaps never been exalted into a rule of life as it was at Eton fifty years ago. The whole system of public school discipline was one of winking at real or fictitious offences. Everything was forbidden, and everything permitted. Drinking at the 'Christopher' was as much and as little unlawful as bathing and boating. The Masters knew neither of one nor the other. Goodall and Keate ignored the 4th of June, though the King went to see the boats go up, and William IV. even invited Keate to accompany him. 'He did not know that there was such a thing,' is the answer which he is reported to have made to the Royal command. Provost Goodall used to say, 'I wonder why Mrs. Goodall always dines early on the 4th of June, and orders her carriage at six.' Boys were expected to 'shirk' Masters and Sixth Form twenty times a day. They were punished for being found out, not for doing wrong. Rules were unreasonably strict, and it was understood on both sides that they were made to be broken. If you were not found out, all was well; if you were found out, you suffered for not observing the rules of the game.

All offences were indifferently punished by flogging. If other Head Masters did not say 'I'll flog you' as often as Keate, their practice was not very different to his. Gabell of Winchester flogged boys daily; so did Butler of Shrewsbury and Butler of Harrow. The urbane Longley flogged fifty boys one morning for going to see a steeplechase. It was the recognized method of dealing with boyish offences; and was upheld by public opinion much in the same way as fighting was considered, a generation ago, the natural way for boys to settle their differences.

We are not defending the system which Keate carried out 'with extravagant vigour;' but it is only fair to Keate's memory to point out that he was more conspicuous than other schoolmasters, chiefly because he never disguised his method of government;

government; as the author of 'Etoniana' says, he was always parading his battalions. He was a humane man, and could not have liked it; but he probably thought no other method of government was possible. It ought also to be remembered that it was a period of mutinies and riots, a period when flogging was the rule in the Army and Navy, when rough discipline more than once saved the country from serious explosions of discontent, and when vigorous government was everywhere in the ascendant.

We do not think Keate a successful disciplinarian. The story of the stone thrown at him in school shows that he could be merciful as well as severe; but the offence should have been impossible. He lived in the midst of turmoil; and whatever teaching he did was done under difficulties hardly to be conceived now-a-days. He kept the school together without any conspicuous failure; and if he flogged the whole school often in detail, and once wholesale, he was never unpopular. Boys saw through the buckram. They cheered him the very morning after they had all been flogged; they delighted to remember their schooldays as presided over by him, and no Head Master has had warmer friends among the boys over whom he reigned than Keate. A hundred kind actions are recorded of him; and those who knew him best knew of many more acts of generosity done in secret. The Eton boys in Wellington's army crowded to welcome him when he visited Waterloo in 1815. Guardsmen would cross Pall Mall to shake hands with him. He was beloved by curates, neighbours, and parishioners, in his retirement at Hartley Wespall. He delighted to have young people about him, and to help them in their studies and amusements; and it may be said that his true character was only known when he ceased to act a part. But we are bound to say that the system which he carried out was a bad one, even for the times; and that it is neither to his credit, nor to that of Provost Goodall, that no effort was made to alter it during the tenure of his Mastership.

Of Keate's teaching, when and where he could be heard as in 'play,' away from the hubbub of the Upper School, we have the following testimony:—

'The Sixth Form had special lectures on Greek plays, and it is well ascertained that in his quiet class-room Keate used to give out his vast knowledge, seasoned with perfect taste and free from all pedantry, to a respectful party of eighteen lads, who were too much behind the scenes to be afraid of him. It may fairly be doubted whether there was any man who was doing better work than this in any English school, except Butler of Shrewsbury. Few are the traditions of Keate's critical tenets; and when asked after his retirement

ment to let others have the benefit of his written notes on the books he had expounded, he shrank from the suggestion with unique bashfulness; but it was honestly believed by his best pupils and assistants that they owed almost everything to his soundness of mind and vigorous accuracy, and it was well known that if an exercise came into school badly altered, he pointed out the mistakes in "Chambers" to the terror of negligent tutors. He may at least be said to have been the main, if not the sole, support of scholarships no less than of discipline, to have done all he could to make up for the deficiencies of his staff, and to have left a very strong mental impression on several lads who at Oxford, at Cambridge, and at St. Stephen's, proved themselves to be first-rate men.'

His successor, Dr. Hawtrey, was, as all the world knows, a very different man. Keate was downright, surly, and peremptory. Hawtrey was sententious, polite, and ceremonious. Keate was a martinet; Hawtrey was a pedant. Keate concealed his merits; Hawtrey aired them in the public view. Keate was careless of personal appearance; Hawtrey was something of a dandy. Keate was a sound classical scholar: Hawtrey, who knew far more of literature, ancient and modern, who wrote fluently and elegantly in French, Italian, and German, who lived with the men of letters of his time both in England and in France, was shaky in points of grammar; and his teaching was rather rhetorical than logical, had a tinge of absurdity in it, and did not always let the man of letters be seen through that mannerism, rather than affectation, which caused him to be misunderstood and taken for a fop instead of a scholar, and for a sentimentalist instead of a reformer far more practical than his critics. He stimulated scholars, but did not touch louts and dunces. But if not a great teacher, Hawtrey was a man of ideas; he reformed the school course; he put an end to the Middle Ages at Eton and introduced the modern system; though to the end of his time, and for twenty years more, Eton education was almost exclusively literary. He did away with Montem, and with the cordial help of Provost Hodgson abolished Long Chamber. 'By God's help I will do something for those poor boys,' said the Provost; and the Collegers were put into a decent dwelling, and humanely treated. Yet so hard was it even for Hawtrey to put off the sham severity which was thought to be part of the character of a Head Master, that when the Sixth Form asked him to have water laid on in College, it is said that the only answer returned was, 'You will be asking next for tapestries and ices.'

Hawtrey's courage in dealing with the school on principles of common sense had its reward in the gradual disappearance of the

the scenes of disorder and mutiny, which were common in the days of Keate and his predecessors. Much, no doubt, is due to the increasing mildness of manners and the improvement of private schools; but something also to the more sensible treatment of boys by masters, which was begun at Eton by Hawtrey.

If boys rebel, it is the fault of their masters; and the masters have generally shown this in the clumsy conclusions of contests, in which with the parents, the public, and if necessary the constables and soldiers to back them, they are pretty sure to win. Such incidents as the rebellions against Foster, Heath, and Davies reflect little honour on the Head Masters in whose times they took place, and we have no pleasure in dwelling upon them.

Hawtrey's love for books was shown not only by his knowledge of them, but also by the library, which for some years was the ornament of the Head Master's residence. Like John Hales, he was always generous, and gave away and spent more than he received, and his library suffered the common fate. He sold many thousand pounds' worth of books himself, when his professional income was reduced on his promotion to the Provostship in 1853, and the rest were dispersed at his death. It is much to be regretted that they were not bought by the College, and added to the College Library. Such libraries as his, collected by scholars and reflecting their tastes, have a personal interest which enhances the value of the books which they contain. The principal ornaments of the College Library at Eton are the additions made by Provosts Savile, Wotton, and Godolphin, and the bequests of Bishop Waddington and Anthony Storer; and Hawtrey's collection of books would have been a worthy continuation of these traditions, and would have helped to bridge over the long gap between the eighteenth century and the present date.

The College Library was built in 1725, and, with the exception of the bequests mentioned above, the collection of books there has received but few additions since that date. Jacob Bryant's library went to King's, in consequence (says tradition) of the unwillingness of the then Provost and Fellows to pay for its transport from Cippenham to Eton.

No regular attention appears to have been paid to the Library at any time. At the time of the Foundation, books were bought by Waynflete; William Weye, one of the original Fellows, gave manuscripts; and notices appear here and there to show that some care was taken of the housing of the books, and to increase their number. Provosts Savile and Wotton did what could be done in their time to add to the Library, and considerable additions must have

have been made at different times during the eighteenth century. But, as a rule, the Library has grown not by the continual care of the College, but by the gifts of private benefactors; and among the names of such benefactors may be here set down those of Provost Hawtrey, and Mr. Wilder, the present Vice-Provost—whose liberality has left its mark on the place in the restoration of the Hall and the decoration of the Chapel—and we must not pass over the magnificent copy of the folio 'Nibelungenlied,' one of two printed on vellum, which was presented to the College Library by Frederick William IV. of Prussia; and which, when it has ripened in the bin for a century or two, will be a treasure worthy to be compared with the already mellow Mazarine Bible, the Ovid and the Dante, the three Caxtons, and the numerous Aldines and Flemish *incunabula* numbered among the 23,000 volumes which sleep on their leisurely shelves in the Cloisters.

The Boys' Library, founded by W. M. Praed, was largely increased by Hawtrey's munificence; and the beautiful room destroyed a few years ago, in consequence of necessary additions to the buildings occupied by the Collegers, was a monument of his taste, and admirably adapted to its purpose. The number of students in a public school is never very large; but no money is better spent than that which gives the opportunity of self-education to those who can make use of it. The late Librarian of the University of Cambridge, Henry Bradshaw, who was in his own line as great a scholar as Porson or Gray in theirs, owed much of his early training to the bookshelves of the Boys' Library, which was in great measure the creation of Hawtrey's enthusiasm and liberality.

As Provost, Hawtrey followed too much the precedent of Goodall. His successor, Dr. Goodford, found it difficult to carry out the reforms which Hawtrey himself would have welcomed if he had not outlived his own convictions. Dr. Goodford, though he did not encourage irregular genius, and though his manner rather convicted of ignorance than inspired zeal, was an excellent teacher and an admirable scholar. No one knew better how to appreciate industry; and those who chose to profit by his teaching found that everything he taught them was sound and practical. Dr. Goodford may be said to have introduced at Eton the accurate linguistic scholarship which grew up at Cambridge in the school of Munro, Thompson, and Shilleto. The tradition of Eton scholarship at the Universities was never better upheld than by the undergraduates who had their training from him. The rough but wholesome attack of 'Paterfamilias,' and the not less damaging because more friendly criticism of Sir John Taylor Coleridge, drew the

the attention of the public to the shortcomings of Eton and other public schools. It was Dr. Goodford's misfortune that in consequence of the hostile attitude of the Press, and to some extent of the Royal Commission appointed in 1861, he was driven into the position, as Provost, of 'holding a brief for the College,' and maintaining abuses which, if he had had free action, he would gladly have reformed.

The Commission of 1861 undoubtedly did good work. We may be permitted to doubt, after an interval of a quarter of a century, whether the entire abolition of the ancient Collegiate system, both at Eton and Winchester, was an unmixed good. The best English reforms have always been carried out with reverence and tenderness for the past. The reform of 1864–1871 was conducted rather in the spirit of Edward VI. than of Elizabeth; and it may be regretted that Eton is no longer an abode of learned leisure as well as a place of education, and that such names as those of Hales, Savile, and Montague, will not in future years be associated with the place. Boys are not very susceptible to the presence among them of learned men; but if Fellowships had continued to exist, and had been given by merit, we are inclined to think that 'the monks of Eton' might have contributed in later years more lustre to the place of their education; that Bishops and Professors would have continued to be chosen from King Henry's Foundation; and that the Cloisters would have borne their part in carrying out the intentions of the Founder.

We do not intend to follow Mr. Lyte into the details of the period which begins with Dr. Goodford's Head Mastership, and extends to his death. Dr. Balston, who accepted rather than sought the place of Head Master, which he held with much dignity and kindliness, introduced French into the school course, and put an end to the 'shirking' system, but was not enough in sympathy with the demand for modern subjects to be willing to take a prominent part in making the changes which he saw must come. Dr. Hornby's judicious reforms enlarged the scheme of education, and gave room for special studies. The door once opened, it was inevitable that the new should crowd in upon the old. However lovers of leisurely scholarship may regret the decay of the old classical training, which still survives for a portion of the school, the most faithful conservative would not wish to return to the purely classical system.

Mr. Lyte gives us, amongst other subjects of interest, the history of cricket and boating from the earliest times. Other games, besides those which flourish at the present day side by side

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brilliant instances on the other side, no doubt; but the leaders of games who were kings in their day at Eton have often passed into obscurity after their last appearance at Gentlemen and Players, or in the University Race.

We must refer our readers to Mr. Maxwell Lyte's pages for an account of the various successors to the 'Etonian' and the 'Microcosm' which have appeared in the last quarter of a century; of the new buildings, bad, indifferent, or good, the best of which are the Queen's Schools and the new Chapel, built from the designs of Sir Arthur Blomfield, which were opened last year by Her Majesty; of the reforms in school work, and the steady improvement in discipline under the last four Head Masters; of the Eton Mission, set on foot with excellent promise under Mr. W. Carter, at Hackney Wick; and we can assure them that they will not be disappointed. Mr. Lyte deserves the thanks of all Etonians for the excellence of his work and the fresh interest with which he has invested an interesting subject. And we hope that a subject of national importance so ably treated will attract other readers besides those who are led to it by the natural piety which binds all Eton men to their ancient and glorious school.

Much is changed since old times, and must change at a place like Eton. Montem is gone, and Long Chamber, and Tasting Dinners, and Cloister Speech, and the pretty courtesies of Election Saturday, when the Provost of King's and the Posers with their quaint hoods used, year after year, to drive up in the yellow chariot and four from Salt Hill. Fellowships are no more, and recent times have seen the abolition of such harmless and interesting pieces of antiquity as the loving cup, 'Bever,' and the 'azure' livery of the College serving men. But the character of the place remains the same as in ancient times, and the more peaceful and orderly boys of this generation sing 'Carmen,' and shout for 'the best of schools,' with the same spirit of loyalty which animated their forefathers who wore scarlet coats and waved the flag 'pro more et monte'—

> 'They toil at games, and play with books:
> They love the winner of the race,
> If only he that prospers looks
> On prizes with a simple grace'—

and they still believe that there is no spell more powerful to draw comrades together, whether round the flowing bowl or in the battle-field, than 'Floreat Etona.'

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side with these great summer institutions, come under observation: hockey, trap bat and ball, the 'rolling circle,' prisoners' base, even marbles. At Eton, as elsewhere, games have been reduced to rule and method, and form a more important part of a boy's life than they did before the tide of athleticism swept over the country and carried away 'learned and lewed' alike. It is difficult to exaggerate the good done by the athletic movement in giving the young men of the middle and lower classes healthy exercise for their bodies, and wholesome emulation and interest for their minds, to take the place of the degrading amusements of our ancestors. Volunteer drill, cricket, cycling, and football, have done much to strengthen the manhood of England at an important crisis.

What a school would be without games, Englishmen have only to go across the Channel to see. No Frenchman loves his school, though he may respect his teachers and be grateful for what he learns. The English gentry (though Disraeli said of them, 'they live in the open air and never read') have always been fortunate in combining outdoor exercise with study; and the rise and development of athletics have brought with it much useful training. But success in cricket and boating does not always go with a well-trained mind or a well-balanced moral character; it is not even always found combined with practical knowledge of affairs or power of command. These intellectual and moral endowments have little to do with the glories of Henley and Lord's; and to set up the heroes of the Playing Fields as the leaders of their kind is to return to barbaric standards of excellence. The leaders in games are not necessarily or naturally the only leaders of school opinion. That they have become so, at other public schools as well as at Eton, is in great measure due to the publicity of the school matches and other athletic contests. When a boy knows that if he becomes a good bat or a good oar he will be decorated with 'colours' in ribbons or flannel, his 'form' will be discussed in the newspapers, and the possession of him will be contended for by rival colleges and universities, it would be strange if he did not accept the popular verdict, and believe himself to be a much greater man than those of his schoolfellows whose claims to distinction are merely those of intellect or character, and who have not the bodily strength or skill which leads to success in games. If we search athletic records for outdoor honours won by those Etonians whose names are best known in the world among the younger generation, both for character and intellect, we shall find but small mention of Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Rosebery, Lord Lansdowne, or Lord Randolph Churchill. There are brilliant

Emperor's memory ask themselves anxiously, when will the dead be suffered to rest in peace, alike from friend or foe?

It is not our purpose to add fuel to the flames. A war of reprisals is little to our taste. The Life of the late Emperor Frederick must some day be written. Till the task has been accomplished by competent hands, full materials for a final judgment are not forthcoming. In the necessary interval the most that can be done is to correct false impressions. This is our present object. The effect, which Gustav Freytag's 'Reminiscences' are calculated to produce, is misleading. In Germany numerous answers have been published, several of which, six months ago, had already reached five or six editions.* The fact proves that public opinion is, to say the least, divided upon the points which the German master of fiction raises in his present volume. Recent changes in the domestic policy of Germany give something more than a speculative or historical interest to the character and aims of the late Emperor Frederick. Internal affairs reached a crisis, when the repressive reactionary policy of Bismarck could no longer be continued. A plunge into the future seemed to the present Emperor to offer the best chance of safety. The deadlock, and the hazardous remedy, might perhaps have been avoided, if, twenty years ago, the Emperor Frederick had been enabled to carry out his projects for free constitutional development, and for the gradual extension of local self-government and industrial freedom. In the German problem, England is selfishly, and therefore profoundly, interested. For the Old World, the difficulties of the near future are everywhere the same. They are not now the rectification of boundaries, but the distribution of wealth. Rightly or wrongly, the present Emperor has broken with the past, and adopted new methods to meet new difficulties. His policy may, or may not, succeed. It is certainly attended with risk. If he fails to relieve industrial distress, he will appear to a people, habituated to obey their Sovereign as if he were the commander-in-chief of an army, in the light of a ruler who has broken his word, or is powerless to keep it. The political instinct of his father showed him, even

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* We take this opportunity of acknowledging our general obligations to these pamphlets, and more particularly to the three following works:—

(1) 'Gustav Freytag über Kaiser Friedrich. Eine Entgegnung, etc.' Von Dr. Otto Arendt, Mitglied des Hauses der Abgeordneten. Sechste Auflage. Berlin, 1889.

(2) 'Der Deutsche Kaiser Friedrich. Eine Erwiderung, etc.' Von K. Schrader, Mitglied des Reichstags. Fünfte Auflage. Berlin, 1889.

(3) 'Das Tagbuch Kaiser Friedrich's und Gustav Freytag über Kaiser Friedrich. Zwei Aufsätze aus den Preussischen Jahrbüchern.' Von Hans Delbrück. Berlin, 1889.

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ART. II.—*Der Kronprinz und die deutsche Kaiserkrone.* Erinnerungsblätter von Gustav Freytag. Leipzig, 1889.

A VARIETY of favourable conditions promised not only popularity, but truth and finality, to Freytag's portraiture of the late Emperor Frederick. The subject was one which appeared peculiarly congenial to the essentially national genius of the author. No more inspiring theme could be suggested to a German writer, who was at once a poet, an historian, a zealous patriot, and himself an eye-witness of some of the great events which regenerated Germany under the supremacy of the House of Hohenzollern. Freytag's 'Reminiscences' of the Crown Prince, who led the first united German army to victory, and who, as Freytag repeatedly asserts, originated the idea of the German Empire, were eagerly expected. Few books attained so wide a circulation in so short a time. But the volume gained only that immediate popularity which springs from curiosity; it has justified its title to nothing more permanent. The latest work of the popular novelist adds nothing to his reputation as an author or a man. It has been read with pleasure by few, with surprise by most, with indignation or disappointment by the majority.

The book owed its rapid circulation to curiosity, excited partly by the interest of the subject, partly by the fame of the author. The tragedy of the brief reign of the Emperor Frederick indelibly impressed the pathos of his death upon the mind of the civilized world. The heroic figure, gentle nature, and lovable character of the victor of Königgratz and Wörth still live in the affections both of the North and South Germans, who treasure as a national heirloom their recollections of 'unser Fritz.' The part which, as his Diary claimed, and as Freytag allows, the Emperor Frederick took in the assumption of the German Imperial crown, adds more striking proportions to his personality. The mingled hopes and despair, foreboding and relief, which were produced by his accession and early death, are still fresh impressions in political circles. Since that event, aspirations after freedom continue to make his name a war-cry, and his programme a standard of future reforms; party animosities still depreciate or defend his reputation; an uneven struggle is to this day waged over his body,—a struggle in which his assailants were encouraged in detraction, and his defenders coerced into silence. In a word, all the passions, jealousies, and prejudices of contemporary German politics combine to distort the outlines of a noble character and career. Men who respect the deceased Emperor's

task he has undertaken may prove useful. For many years Freytag has held the foremost place among German writers. In grace and clearness of style he has no rival among his contemporaries. As novelist, poet, dramatist, and historian, his reputation is firmly established. Born at Kreuzberg in Silesia in 1816, he is connected with the province by birth, education, and marriage. 'Soll und Haben,' with its admirable passages of local description, and its pictures of the family life of the distinguished Breslau merchant, Molinari, turns to excellent account this intimate knowledge of his native province. In 1848, Freytag settled at Leipzig as editor of the 'Grenzenboten,' or 'Border Messenger'—a paper which, under the joint management of himself and Julian Schmidt, exercised a widespread influence in literary and political circles.

In his early writings, Freytag may be regarded as the apostle of industry. He loves to linger over details of the business routine of a merchant's office, or the laborious research of a learned professor. German poets and novelists, who preceded him, had praised the pursuit of harmonious culture as the goal of life. The ideal of social perfection was the existence of an aristocratic idler, possessed of wealth and political privileges, cultivating the graceful amenities of society, exercising a kindly patronage towards inferiors. Freytag struck out a line which vividly contrasted with that of these Epicurean *dilettanti*. He adopted as his motto the maxim, that national novels must seek out the German people where it is found in its true strength; that is, at its labour. For all the industrial classes who have built up the solid strength of Germany—for merchants, teachers, journalists, and tradesmen—he claims social and political recognition. This note is struck in 'Soll und Haben,' which on the one side presents a picture of Silesia in 1848, and of the conflict of the Catholic Polish element with the Prusso-German Protestant population, and on the other vindicates the value of independent citizen families who compose the strength of the middle classes, and who alone can control absolutism, check democracy, and support the pillars of constitutional government. His ideas are the fusion of educated classes, the abolition of caste and bureaucratic feeling, the removal of social barriers which divided the aristocracy of birth from the aristocracy of talent or of industrial wealth.

An acknowledged master of the pen, and at one time a Liberal in his political views, Freytag was also an ardent patriot. It is true that he was, and still is, steeped in Prussian particularism; that his view of a united Fatherland did not extend beyond a Federation of North and South Germany under the

Freytag's conception of the best form
that which the Crown Prince advocate
rooted itself in the political life of G
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to understand large-minded men, to gras
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For a few months he took an active part
he was elected a member of the Nort
joined the National-Liberal party und
Bennigsen. Political life was, however,
he resigned his seat in 1867. The nex
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Karl Mathy, whose energies were consi
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was invited by the Crown Prince to join
It is at this period that the 'Reminiscenc

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his liberal views, and his patriotism, Frey
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Regiment of the Line at Breslau, and Silesia was one of his favourite provinces. Always fond of clever novels, he was specially charmed with the graphic pictures of Silesian life which Freytag painted in 'Soll und Haben.' It was the first German novel which he read with his young wife. Admiring Freytag's genius, sympathising with much of his Liberalism, reciprocating his ardent desire for the unification of Germany, the Crown Prince and Princess distinguished the popular author with proofs of personal kindness. As he says himself in the Preface to these 'Reminiscences,' 'I am indebted both to the dead and the living for many flattering marks of their gracious favour.'

This rapid sketch of Freytag's career before 1870 explains why he was invited by the Crown Prince to accompany him in the impending campaign. Freytag joined the head-quarters of the Third Army at Spire on the 1st of August. At this date the 'Reminiscences' commence. They terminate on the 8th of September, 1870, shortly after the battle of Sedan. In his Preface, Freytag tells us of the materials of which the book is composed, the object it is intended to serve, and the reasons for the delay in its appearance. The material of the 'Reminiscences' consists of notes made in the camp, and of letters written to a friend during the campaign. Their object is to make 'a contribution to the history of the origin of the German Imperial dignity,' and to give an estimate, formed without fear, yet with reverent affection, of the character of the late Emperor. Finally, their appearance has been delayed by the 'period of unhappy excitement,' which the Emperor's death occasioned. In none of these three points do the contents exactly correspond with the Preface. Only a few pages of the volume consist of genuine first impressions, noted down at the time, or embodied in letters written on the spot; the original strokes have been touched, retouched, altered, or obliterated, till they are but dimly visible. In the second place, scarcely one-eighth part of the 'Reminiscences' deals with the subject which Freytag proposes to himself by his title. In the third place, if the appearance of the volume was delayed on account of the unhappy excitement arising out of circumstances connected with the Emperor's death, it would have been wiser to abstain altogether from its publication. The feeling which then prompted delay, would now equally dictate silence. The title of the volume re-opens the whole conflict; the tone of the author revives every bitter feeling which was aroused by the insulting memorial of Prince Bismarck on the late Emperor's Diary ('Immediats-Bericht' of September 23, 1888); the new facts that he contributes to history are of infinitesimal value. If Freytag were indeed a loyal friend of the Crown

'after the War;' (3) pp. 89–126,
The second portion contains Freytag
Prince's character after the war. Aft
only saw Freytag once a year, or
Wiesbaden, and he never wrote to hi
copies of his works as they from ti
this portion of the volume, Freytag
authority. He has no special knowle
third portion is made up of three artic
'Grenzenboten' in 1870, or 'In Neuen
these republications have any special
matter of the volume. The forebodi
respecting the Imperial Crown, have n
they have been falsified by experien
possesses any original value. But eve
quantity of miscellaneous matter, whi
with the Crown Prince or the Imperial
an eighth part of the 'Reminiscenc
said, is really relevant to the subject, a
mainly consists of a long monologue
policy of assuming the Imperial digni
arguments on behalf of the project occ
objections fill pages. If the subject
important enough to give a title to the
least be changed from 'the Crown
Crown' to 'Freytag and the Imperial

In this first portion, which, as the
taken from notes made in th

suggested mission was never seriously contemplated or discussed, and Freytag's commentaries are therefore entirely superfluous. In the third place, Freytag's treatment of the subject is a fair sample of the attitude which he assumes to all the controverted points in his biography. He admits that, if Sir Robert Morier in 1870 had wished success to France, he would have acted directly in opposition to his own interests. He admits also, that the statement of Marshal Bazaine did not necessarily imply that the English envoy at Darmstadt sent him any intelligence, either directly or indirectly. He is aware that Sir Robert Morier emphatically and categorically denies the accusation made against him. The accusation, therefore, is, on Freytag's own showing, *primâ facie* in the highest degree improbable; it is emphatically denied by the accused; it is not necessarily implied by the language of the only witness called in its support. What opinion would any fair-minded man express of such a charge? Would he not say that Sir Robert Morier was fully acquitted? But what says Freytag? 'We Germans, therefore, are not obliged by the published statements to impute a gross breach of trust to the English envoy in 1870.' Freytag implies, that though Germans are not obliged to believe in Sir R. Morier's treachery, they still are justified in doing so. From a man who is capable of penning so ungenerous a judgment, we cease to expect sympathetic, or even impartial, criticism. Freytag shows himself to be a blind devotee of Prince Bismarck. In this passage he supports the late Chancellor by an insinuation, which he dare not explicitly formulate. Similarly, throughout his carping estimate of the Emperor Frederick, he endeavours to support the 'Immediats-Bericht' of September 1880—a document which many of the staunchest supporters of Prince Bismarck strongly condemned, and which has inflicted a cruel injury both upon the Emperor Frederick and his widow among those persons who are not in a position to know the truth.

Except as a suggestion of the 'weak cosmopolitanism' of the Emperor Frederick, who was well acquainted with Sir R. Morier, and as an illustration of the peril of 'foreign influences' to which the Bismarck Memorial alludes, the Morier incident can have no bearing upon the subject-matter of the volume. A large portion of the contents is, as has been said, equally remote. Yet this irrelevancy is to a great extent redeemed by the one splendid battle-picture which the volume contains. Few passages more graphic than Freytag's description of Sedan exist in military history. In justice to the writer we quote a portion of the description before we proceed to criticize in

one bivouac to another they hurried f
twenty-five miles a day. On the 28
vanguard again came up with the ene
the line of the Meuse with the Belgian
the early morning of the 1st of Septe
German army over the Meuse began.

'A dense mist lay over the earth. Gre
of the troops, whose endless columns, like
their way northwards in the twilight. R
trees and among the wood on the hillside
mist in the earliest morning light; on th
lay thick and eddied upwards. Along the
the deserted bivouac fires, glimmering like
fog and smoke. Like heavy-laden trains u
columns rattled and thundered on the high
men, and guns only emerged from the sp
few feet, and vanished away again as they
the mist.'

After marching a distance of nearly
Prince reached his position, a long wood
near Donchéry. At five in the mornin
for hours the fight continued before the

'More and more furious raged the art
batteries thundered, rattled, and roared;
shells, the white smoke-cloudlets of the F
jets of vapour that rose from the earth
into the ground and burst, the five-and-t
mitrailleuse and in the

volleys met them as they charged forward, while, in the foreground on the right, Prussian and Bavarian batteries drove up and poured their shot into the densely-packed masses. Then it was that the French cavalry, to their enduring glory, made their last heroic effort. As the infantry recoiled, their regiments dashed against the Prussian foot and guns, bent upon forcing a road out to the west. In vain. The gallant fellows were mowed down, whole ranks at a time; again and again they charged; through our telescopes we could see the bright spot in front of the forest covered with the bodies of men and horses. From the wooded hills behind Sedan the enemy's retreat began. In dense masses the infantry came out, many of them without arms.

'And now ensued an almost sudden hush in the roll of the cannon-thunder. It seemed as though the hot sun had robbed the combatants of their strength. But the lull was only the preparation for placing troops and guns in new positions. Still more closely, and from three sides at once, the wooded hill-range, on which the enemy were crowded, was now surrounded. Then the work of death began again; the roar of the artillery, the sharp crackle of the skirmishers' rifles, the volley-firing, the explosion of ammunition waggons recommenced. The German infantry poured into the forest, and out beyond on to the plateau of the enemy's position, and drove the French towards the town. In dense masses, amid the plunging rush of frightened horses, the enemy streamed down the hill; horse and foot, trains of waggons, and behind them long lines of prisoners. After about an hour, towards four o'clock, the battle ended.'

Strictly speaking, this description of the battle of Sedan is a digression from 'the Crown Prince and the Imperial Crown.' But its force and vividness, dissipated though they necessarily are in our imperfect version, plead its excuse. Our attention will be henceforward confined to the two objects, which Freytag tells us that he had in view in publishing his 'Reminiscences'—the origin of the assumption of the Imperial Crown, and the 'free, yet affectionate and reverential,' estimate of the character of the Crown Prince. And of these two objects we shall treat in their order.

It will be remembered that, in September 1888, Europe was excited by the publication in the 'Deutsche Rundschau' of a series of extracts from the Diary of the late Emperor Frederick during the Franco-Prussian War. The most startling fact that this publication revealed was the part which the late Emperor had taken in the establishment of the German Empire. It was he who first adopted the idea of embodying the unity of Germany in the Imperial dignity; he who won over the sceptical Bismarck; he who successfully combated the scruples of King William. This important fact placed the character of the late Emperor in a new and striking light. The conception of

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Frederick's claim to the intellectual
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German Empire ('Die Begründung
draws his information from official
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in a German triumph, must alter the existing relations of the German people. The combined authority of an Assembly of federated States would not suffice. True union demanded one head. With these feelings in his mind, the Crown Prince broached the subject at his first interview with Freytag. The Crown Prince, as Freytag tells us, treated the North German Federation as obsolete; he thought the time had come for closer union. To Freytag the ideas were novel, and appeared impracticable and visionary. 'In his view of existing conditions,' says the poet-novelist, 'the Crown Prince seemed to be like a winged angel, hovering in mid-air above the earth.' So again on the 11th of August, when the Crown Prince had led his mixed forces to victory at Weissenburg and Wörth, the Prince revived the subject by asking Freytag, 'What is the King of Prussia to become?' When Freytag suggested that he should be Commander-in-Chief of the new Federation with the added title of 'Duke of Germany,' the Prince interrupted him with flashing eye and in emphatic voice, 'No! he must be Emperor.' It was not till some days later that the Crown Prince opened the plan to the Chancellor. Subsequently—at Rheims, after the battle of Sedan—the Crown Prince told Freytag that Bismarck had taken the idea into favourable consideration. In both these chronological points Freytag confirms the memorial of Prince Bismarck, in which the latter disputes the detailed accuracy of the Emperor's Diary. But the evidence of Freytag, coupled with the acquiescence of Bismarck and the statements of the Diary, establish beyond all question the fact that the embodiment of German unity in the present Empire was the conception of the Emperor Frederick.

Those who are familiar with Prussian politics in 1870 will understand, that the honours due to the Emperor Frederick do not detract from the credit justly given to Prince Bismarck, who still remains the founder of the present German Empire. Without the framework, which he had already created, the idea could never have assumed practical shape. Freytag is probably correct in his surmise that, as a Prussian, the Chancellor felt little enthusiasm for the Imperial project; but that he gradually yielded to the ardour of the Crown Prince, and, as soon as he recognized that the Empire offered the best form of union, converted the idea into a fact. Prussia, not Germany, was Bismarck's passion. Her aggrandizement was his primary object. He cared little for a conception of united Germany which would lessen her predominance. His Prussian particularism may have proved at times hard, narrow, even Chauvinistic. It certainly led him to underrate the strength

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new circumstances which is the lesson
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the modern with the medieval institution. But he recognized as a practical man,—what the learned writer ignored,—that habit counts for more than theorists are willing to allow. He knew that the Empire formed a part of the national life of Germany, that it survived in popular legends and superstitions, and that its restoration would invoke a ready response in the enthusiasm of united Germany. A brand-new Constitution might be theoretically more perfect. But it was political folly to ignore the historical associations, or neglect the familiar traditions, which, in the revival of the Imperial Crown, seemed to gather up the broken threads of past history, and throw round a new institution the glamour of antiquity. In this union of practical sense with imaginative idealism lay the strength of the Emperor Frederick, and the guarantee of the success of his experiment. On the other hand, he pressed the Empire upon King William and Prince Bismarck, because he was thoroughly familiar with the aspirations of the German peoples, and believed that in this form they would best be realized. Prussia had pursued with singular success her particularist policy, and it was that policy which in 1870 made the Empire a possibility. But the idea by which that policy was inspired was necessarily sterile. If the full fruits of success were ever to be reaped, it must be through the realization of wider German aspirations. That fruition and that realization he discovered in the German Empire. In the Imperial Crown he saw the strongest centre of national unity; by its adoption the narrow tribalism of the German peoples could be best absorbed, and the conflicting energies of particular States directed towards the common interests of an united Fatherland. And if the honour of the conception of the German Empire thus belongs to the Crown Prince, to him also is due in a great measure the credit of bringing the plan within the range of practical politics. Upon him, as we have said, devolved the task of conciliating the new provinces which fell to Prussia after the war of 1866, of drawing closer the national bond of race, of mitigating the exasperation against Prussian domination. Napoleon III. counted upon the South Germans as his allies. That they proved to the full as patriotic as the Prussians themselves, was largely due to the personal influence of the Crown Prince. If they had been treated with true North German rigour, it is at least possible that supineness, if not hostility, would have justified Napoleon's expectations. The Third German Army, composed of troops who spoke twelve different dialects, consisting of Prussians, Bavarians, Badeners, Hessians, Westphalians, Würtemburgers, Thuringians, Frankfurters, followed with

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ever rested on more flimsy evidence.

Freytag's theory is founded upon the
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plan of a Federation of North and Sou
emphatic words:—

"'"No! the King of Prussia must be E
him" (says Freytag), "in astonishment. He
cloak, so that it hung from his tall figure li
had thrown round his neck the gold chain of
which he did not generally wear in camp.
proudly over the grass path."'

vivid imagination, the mackintosh becomes a royal mantle, and the same fertile source produces a gold chain which never existed.

So much for the attire and the attitude which Freytag adduces in support of his theory. The evidence from the Prince's words is equally flimsy. Freytag represents the Crown Prince as admitting that the revival of the old Empire must be in some sense a new creation, yet discoursing eloquently upon the importance and dignity of the Imperial rule, and claiming for the King of Prussia, as Emperor in Germany, the heirship to the prestige and honours of a thousand years. What the Prince actually said, Freytag does not state. Presumably he urged the arguments which we have already stated were the motives of his advocacy of the idea. His remarks were interrupted by a monologue by Freytag, who prefers to devote three and a half pages to his own objections, which he afterwards admits to be futile, instead of recording the opinions of his interlocutor, which history has proved to be just. Much more was evidently urged by the Prince, for Freytag says, 'This and the like were discussed at length.' But while the purport of the rest of the conversation is omitted, the concluding observation is selected for permanent record. After listening patiently to Freytag's 'long exposition' of his own views, the Prince at last broke out with some eagerness :—

'"Listen! I was in Paris with my father during the Exhibition. While there, the Emperor Napoleon sent to say that as the Emperor of Russia had announced his intention of a visit, he wished the King to let him know what arrangements would be agreeable to the latter regarding the rank of his illustrious guests; he, Napoleon, would arrange everything as my father wished. My father replied, 'The Emperor must of course be first.' No Hohenzollern ought to say that. It must not apply to any Hohenzollern," he concluded with vehemence.'

These words, which we assume to be correctly reported, terminate the conversation. Whatever may be true of feminine postscripts, men are not in the habit of reserving their best reasons to the last. Yet this argument is selected by Freytag as the sole ground which existed in the Crown Prince's mind for his advocacy of the Empire. We have already tested the worth of Freytag's recollections of the Prince's attire. What are we to think of the value of his memory of the Prince's words, when he remembers only that portion of an admittedly protracted conversation which suits his purpose? To put forward this arbitrarily selected argument as the one paramount consideration in his interlocutor's mind is scarcely fair play. Such

Such witnesses do not deserve, or receive, much credit in English courts of justice.

Few princes have been simpler in their personal tastes than the Crown Prince. In plain English, the etiquette, monotony, and restraint of Court life bored him. He disliked empty pomp and show; but he accepted the necessities of his position, and his love of art, together with the poetic vein which ran through his character, made him strive to infuse some elements of grace, dignity, and meaning, into dull and fatiguing Court ceremonies. Freytag misunderstood the fastidious taste of a refined gentleman for littleness of mind. Totally without caste feeling, the Crown Prince was legitimately proud of his birth and lineage. He neither exaggerated, nor ignored, his *métier* as a Prince. On State occasions, when the outward impression is of importance, he detested imperfect or slovenly arrangements. It would be false to say that he depreciated ceremony. The truth is, that he thoroughly understood its value and significance as an emblem and a symbol. These facts are well known, and it is plain that Freytag feels the improbability of his theory. He can only give a semblance of likelihood to his version by representing the Crown Prince in a contemptible light. Unable to deny that the Prince originated the idea of the German Empire, and that he successfully pressed his plan on both King and Chancellor, he depreciates the motives by which the Prince was actuated. To attain this end, he maintains that the Imperial Crown sprang from a passion for Court millinery. For the same purpose, he advances a yet more monstrous proposition. He acknowledges that the Crown Prince was prepared to threaten the South German sovereigns, if they refused to play the parts in the Imperial pageant which this stickler for trifles assigned as their due. In other words, he suggests that the Crown Prince was ready to risk civil war, in order that he might exercise large powers of dealing out titles, orders, and titular distinctions. In this suggestion that the Crown Prince wished to compel the recalcitrant princes to accept the Empire Freytag again endeavours to confirm the Bismarck Memorial of September 1888. The true facts are these. In a conversation between Bismarck and the Prince at Versailles in November 1870, the Chancellor explained the difficulties of the situation and asked the Prince if he wished the South Germans to be threatened. The Diary records the Prince's answer. 'I reply *ja wohl;* there would be no danger in doing that; let us act firmly and imperiously, and you will see that I was right in asserting that you have not yet any proper consciousness of your power.' The Crown Prince believed that force would prove unnecessary

unnecessary. He argued, that, if the Kaiser were proclaimed by the majority of the German Sovereigns assembled at Versailles, and if a constitution were approved of such as would satisfy the just demands of the German people, Bavaria and Würtemburg could not resist the pressure. If they threw themselves into the arms of Austria,—an event which the Crown Prince well knew to be in the last degree improbable,—it is possible that he would have advocated compulsion. Such a policy is very different from that which both Bismarck and Freytag suggest to be the Crown Prince's meaning. It is reserved for the affectionate reverence of Freytag to add the injustice of a contemptible personal motive.

The only fact that Freytag alleges in proof of his extraordinary proposition is the conversation of the 11th of August, 1870. The capacity to conceive, and the resolution which executes, a great political plan are not generally signs of weakness. Freytag therefore strives to make his estimate of the Prince's aims and character consistent with the millinery theory. This is the purpose of the rest of the volume. But the Freytag of 1870 rises from his own pages to condemn the Freytag of 1889. Scattered up and down the first part of the 'Reminiscences' are passages in which he contradicts his depreciatory estimate. These passages bear the stamp of first-hand impressions. In tone and feeling, they are totally different from the laboured disparagement with which he daubs out the features of his first attractive sketch. The Freytag of 1870 testifies to the striking personality of the Crown Prince, the enthusiasm he created among the troops, the effect he produced upon the people of the Palatinate by 'the unique combination of aristocratic courtesy with unaffected simplicity.' He expatiates with enthusiasm on his personal charm, his depth and purity of feeling, his frankness, sincerity, and warmth of affection. He records his manly strength, his warm genial manner, his diligence and fidelity to duty. He dwells upon his intense humanity, his solicitude, and kindly consideration for others. He cannot himself resist the magnetic influence of his presence; and 'when the Prince unconsciously laid his arm upon my shoulder, I thought within myself I would be faithful to him for the whole of his future life.' He expresses his delight, that it was 'to the Crown Prince himself and his combined army that the honourable task was assigned of demonstrating before Europe the superior military efficiency of the German troops.' But these first-hand impressions of 1870 are worked up under widely different feelings by the Freytag of 1889. The strong lines of the original picture are softened

softened down, and the portrait is presented of a lover of Courtart finery, incurably haughty in temperament, perilously cosmo-o-politan in sympathies, subjected to foreign influences-s, dominated by his wife, a flatterer of the people, yet ignorant-nt of their real wants, without creative power, without industry-y, without military capacity. The Freytag of 1889 follows-s humbly in the track of the Reptile Press, and recapitulates their-r charges with the docility of a pupil.

This unfavourable picture is mainly presented in that portion-n of the volume which is called 'After the War.' Here Freytag-g speaks, as we have already said, without authority. On an-n average he did not see the Crown Prince once a year; he received-d no letters from him of a confidential character. His opinion is-is therefore of scarcely greater value than the estimate which a-a biographer, who has access only to the daily newspapers, might-ht form of some public personage. Freytag represents the Crown-wn Prince as a man prematurely aged, weakened in health, power-er of will, energy, and business capacity. The reverse was the-he truth. The Crown Prince returned from the war matured in-in judgment, and strengthened in character. It is only natural that-at this should be so. On the other hand, the Prince was certainly-ly a graver and a sadder man after 1870 than before. The-he reasons are obvious. The internal policy of the Empire, repressive-es- and reactionary as it was, met with his strong disapproval-al. He regarded it as in the highest degree injurious to the free-ree development of German national life. He was strongly opposed-ed to the disastrous 'Cultur-Kampf,' to manhood suffrage, to the-the Protectionist policy, to the appropriation of the Guelf Fund for-for the corruption of the press, and, above all, to the Socialist legis-is-lation. But, both by family convention and State regulation-on, the constitutional position of the Heir Apparent is one of iron-ron dependence upon the Sovereign. Kaiser Wilhelm was not the-the man to hand over the reins of government to his son. He had, moreover, implicit confidence in Prince Bismarck, and the latter-ter brooked no rival. If the Crown Prince had actively intervened in-in political affairs, he must have either promoted a policy of which-ich he disapproved, or placed himself in opposition to his father. To-To adopt the first course was impossible to him; to lead a party-ty against the Government was equally out of the question. Political-li- self-effacement was his public and his filial duty. As years-rs passed by, he felt that his hopes of a free united German Empire-e were daily growing more difficult of realization. The Conservative and National Liberal parties, which formed the Cartel, or 'Bismarck sans phrase,' party, made the Chancellor omnipotent. Not only was he compelled by his position to remain aloof from

from public life, but he saw that his son and successor was daily brought under autocratic, absolutist, reactionary influences, and impregnated with political sentiments which differed widely from his own. It is no exaggeration to say that, mentally, the last few years of his life were one long, silent martyrdom. But such self-repression, consistently maintained for years, argues rather the strongest resolution than weakness. It was only possible in a man who was upheld by a lofty sense of public and private duty. Throughout the whole of this trying period he remained at his post, always industrious, always studying the wants and aspirations of Germany, carefully maturing his own political plans and projects. So far from being deficient, as Freytag asserts, in creative energy, he was overflowing with ideas, which he was prepared to execute when his opportunity arrived. But the position of enforced inactivity was in the last degree trying. His fits of depression were frequent, and he was accustomed, with the frankness which always characterized his intercourse with his intimates, to give outspoken expression to his momentary despondency. At such moments he may have said, and in fact did say, that he should never live to ascend the throne. But Freytag's statement, that he ever thought of abdicating in favour of his successor, is absolutely fictitious.

The Crown Prince's non-intervention in political life was, as we have said, a public and a private duty. The resolution, with which he persevered in this course, gave the highest proof of his determination. On the other hand, Freytag attributes the life that he led after the war to loss of energy. Tried by the test of facts, which explanation is the more probable?

As Inspector of the South German Army Corps, the Crown Prince discharged his military functions with punctuality and diligence. Freytag admits that he exercised a beneficent influence both on officers and men. But the work was really confined to an annual inspection. As Protector of Museums and Picture Galleries, a larger, though still an inadequate, sphere of activity was open to him. Under his management, the Old Museum was enriched, as again Freytag admits, by the purchase of well-selected representative pictures, by collections of prints, by the marbles of Pergamos, and by a remarkable gallery of casts. The excavations at Olympia are a standing memorial of his zeal for Art. The foundation of the Museum of Industrial Art was the work of the Crown Prince and Princess. Had he lived longer than he did, the buildings on Museum Island, for which he had plans prepared, would have been widely extended. He keenly interested himself in the promotion of the welfare of the industrial classes. Here, too, Freytag concedes

concedes that much honour is due to him for the work which he achieved; but, lest he should have admitted too much, adds, that all this was but 'pastime and amusement.' The work which the Crown Prince did in these directions was in fact founded on personal knowledge of the wants of the people. His frequent visits to workshops and factories, and his presence at the examinations in the *Fortbildung Schulen* instituted by the town of Berlin, bore fruit in a series of institutions which Germany owes to him and his wife. By their energy, influence, and patronage, were founded Art-schools, Children's Refuges, Homes for the Homeless, Loan Societies, Sanitary Dwellings, Industrial Schools, Kindergarten for the poor, Girls' Training Schools, Convalescent Homes, Training Schools for Nurses. In these, and similar, institutions the Crown Prince never lost his interest. They were his support even in the last days of his fatal illness. Freytag blames him for not becoming a territorial magnate. He forgets that the Crown Prince's means were extremely small. A large estate was incompatible with his slender income. But his farm at Bornstedt was a favourite amusement with him, and in his village school, or at his village treats, his kindly simple nature was seen at its best. Besides these outlets for his energy, and besides his travels in Italy and Spain, the Crown Prince made himself an admirable historian, especially in genealogical and dynastic history. He formed collections of papers, pamphlets, and press notices, upon the most remarkable events of his time; he himself arranged the papers of the late Queen Elizabeth (wife of Frederick William IV.), and intended to publish a selection from these documents in her vindication. Nor were these artistic, charitable, or literary pursuits his only occupations. He devoted himself assiduously to the study of domestic and foreign politics, and especially to the investigation of the various solutions which theory or experience suggests for the determination of labour problems. In every direction, he prepared himself with conscientious care for the responsibilities of his great position.

These manifold interests do not argue that mental lassitude which Freytag professes to discover. Still less is Freytag's theory confirmed by public events. In 1878 the Emperor William was wounded by Nobiling. For a brief period the Crown Prince filled his father's place. Freytag admits the ability and energy with which he discharged his duties. The responsibilities of office, according to Freytag, revived his mental and physical energies, 'to the surprise and delight of the people around him.' There is no need for the interposition of the miraculous. The energy was there; it displayed itself continuous-

tinuously in other directions; the political opportunity alone was wanting. That the Crown Prince supported his illness with remarkable fortitude is undeniable. Here, again, the facts are against the theory of Freytag. Nor were there any signs of lassitude or weakness in the few weeks of the Crown Prince's reign. He conquered his bodily infirmity, and accomplished a long fatiguing journey under trying conditions. In spite of mental as well as physical suffering, he conducted business as if he were in perfect health. Not only did he initiate important military and political changes, but he issued a rescript to the Imperial Chancellor, which contained a comprehensive programme of constitutional and social reform. To sum up what has been said. Against Freytag's theory stand the Crown Prince's political self-repression of twenty years, the manifold interests of his life, his energy in 1878, the patient endurance of a trying illness, the vigour which, when the opportunity came, triumphed over bodily and mental suffering.

In the military career of the Crown Prince no lack of energy appears, unless indeed humanity is to be construed as a proof of weakness. Bloodshed was hateful to him. After the battle of Wörth, he said to Freytag with deep feeling—

'I abhor this butchery; I have never striven for a soldier's honours; I could have left military glory to another without any feeling of envy. Yet it has been my fate to pass from one war to another, and from one battlefield to another, and to wade through human blood before I mount the throne of my ancestors.'

In these words speak the natural humanity and kindliness of the Crown Prince. But there were crises in his life when he showed the sterner side of his character. As commander of an army he was inflexible in the execution of the plans with which he was entrusted. Freytag says—

'The Emperor Frederick is popularly regarded as a mighty winner of battles. Yet military affairs were uncongenial to his tastes. He was by no means a smart officer on parade; in war he discharged the duties of a general excellently, for the simple reason that he implicitly relied upon the chief of his staff, while he himself willingly accepted the responsibility and display which necessarily pertain to the royal dignity. In fact, if any one said that the Emperor Frederick became a famous general without being a capable soldier, he would do no injustice to the beloved memory of the deceased.'

Those who had greater opportunities than Freytag of judging of the Crown Prince's smartness as an officer hold a contrary opinion. His own aides-de-camp tell a different story. But

Nor is Freytag's sneer at the Prince's cl
exigencies of his position justified by ci
is necessarily surrounded by a certai
Because he does not bewail the inevitabl
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Moreover, the suggestion is untrue.
1864 the Crown Prince, enduring the w
campaign, mixing freely among the men
his mouth, indulged in no royal pomp
statements, Freytag palpably contradicts h
of the war of 1870, he notices that the Pr
from the train of princes, plenipotentiari
of the camp, and 'rode quietly off with h
suite.' Again he professes to be 'struc
the escort with which the Crown Prince r
Or again, he finds the Crown Prince lyin
of State, but 'on the narrow pallet which
in his tent.' How does Freytag reconcile
riences of 1870 with his theory of 1889?

On the question of military capacity,
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opinions upon the point are of real valu
Blumenthal have expressed their admirati
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entrusted to his command. In the Aus
instance, the Prince commanded the Seco
were to enter Bohemia through the Giant
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Crown Prince's army was engaged, and Moltke had told King William that now no power on earth could wrest victory from his grasp. It is ancient history that the timely arrival of the Second Army won the battle of Sadowa. But some details of the early part of the campaign, and of the advance through the Giant Mountains, may be of fresher interest. Prince Hohenlohe has left on record his own reminiscences of the Crown Prince's aptitude for command. He speaks with admiration of his imperturbable coolness. Space does not permit us to quote the whole of his description of their meeting on the heights of Kosteletz. We can only give extracts. The Crown Prince was waiting for news of General von Steinmetz, who was engaged with the enemy near Skalitz, when Prince Hohenlohe reported his arrival with reserves. He received from his General Commander-in-Chief a rapid sketch of the situation, 'given in the tone of a man who was ordering his dinner.' The Crown Prince had with him only a single company. The reinforcements consisted of one battalion of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and five batteries of artillery. They were wearied with a march, and orders were given them to fall out, and cook and eat their food. Not a breath of wind was stirring on the hill.

'The match I took to light my cigar burned with as steady a flame as if it were in a room. Suddenly the Crown Prince saw a cloud of dust sweeping along the road from Stralitz, where General von Steinmetz was engaged with the enemy. It approached with such rapidity that it seemed to rise from troops in retreat. "It is Prince Albert," said the Crown Prince, "with the heavy Cavalry Brigade whom I sent to help Steinmitz. They must be in full flight." Prince Hohenlohe immediately asked if he might not march up his men to defend the pass. "No," said the Prince, "let the men eat their food quietly. The dust is still a mile and a half off. The enemy cannot be here before two hours." Meanwhile, on came the dust like the wind. At last we could see the road through the clouds; and not a man or horse was visible. We were soon enveloped in a hurricane that made it hard to keep a footing on the mountain. Then it thundered, but no rain fell. It was a dry storm. As it passed, a despatch arrived from Steinmetz that he had taken Stralitz, and that the enemy were in full retreat. "Now I can look up the wounded at Kosteletz," said the Crown Prince, and he gave me leave to march after the Guards to Eifel with my reserves. During our long halt upon the heights of Kosteletz, I spoke to General von Blumenthal with admiration of the coolness of the Crown Prince. "Yes," said Blumenthal, "and I can give you further proof of that. When I laid before him for approval the plans of crossing the frontier, I pointed out the risk we ran if Benedek fell upon the separate bodies and destroyed them in detail. 'Do you,' he asked, 'take me for a child that you warn me of that? I

have long foreseen the risk. But what matters one army? In this war the fate of all Prussia is at stake. If my army is beaten, I will never return to Silesia alive.' Let me add one detail of the Crown Prince at Königgratz. I rode in front of my battery on the hills near Chotieborek in order to get the points of the compass. The Staffs of the Crown Prince and the Prince of Würtemburg were there. The Crown Prince said to me: 'Fritz Carl is getting on badly. He wants help. I can give it in two ways. I can march to him and support him. But for that I am too late. I prefer the other course, and attack straight off. Do you see the clump of trees over Horenowes? There's the enemy's right wing. I'll lay hold of the dog's tail.'"'

The same coolness and energy which the Crown Prince displayed in the Austrian war were equally conspicuous in the campaign of 1870–71. One of the greatest gifts that a commander-in-chief can possess is the power of exciting the enthusiasm of his followers. In that part of Freytag's book, which is mainly based on the freshly-recorded impressions of his own Diary, he acknowledges that the Crown Prince possessed this gift in a pre-eminent degree. He also recognizes the exceptional difficulties with which in this respect he was confronted by the composite character of his army, and the triumphant success which he achieved. In the earlier pages Freytag enlarges upon the confidence the Prince inspired. He remarks that he produced the effect of a conqueror. He describes how, when he rode up to the Fifth Army Corps, the enthusiasm of the troops was contagious; the battalions fell out of line, every one rushing forward eager to greet him with a 'Hoch.' He notices that, after the capture of the Gaisberg, 'the ranks of the riddled battalions dissolved again' at the appearance of the Prince, all rushing up to him, shouting and crying 'Hoch!' and even the wounded raised themselves and waved their arms to him, as much as to say, 'See! we haven't done badly.' He records that when the Crown Prince spoke the same evening of the reception he had received, 'the emotion which his face revealed was overpowering; his countenance seemed transfigured, and all the people round him were profoundly affected.' Yet Freytag, who in 1870 had himself witnessed, and experienced, the contagious influence of the Crown Prince among his followers, in 188[illegible] ignores this characteristic altogether. He sets in the one scale judgment, coolness, and the power of exciting the confidence of his followers; in the other, he puts the drill sergeant's eye for detail. In his opinion, the latter is the most important: tried in the balance against it, the other qualities kick the beam. One fact from the battle of Wörth outweighs the whole value of

Freytag's

Freytag's lay criticism. The Crown Prince, riding over the battle-field, spoke some kindly words to a Bavarian soldier who had made himself at home in a farmhouse. Standing at attention, with his hand at the salute, the Bavarian's enthusiasm got the better of him: 'If we had only had your Royal Highness to lead us in 1866, you would have seen how we would have thrashed those cursed Prussians!'

It has been shown that Freytag attributes the origin of the German Empire to the Crown Prince's foppery; that he represents him, after the war, as enfeebled in body and mind; that he depreciates his military skill. He adds the final touch to his tribute of affectionate reverence, when he suggests that the Prince was subjected to foreign influences, and entirely dominated by his wife. It is in these passages that Freytag most crudely repeats the charges of the Reptile Press and the Memorial of Bismarck. The subject is one of such delicacy that we only touch upon it in reply to the charges made in the 'Reminiscences.'

Freytag is a finished literary artist, and the way in which the required effect is produced is a triumph of the suggestive method. He begins by noting the presence in the Prince's camp of the English correspondent, Russell, of the Duke of Sutherland,* and of the Duke of Augustenburg, whose brother was married to Princess Helena. He introduces, by way of a digression, the examination of the Morier Incident, to which we have already alluded. Having thus created an impression of the dangerous cosmopolitanism of the Emperor Frederick, and of the special difficulty created by the 'confidential reports which went from head-quarters to England,' he goes on to say that 'the Crown Prince himself wrote every day to his wife at Homburg, and that the change of camp was often delayed because the Prince had not yet completed his letter. Prince Louis of Hesse also wrote from his division to his consort, the Princess Alice.' The serious charge against the Crown Prince may be omitted, because a still graver accusation is insinuated by Freytag against the Princess Alice, the Empress Frederick, and other members of our own Royal Family. In effect he suggests that through their means,—whether through carelessness or through treachery he does not specify,—important secrets of the German military movements reached the French commanders. Both the Empress Frederick and Princess Alice,

* As Freytag's accuracy is on trial, it may be mentioned that it was not the Duke of Sutherland who was present in the camp. Freytag has confused him with Lord Ronald Gower and the Duke of Manchester. This points to the late origin of this part of the 'Diary.'

says

ays Freytag, 'wrote to their august mother and the family i[illegible] London.' They could not judge of the importance of the new[illegible]s which their letters contained. 'What crossed the North Se[illegible]a could be sent to France again in letters a few hours later. [illegible]t was therefore not unnatural that the French learned by way [illegible]of England a variety of things about our army which, with greate[illegible]er propriety, would have remained concealed.' Here, again, Freyt[illegible]g is endeavouring to support Prince Bismarck's Memorial throu[illegible]h thick and thin. But Freytag knows absolutely nothing of t[illegible]he contents of the Crown Prince's letters to his wife, who w[illegible]as occupied day and night in the German hospitals. He do[illegible]es not even know whether the Crown Princess and Princess Ali[illegible]ce did, or did not, write to their relations in England; still le[illegible]ss does he know when, what, or how often, they wrote. T[illegible]he three facts, upon which this monstrous charge is rested, a[illegible]re that the Crown Prince wrote to his wife, that the Crow[illegible]wn Princess wrote to her family in England, and that news fro[illegible]m the German camp might thus reach France in three or fo[illegible]ur days by the partial aid of the telegraph. The whole fabric [illegible]is pure conjecture, resting on the flimsy tissue of improbal[illegible]ble assumptions,—that the Crown Prince discussed with his wi[illegible]ife the future movements of the German army, that the Crow[illegible]wn Princess indiscriminately transmitted to England all the i[illegible]in-formation contained in her husband's letters, and that t[illegible]he English Royal Family, either through carelessness or treache[illegible]ry, handed on the news to France. Such a charge need not [illegible]be discussed. It bears on the face of it its own denial. [illegible]To insinuate a grave accusation against several distinguish[illegible]ed persons, without a vestige of evidence, without any person[illegible]nal knowledge of the facts, and with no support except a series [illegible]of reckless assumptions, is a course which reflects no credit up[illegible]pon Freytag. It only creates distrust of his tact, taste, and di[illegible]is-cretion. Blumenthal and Moltke were married to Engli[illegible]lish wives. Is it because these two Field Marshals are alive, a[illegible]and in a position to defend themselves, that they escape the sa[illegible]me accusation? Of the truth of such a charge Freytag has exactl[illegible]ctly the same evidence,—namely, conjecture.

Freytag does not hesitate to carry his support of Prin[illegible]ince Bismarck's Memorial to the most extreme length. He h[illegible]has insinuated that the Crown Prince's cosmopolitanism imperille[illegible]lled the national interests of Germany. It is only an expansion of t[illegible]the charges to say that he was absolutely dominated by his wi[illegible]ife. Freytag has coupled together the names of the Empre[illegible]ess Frederick and Princess Alice as receiving letters from the[illegible]eir husbands in the German camps. He goes on to say: 'T[illegible]he Princ[illegible]ss

Princess Alice was at heart during the whole of the war a brave German woman, and it is a debt of honour to record this fact of the late Princess,' &c. 'Both Princesses, in their anxious solicitude for the welfare and safety of the men they loved, wrote in their turn,' &c. Here Freytag first couples the two sisters together, then singles out one of the two for eulogy as 'a brave German woman,' and then again resumes the joint treatment of their correspondence. The obvious suggestion of the passage is that the heart of the Crown Princess was not in the German cause. Under all the circumstances of the case, such a suggestion, if it was intended, is not only utterly false, but a cowardly insinuation which recoils upon the head of the man who made it. It serves Freytag's object well enough. It is the preparation for the theory that the Crown Princess, whose sympathies, as Freytag suggests, are not with Germany, and whose indiscretions, as he assumes, betrayed important secrets to the enemies of her adopted country, held her husband in absolute subjection. This theory of Freytag's is put forward under the cloak of enthusiastic admiration for the ability of the Crown Princess. He pays an eloquent tribute to her 'rich natural gifts,' 'keen soaring intellect,' and 'wide intellectual attainments':—

'The Crown Prince's love for her,' says Freytag, 'was the highest and holiest passion of his life, and filled his whole existence; she was the lady of his youth, the *confidante* of all his thoughts, his trusted counsellor whenever she was so inclined. Arrangements of the gardens, decorations of the house, education of the children, judgments of men and things, were in every respect regulated by him in accordance with her thoughts and wishes. It is perfectly intelligible that so complete an ascendency of the wife over the husband, who was destined to be the future ruler of Prussia, threatened to occasion difficulties and conflicts, which, perhaps, would be greater for the woman than the man—greater for the wife who led and inspired the husband whose guidance she ought to have accepted.'

This theory of Freytag's occurs in the first part of his 'Reminiscences.' But the context proves that it belongs to 1889, not to 1870. The passage appears in the middle of a conversation between the Crown Prince and Freytag, suggested by the photographs of his wife and children which stood on the Prince's camp-table. The conversation is interrupted by this interpolated passage, and subsequently resumed. Whether Freytag's judgment of the relations between the Emperor and the Empress is, or is not, correct, they alone could have really told. Into the domain of conjecture, or the tittle-tattle of the drawing-room, we do not propose to descend with Freytag.

But

naturally important to her husband. interests, the same tastes, the same frequently coincided. They were asso and philanthropic enterprises. There that entire unanimity, mutual confid operation, which form the ideal of mar country. In this fact lies the secret of gestion. To the North German such inconceivable. His wife is, to use the chattel, at the best his respected house his companion. To seek the advice beneath his dignity; to benefit by her hood. So long as women hold the pla Prussian middle-class life, the national necessarily outraged, when husband an footing of domestic equality.

As a personal revelation, the 'Remini painful reading. The contents and dri correspond with what the Preface states and publication. We must look elsewh and we find it in the Bismarck Memo directed against friends or associates of t Any one who studies the late Chancellor Emperor's Diary, or upon the Morier I difficulty in tracing the inspiration of Several illustrations are given in the prec can blame Freytag for his attachment statesman. Our quarrel with him rests

ART. III.*—1. H. de Balzac, *La Comédie Humaine.* Paris, 1883.
2. De Stendhal, *Œuvres Complètes.* Paris, 1889.
3. G. Flaubert, *Œuvres Complètes.* Paris, 1885.
4. G. Flaubert, *Lettres à George Sand.* Paris, 1884.
5. E. Zola, *Œuvres Complètes.* Paris, 1888.
6. A. Daudet, *Œuvres Complètes.* Paris, 1888.
7. P. Bourget, *Œuvres Complètes.* Paris, 1889.
8. P. Loti, *Pêcheur d'Islande, etc.* Paris, 1888.
9. H. Taine, *Nouveaux Essais de Critique et d'Histoire.* Paris, 1860.
10. F. Brunetière, *Le Roman Naturaliste.* Paris, 1884.
11. E. Tissot, *Les Évolutions de la Critique Française.* Paris, 1890.

WHO was the father of French Realism? Are we to go back as far as Diderot, the painter of a world of rascaldom, and herald of the great secret, as he deemed it, that good and evil are, like words in the philosophy of Bacon, the "counters of wise men, but the money of fools"? Or shall we be content with Balzac as the head and front of the movement,—Balzac, in whose romances it is neither easy nor of much consequence to strike upon the trace of Diderot? What part, again, had Flaubert, that astonishing victim of his own style, in creating a manner he detested? And where does Gautier, true artist of the Decadence, come in upon the line of march? These, like the enigmas with which Tiberius plied his *mathematici*, are puzzling questions. They have been as hotly debated as the existence of Homer's 'Troy,' the authorship of 'Junius,' or the drift of Mr. Gladstone's most eloquent speeches. And critics who are at all competent to speak on the subject, greatly differ in their conclusions. To some it appears as false as it certainly is degrading to couple Balzac with the author of 'La Bête Humaine' and 'La Terre.' On the other hand, M. Zola, though content as Napoleon was to be his own ancestor, holds that from Balzac and Diderot he is assuredly descended. And for the spirit, if not the letter of this conclusion, he may appeal to the high authority of M. Taine, whose study of the 'Saint Simon of the populace,' though now more than a quarter of a century old, is still the most pregnant word that has been uttered about him.† But perhaps the

* See 'Quarterly Review,' No. 340: 'The Modern French Novel.'
† Taine, 'Nouveaux Essais,' pp. 63–170. See also Zola, 'Le Roman Experimental,' *passim.*

manner

repulsive term—fit title of a Chambe
doors leading into the shambles, the su
stration,' the house of shame, the prison
reeking tavern—will, it must be allowe
of place as we turn over the pages of t
and scan its two thousand figures.
found in Balzac, this element and atmo
M. Zola has perhaps taken from the im
suited his purpose; and that purpose m
ence. But to think of Balzac is to be r
as of much else that is akin to it. Nor
descent into our subject than on this side

First, however, let us distinctly state wh
have not proposed, either in this or in
to guide our readers through the mile
gallery which are filled with the masterp
the mediocrities, of French fiction, as the
author deserved at least a moment's att
would be impossible in the space at o
not unlikely that the reader, as in that
prefer the galleys to Guicciardini or a di
Chronology to so bewildering a survey.
tendencies assert themselves, it is enligh
The 'great divide' in modern French
Romanticism and Realism. When, how
literature with English, German, or
clear that one name may not inaptly h

looked ; we should be the last to imagine it. But there is far more to unite them in a common definition than to put them asunder. And when we have ascertained what that is, we shall have done something towards fixing their place in European literature. How do the French story-tellers, prose-poets, or scientific novelists, appear when confronted with Sophocles, with Shakspeare, with Goethe, and the sad-browed Florentine? It is a trial which they cannot escape, although neither the French nor the English newspapers have room for it. Aristophanes, if he could pass the three-headed dog, and write a new 'Frogs,' would be the fittest of arbitrators in a dispute like that between Realism and Romanticism, which bears unexpected and laughable affinities to the controversy in which Æschylus is pitted against Euripides at the close of that magnificent burlesque. As quoting Greek has gone out of fashion, let Horace illustrate for us the undoubted resemblance between old-world quarrels and the wrangling of to-day, with his—

> 'No quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur heros,
> Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,
> Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas.'

Or, to translate with the help of a 'modern instance,' the question is, whether Victor Hugo's preterhuman characters should degenerate into boon companions of Coppeau and Mes Bottes in 'L'Assommoir.' But now it is time to hear the evidence, concerning these rags of Telephus, and who first canonized them in the novels of the century.

Balzac, surely, will be the answer. If Romanticism means selective art, the revelation of the ideal in Nature as a living whole, it is manifest that the author of 'Le Père Goriot' and 'Illusions Perdues' was no Romanticist. For to him Nature was a mere bundle of forces which might be pulled out and examined like so many nervous filaments. In 'Louis Lambert,' which contains Balzac's philosophy, substance is only matter, the human will a voltaic pile, and God Himself a luminous fluid. Everywhere, from 'La Peau de Chagrin' to that most desolate and unethical of tragedies, 'Le Cousin Pons,' we see the individual, however strongly drawn, at the mercy of his surroundings and of his nature. Hence the environment is described in microscopic detail, stone fitted into stone as in a mosaic, and the joints visible. The man's mind was a collection of bric-à-brac. In the graphic outward presentment of things inanimate,—of houses, doors, staircases, chairs and curtains, old lumber-chests, pictures, furniture in general, and every kind of decay,—he has no rival but

but Dickens. On all these objects he bestows a phantom existence, and they stand bewitched and diabolic in the deep Rembrandt shadows which he affects. He took for his province the anatomy of social phenomena,—the study, so he calls it in 'Les Employés,' of human insect-life. And he found indispensable for his purpose the technique of trade and manufacture, terms borrowed from the kitchen, the stable, the shop, the counting-house. Long before George Eliot, he invented scientific metaphor. The only style he does not practise, even in 'Les Paysans,' is the rustic, not permissible in academic ears. But M. Taine has sketched, with great humour, the consternation of the French scholar and gentleman moulded on academic traditions, who should attempt, for the first time, to read the Babylonish jargon which Balzac has substituted for the clear analytic language of the eighteenth century. If he has certain of the qualities of Dickens, and is grotesque, prolific, and in secret alliance with the powers of night; if his affection for villains male and female is akin to Thackeray's paternal devotion to Becky Sharp and Barry Lyndon; if his want of reticence rises almost to Swiftean grandeur,—there is also something of Thomas Carlyle in the splashes of significant paint which he hurls at his canvas, and in the spasmodic dialect that seems natural to him. Each had genius without the corresponding talents, and we assent when biographers tell us that both these singular 'Impressionists' stumbled into literature rather than found it their vocation. The born artist is known by his creative instinct. Balzac and Carlyle do not so much create as literally 'compose.' With never-ending struggles they add sentence to sentence, tearing them (if one may employ a harsh illustration) out of their very vitals. And when the work is done, the author lies half dead. He has little joy in his gifts, for the inductive method, wholly intent on the succession of particulars, affords no outlook to the soul; neither does it ascend to the Pisgah heights where the Promised Land with its glad rivers and golden harvests reaches from the mountains to the mighty sea, in distant yet clear perspective.

But the method was adapted to the age; and perhaps no other, in France at any rate, would have succeeded in the delineation of what was to be recorded for posterity. In his sense, Balzac may be named with Tacitus. It has been pertinently remarked that his world is made up of passions and interests; that principle has hardly a place in it, and that his characters are always intrinsically vicious. To blunt the edge of this criticism would be difficult. Granting that man is

is a bundle of forces, they will appear in a civilization like the Parisian, either as passions thwarted by interests, or as interests receiving a double momentum from passion. And should higher aspirations be found there by happy accident, a writer who worships brute strength will show us virtue defeated, aspirations fooled, and innocence put up for sale. It is the moral again and again implied in the story of Rastignac, of Lucien de Rubempré, of Madame Hulot, of Pons and Schmucke, of the poor imbecile Curé de Tours. It is Vautrin's philosophy, which, to no small extent, was Balzac's own. The very defects which repel and dishearten us in this bourgeois genius were in a wonderful degree potent to create the impression he aimed at. We must not look to him for a picture of the movements in Germany, England, or Italy. Though he knew a little of foreign countries, it was only as we know the planets Mars and Venus, or the cloud-bands in Jupiter. The 'dolorous valley of the Seine' was wide enough for him. As Dr. Johnson could not live away from Fleet Street, so Balzac was ever returning to the beloved mud and dust, the rain and flickering lights, the crowd on the Boulevards, and the loneliness of those dismal cut-throat streets which he has shown as in a stereoscope at the beginning of the 'Histoire des Treize.' 'O Paris!' he exclaims with enthusiasm, 'he that has not admired thy sombre landscapes, thy broken jets of light, thy deep and silent alleys without issue; he that has not listened to thy murmurs between midnight and two hours after, knows nothing of the true poetry which is in thee, or of thy large and curious contrasts.' And he proceeds to sketch the Rue Soly in colours at once ignoble and overpowering. Ignoble! It is the proper word for Balzac's subject-matter, though unjust if applied to the man. He displays too vast an energy, too extensive a knowledge of human nature, to be thrust outside the Temple of Fame on the score of his ill-manners. But the sculptor is more than the anatomist; and the question of Realism must be decided by contrasting the Venus of Milo with Balzac's supreme creation, the Venus of the Père la Chaise. For it is in consummating the type of the ignoble, or even of the cadaverous, that he excels.

The 'Comédie Humaine' is, then, chiefly a chronicle of Paris from 1815 to 1850, with a thousand illustrations in colour, by one who was modern and Parisian to the core. It is the world of the noblesse and the money market; of journalism, art, and fashion; of political religion and religious politics; of pleasure, intrigue, crime, adultery, and universal dissipation. It shows us the military hardness of the Empire; the

the belated Voltairianism of the Bourbons who had never got beyond '89: the commencements of a gilded bourgeoisie, rejoicing in its money-bags; and some remnants of a Christianity to which, as the Abbé de la Mennais was crying in 1825 at the top of his voice, all classes had become indifferent. And the ruling deity, the God who appears in the *dénoûment* of its tragedies and entanglements, is Money. It is the goal of ambition and the standard of success.

There surely never was poet or historian who had more faith in money than Balzac. Compared with him Adam Smith is Adam unfallen in Paradise, and McCulloch an innocent. In his pages, Money is the great personage round whom the drama centres; a fortune, as in 'La Maison Nucingen' or 'César Birotteau,' becomes, it has been well said, the heroine whose adventures we follow with bated breath. It is an amusement to open his volumes at random and count how many times out of a given number the words 'francs,' 'écus,' 'livres de rente,' leap at once into view. Bills of exchange, and quotations for corn and wine, hoops and staves, old iron and upholstery, fill the stage and elbow one another like farmers on a market-day. The calculations of prices made by prince and poet, duchess and courtesan, by journalist, employé, and social reformer, would do credit to the twelve tribes of Israel. Not one of Balzac's feminine characters but can keep books like a Rothschild. The most idyllic scenes end in happy lovers picking up gold and silver, as on a Tom Tiddler's ground. Marriage is a financial question with this most particular of notaries public; but so is the breaking of the marriage vow. Baron Nucingen contrives, we are told, to shift the burden of his wife's luxuries to the shoulders of her follower, Eugène de Rastignac. Satan himself cannot buy a man's soul but it must be done on stamped paper and amid the roar of the Bourse.* And Balzac's Utopias, of which he has planned several with the patience of a land surveyor—one in 'Le Curé de Village,' and a second more interesting in 'Le Médecin de Campagne'—lie about the same latitudes. They are of the earth, earthy: prosperous villages and thriving agriculture occupy the foreground; and if there is any vision in the clouds, it is materialist, Swedenborgian, an ecstasy of scentless tulips, instruments, brazen and luminous ether, with certain mixed faculties of the soul developed on the lines of mesmerism. No description will convey the feeling of mountainous oppression under which the spirit labours as one by one the powers of reason, love, and beauty,

* 'Melmoth Réconcilié.'

beauty, are materialized at our magician's touch. He works with a reversed wand, bringing down Heaven out of its sphere and clothing the Seraphim in Parisian drapery. His religious system is little better than a delusion of Cagliostro; and the affection of one human being for another in these stories is a mania bred of philtres and intoxicating potions. With him the spirit is but a more finely-woven flesh. The whole world is artificial like its expression, money; or it is monstrous, unhealthy, chaotic.

We said, in discussing Victor Hugo, that, in common with all the French Romanticists, he aimed at the infinite by representing the abnormal. It is a point of the first importance to remark that this, too, is Balzac's *modus operandi*—above all when he is dealing with passion. We shall observe the same principle in Flaubert and in Zola. The abnormal, *not* the ideal;—for truly to conceive and to show forth the human type would have committed these men to a belief and a discipline against which they rebelled. The Sophoclean standard, 'man as he ought to be,' did not please them at all. In reading the modern French, we cannot but feel that they explain human nature as the late Mr. Darwin has done in certain chapters of his 'Descent of Man,' by resolving its highest faculties into appetites derived from the brute. Balzac delights in painting beast-natures that have got into man's skin, especially those of the baser sort—the hyena, jackal, fox, vulture, ape, and cobra. Even his women characters are strangely animal-like. It is the 'natural history of man' from which the heavenly fire has been damped out; an archangel fallen to the beast, and no longer mindful of his origin. And here we come upon the explanation of what M. Taine has admirably noticed, that Balzac's stories abound in monomania. He dresses up each of the instincts as a man or a woman; nay more, he degrades the most lovely and exquisite of human qualities to an instinct. Nor does he shrink from driving his monomaniacs into the simply unnatural. There can be little in M. Zola which exceeds the horror of what he has permitted himself to deal with, on occasion. It is a hard saying, but cannot well be denied, that for the so-called Realist 'nothing is sacred, from the womb to the grave.' The high Northern virtue of reticence, which has given strength and delicacy to our literature, finds scant honour among those, and they are the majority of French writers, who prefer the *sel gaulois* to Attic salt. The 'prudish Albion' is a word of reproach not spared us by grave critics; while our 'hypocrisy' (though to ourselves it seems mere decent reserve) is accounted the most intolerable of the bourgeois vices incident to a nation of

of shopkeepers. As for Balzac, he, with an amusing *mal-àpropos*, charged even the easy-going George Sand with this English defect when she found the taste of his 'Contes Drôlatiques' somewhat too revolting. But the coarseness of Balzac is not his worst fault. He indulges a curiosity, not so much scientific as prurient, which, when it has torn away the rags of shivering humanity and exposed its sores, foolishly imagines that it knows all which can be known. As though the veil of Isis, which neither prophet nor seer has lifted, might be rudely swept aside by the surgeon or the criminal magistrate! It is not so steep a descent as some of his critics would have us believe, from the unashamed depravity of 'La Cousine Bette,' or the strange suggestions of other stories which cannot be quoted here, to 'Nana,' and its compeers. The principle which Zola has deliberately recognized in 'Le Roman Expérimental,' governs every production of Balzac; this, namely, that artistic or comely concealment, the clothing with more abundant honour of that which is less honourable, instead of being a means to manifest the nobler qualities is a lie against Nature.

As therefore Hugo exalts the mad maternal instinct in 'Notre Dame de Paris,' so Balzac has created the monomaniac father, a strangely unpleasant figure without grace or reverence, in 'Le Père Goriot.' 'La Recherche de l'Absolu' chronicles the revolutions of money in the hands of Balthazar Cläes, the monomaniac chemist. Valerie Marneffe, in 'Les Parents Pauvres,' is the married courtesan who realizes some type of perfection in the lowest abyss. Philippe Brideau, the soldier-scoundrel; Grandet, the miser; Gobseck, the usurer; Louis Lambert, the imbecile metaphysician; Hulot, the slave of his senses; and above all, Vautrin, the Mephistopheles who is at the centre of the 'Comédie Humaine,'—all these are as blindly powerful, and as little capable of resisting their destiny as the forces of Nature itself. Instincts may be noble or the reverse; but in every case Balzac's characters yield to a wild excess of virtue (as in Madame Hulot and Madame Cläes) or to a native selfishness, of which the gaze is so completely turned inward that the whole world becomes its pasture, like the sea entering a blind shell and feeding the creature coiled up within. From this point of view, Brideau, Cläes, and General Hulot, are among the most astonishing births of fiction. In their kind they are perfect; nothing can be added, nothing taken away from the monsters; but monsters they remain. We do not imply that the like of these ghastly beings has never walked the world. Experience, conversant with prisons, asylums, and reformatories, would

would have strange stories to tell, confirming some part of their witness. But the pathological — as in these days we should never weary of repeating—is not the human. And if we will not hear Moses and the prophets, we may at all events believe Darwin, whose teaching from first to last implies that to be governed by instinct is to fall back in the scale of evolution, is atavism in the strongest sense of the term, or, more simply, is degradation.

How remarkable it is that Balzac looks upon good people as dupes, who are fooled by their fancy of a moral law not anywhere realized! They are 'cheated in the bargain of life,' he says. They sadly obey their conscience; but they envy or perhaps admire the audacity of the libertines, being uncertain, like Balzac himself and M. Renan since, whether vice is not on the side of the nature of things. 'Je vois d'ici,' says Vautrin in a famous speech, 'la grimace de ces braves gens si Dieu nous faisait la mauvaise plaisanterie de s'absenter au jugement dernier.' We may be sure that Balzac enjoyed writing such words, as he found a congenial employment, not in showing 'how lovely virtue is,' but in the precise contrary, in making it ugly, foolish, lame, stupid, and ridiculous. He knew little about it. His young girls, Eugénie Grandet, La Fosseuse, Pauline, Marguerite, are all spotted like second-hand silks or worn muslin. They have not the gracious innocence of their youth, the delicate imagination to which it is an opening flower full of perfume and tender hues of the morning. There is no dew upon their foreheads, or maidenly reserve in their nature; it is only in their society manners, at the best. What can we say of his repentant women, Madame Graslin, Madame de Beauséant? Their change is not a conversion, it is the result of a catastrophe; and while we pity we do not feel with them. Sympathy is a rare quality in Balzac. He harrows and rends the heart, but the eyes will never drop medicinal tears over scenes which evoke more wonder than kindliness, and are often too painful for gentler emotions to be stirred by them. It is essentially a man's world in which he moves, for the green-room and the footlights, if they introduce beings of feminine appearance, are not the true woman's sphere. And the great ladies, the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse, the Marquise d'Espard, and all their brilliant troupe, differ nothing in nature, but only in wearing real diamonds instead of paste, from the Florines and Coralies, or the incredibly corrupt Aquilinas with whom they dispute over a common prey.

You see, reader, how impossible it is to speak of Balzac without running against the bad company which he keeps.

lime, and is convinced that these minute
the character. It is the mistake of phren
shall attain by such interpretation is the
not the man himself. The taking smil
may signify in the Lucien de Rubempr
nothing but his superficial good nature.
and near-sighted eyes may conceal fr
that there is a wide vision in the soul.
Alcibiades in the 'Symposium,' speaki
carved head of the Silenus; but whe
temperance there is residing within!'
have made of such a mask? Here ag
not the personality, and the fact that a
cannot destroy his freedom.

We must limit the seership, then,
somewhat in this way. He saw, as Lu
grinations about the earth, those tende
run down towards the deep out of wh
effort and the grace of God, man has
things. The Devil notes weakness, the
where the Heavenly Powers look upon s
stoop to its aid. It is the failure wh
Balzac's attention where virtue is in que
to be triumphant, nay magnanimous
victory. It overcomes the world, in anot
sense. To be on the side of the moral
See the conclusion of 'Le Père Goriot
taught wisdom by experience; and to

he thought to win place and renown by his verses, not to obey the divine inspiration, as our English Milton did,—Milton, who stands too far removed from the 'Comédie Humaine' to be so much as dreamt of in its philosophy. But Lucien bore on his brow the star of genius. And he is dragged through the filth of Paris, made acquainted with things vile and mean, and intoxicated with a success which was not wine but wormwood, drying up the brain and the blood, until he comes to a shameful end. The illusion which he had lost was, we suppose, that it is possible for a man who has light within him to defy the world, the flesh, and the devil. It is a strange lesson to teach young men entering upon life. Not that Balzac's indictment of the ways of journalism is wanting in truth or appositeness. The evil which he depicts is more rampant in our day of limitless news-vending and news-making than it could have been in the Paris of 1843. On that subject, who, with eyes in his head, can cherish illusions? But how does a character like Lucien's represent the cause of goodness, or his ignominious suicide prove that the supreme Powers are against it? Is not this the moral whispered by the story-teller? If not, where is the struggle between light and dark which the title suggests?

The truth is that Balzac was a materialist; that he worshipped force, and did not believe in God. His religion is sentiment, his Church a department of State; his respect for authority and the *ancien régime* is founded on the deepest unbelief in human nature. To him the ordinary man is an evil beast, in need at every moment of chains and scourges. The measure of man, he would assert, is the lowest to which he can fall, not the height he has attained. And so he does not purify his pity and terror by the thought of eternal justice. He had no vision of the world to come. Dante's Hell is less inhuman than Balzac's present age. He does not paint the civilization of his time, but the evils which threatened it; nor the science of the Ampères and the Fraunhofers, but the mad alchemy of an ignorant man, who strives to reproduce in his laboratory the solar activities extinct on earth from geological periods. His metaphysics were but a making visible of that which cannot fall under the senses; therefore his God was an attenuated gas, and the soul an electric-machine. He was an obstinate visionary, not capable of rising into the light of reason like the masters of those who know, but abounding in the refractions, so to call them, of a strong and tyrannous personality. Some odd resemblance which he bore to Napoleon outwardly may be extended to the world of creations over which he ruled with despotic power. The brute force, the huge fever-dream fulfilled

nature keeping its eternal course, is
noise of battle is not progress, as Nap
time. And the 'drama of adultery,' th
interests,' is not life, but only the mate

Here is pretty much all the evidenc
of Balzac to the school of Realism; a
partially, we shall find that, while he
elements of great importance to it as
detached from it by an originality of a
composition which none of his succe
Balzac the details are photographed, th
given, and the persons are treated as c
one another according to their degre
would be sufficient, if it were all, to p
sequence what M. Zola means by his
not a transcript of the facts of life, bu
of them as will most easily be rendere
the theory of materialism. But Balzac
point. He has shown us *characters*,
melted into the stream of sensations, a
unyielding even to the extent of monon
their phases by an inward law. They
of free-will, but they are fixed natures,
gatherings of refuse to be scattered by
M. Zola's conception of human being
exist true individuals, whose nature is
he intends his stories to have a begi

They are concrete types, abounding in capricious and grotesque traits, larger than human, and never commonplace. Set one of them alive on the Boulevards, and he would be, like Peter Schlemihl, the man without a shadow, something portentous or uncanny. The romantic *ichor* mingled with their blood gives them an air as from another world; and to another world than that of the pavement or the police-court they belong, to the planet 'Balzac,' which has its own laws and peculiarities,—and again to literature with its necessary conventions, which can be transgressed only by the destruction of the art itself. For when Aristotle says that poetry is an imitation of nature, he implies that it cannot be identical with nature, else it would cease to be imitation.

Upon which, taking up the challenge that Balzac would not perhaps have accepted, comes forward a true but most perverse and misleading genius, in the person of the renowned Gustave Flaubert, who boldly undertakes to write 'objective fiction,' wherein there shall be as little of 'intention' or of 'final causes' as he admitted in Nature itself. And he produces one masterpiece, 'Madame Bovary;' various splendid failures,—we mean 'Salammbò' and 'La Tentation de Saint Antoine;'—and two unimaginable compositions, the better known of which, 'L'Éducation Sentimentale,' we take to be the dullest book that a man of genius ever inflicted on our race. We have read it, and we survive,—but not 'to tell the tale.' Let that be undertaken by some limited company where each reader shall be answerable only for what he has got through. Flaubert attempted the impossible; and, as M. de Calonne would have said, he achieved it. But he did not reach an 'objective art' in the sense he proposed, and for very good reasons. What he did, amongst other things, was to help forward the Realism of which he has judged so contemptuously.

We have come to a place where many roads meet, and where the affinities between the kinds of the modern French novel, how unlike soever, begin to appear. In the very height of the Romantic movement, as we have observed, Balzac, with his army of stage carpenters and scene-painters, had set up a theatre of his own, where, if the action was fanciful or melodramatic, the local colour, costumes, and language, were taken from the street. The Romanticist understood by 'reality' something primeval and infinite, the unfathomable world which we call 'Nature,' the mighty monster full of beauty and terror 'ever living, never advancing,' and though strangely silent in man's presence yet somehow akin to him: this, on the one hand; and, on the other, that inward existence, all thought and passion, which

Nature,' that of Balzac's 'Comédie' w
school, represented by Théophile Gau
as that of 'Art.' We have all read the
de Maupin' in Mr. Swinburne's sonn
spirit and sense, the holy writ of beau
public, Gautier is known simply as
written many other volumes, including
and 'Le Roman de la Momie,' which
his powers than this idle piece of sc
its sham picturesque and its scarcely m
summate master of French, endowed w
would not have disgraced Titian, and c
life, he was the very man to found a
which sensuous feeling and artistic *in*
all. Why must Art be subservient to e
not paint for painting's sake, and 'i
life,' seek after 'beauty's excellence'
other, and especially with deliberate
journalist, who has a wife and da
M. Prudhomme, as the French hav
England, for Mrs. Grundy? In the
de Maupin' from which we are quotin
describes his unsanctified procedure as
ness.' But there is a strong family lik
the certainly not more repulsive kin
works of M. Zola, and even of M. Paul
tion of form, without regard to matter
rated into the worship of the five sen

were spoken by a certain Diotima to the old man Socrates, and occur in a dialogue which M. Prudhomme has probably never read.* The notion of Art for Art's sake is by no means Platonic; it belongs to an age the mark of which is utter disbelief in all that the senses cannot grasp. But thus it came about that Gautier, being enamoured of sounds, and lights, and colours, and having an exquisite perception of beauty of form,—was anticipating, sixty years back, the time in which 'decadence' would seem natural, putrefaction the chief condition of life, and perverted instincts the true humanity.

To Gautier's idolatry of the outward shows of things, no less than to the harmonious rhetoric of Chateaubriand, Flaubert was indebted for examples which he outstripped. In the technique of composition he holds a place apart, and—why should we not be generous and add?—supreme. He is not one of the greatest masters of literature; but he is of writing. When the Romantic school had as good as come to an end, 'Madame Bovary' appeared; and there is hardly a volume of note in French fiction since that time which has not shown a trace of its influence. That influence has even made its way into English and American literature, as we may convince ourselves by reading, for instance, the opening of Mr. Howell's 'A Foregone Conclusion.' And not altogether undeservedly. In M. Brunetière's unsparing but impartial account of French 'Naturalism,' the tribute paid to Flaubert's extraordinary grasp of certain methods, and to his enlargement or novel application of the procedures of his Romanticist predecessors, is no less handsome than instructive.† But as 'Don Quixote' may be said to have killed chivalry, though its author was full of the chivalric spirit, so 'Madame Bovary' was a deadly satire upon Romanticism. Yet Flaubert, by the incurable magnificence of his language, by his love for the strange and the eccentric, and by his disdain of middle-class vulgarity, betrayed affinities which he did not care to own. In the effort to become a Realist, he literally killed himself, falling dead against his writing-desk while intent upon a work which should bear no token of its author's feelings. It could not be done. But the subjective, the personal style might be transformed, by skill or violence, into another, so much more akin to science than to art that, in comparison, it would deserve to be called objective and neutral. It is a style desperately fatiguing, impassively cruel, and in its hard coldness, far more 'Satanic' than the excited rhapsodies of a

* Plato, 'Symposium,' 211.
† 'Le Roman Naturaliste,' pp. 135–181.

his hush of impassioned hues, his
and sunlight. 'The form, the form
then, as a corrective, the real is the
is no other real. Or, if there is a
things, it is unknown and unknowab
the spiritual world of faith or phil
is a chimera. Things themselves
relations between them are all we
the laws of those relations make th
fessions, we have travelled an immer
monomaniac characters; as for free-
in the sky where no instrument can
one streak of nebula in the boundless
Flaubert, 'that great art is scientifi
else could it be, on his principles?
not as a Divine hieroglyphic, but lik
sense complete and trivial. 'Death,'
more to reveal than life.'

Like Brisset, in 'La Peau de Ch
the materialist school, who refused u
believe that the spirit could modify
also of Obermann's way of thinkin
silence in the Heavens. To him
history, was a succession of blood-s
sions. The most powerful emotions
disgust,—of which 'Salammbò' is fu
and a sense of the strain of life whic
tion of a morrow. In work such as

for the Vautrins and the Coralies. Now, Flaubert, though he professed to rate sympathy high, as a writer had little or none. He thinks meanly of the human spirit, and takes it as a compliment when some short-sighted admirer tells him that he is hard upon mankind. Truly, we suppose he belonged to the race of the gods, and could afford to be insolent! 'You may fatten the human beast,' he writes to George Sand; 'give him straw up to the stomach, and gild his manger, but he will remain a brute, say what you please. All the progress one can hope for is to make the brute less mischievous. But as for elevating the thoughts of the masses, or giving them a wider and consequently less anthropomorphic conception of God, I doubt it, I doubt it.'* The stupidity of the race, he often cries, is enough to choke him. To dissect them—as in 'Madame Bovary'—he calls his revenge.

And yet more as in 'L'Éducation Sentimentale.' We may allow to M. Guy de Maupassant that, in spite of its seeming to have been written without a plan, it is a deep and bitter study of common existence, a journal of the daily platitudes, of the levels and mediocrities of existence. The interest which in 'Madame Bovary' centres round one figure, making it typical and therefore not 'real' in the photographic sense, is here scattered; while the dramatic movement is tortuous, thwarted every moment by streamlets of public or private events which retard the catastrophe indefinitely. Flaubert's purpose, perhaps, was to bring his pseudo-hero and heroine, Frédéric Moreau and Madame Arnoux, up to the barriers of romantic or desperate resolutions, and then, in his great scorn for the ordinary mortal, to show how they failed to leap them. It is Realism, no doubt; men and women are not always heroic, whether in virtue or in guilt. But a larger knowledge of even the despised middle class would have taught him that courage and self-denial, instead of being rare, may be met with in every city and almost in every street. The moral of 'La Dame aux Camélias' is truer to life. It is not those who have seen most of their fellow-creatures to whom heroism becomes incredible. Flaubert was a lonely spirit; he had not overcome the illusion that men of letters were of quite a different paste from mankind at large.† And, as M. Brunetière observes with epigrammatic bitterness, mankind revenged itself on the genius who was always satirizing 'that fool of a multitude' by goading him on to write 'L'Éducation Sentimentale.' If it was 'humiliating to be a man,' why did he spend seven years in minutely registering the

* 'Lettres à George Sand,' p. 63.

† Ibid., p. 118.

scorn-provoking

the dead gleams of sapphire, as from
float over the story of 'St. Julien l
sentiment and sensation, to give the
making light visible, as it were, in th
surprising evocation of colour from
precisely the aim of Romantic litera
greatest triumph was achieved in doin
rials, with Norman backgrounds, and
ditch, he must have had implicit faith
enlarged. But in what else did he bel
He was a worker in precious stones
precious; a dilettante, a Nihilist. W
the spirit, his tongue stammers, and t
eloquence ceases. He knows how to
sensation; but he never rises to the rea
naught in common with either. Let
who did not possess Flaubert's genius,
was a vulgar repetition of his own in
Jules Vallès,—will exhibit in 'Jacque
pacity of transcending the base materi
trate one piece of wood by another, so
lowest level of metaphor. In Flaubert
his novels, there are indications of a si
liarity is remarkable. Modern Fren
and more to become 'word-painting'
memory, awakening it by scents and
by a selection of delicate, or a barbari
colours. In other terms, it has

whether it glides smoothly along in a monotonous current, or leaps upon us in foam and fury?

Thus, a young critic, M. Hennequin, whose early death interrupted a brilliant if eccentric career, has defined literature in significant words as 'a combination of phrases intended to produce in the reader or hearer a special kind of emotion, viz. the æsthetic.'* A 'kind of emotion'! It follows as his benevolent defender, M. Tissot, grants, that the objective value of criticism can no longer be maintained, for how shall we reduce the varying emotions of individuals to a common standard? But, we ask in our turn, is there no appeal to reason, or is reason but a 'plexus' of emotions? Apparently it is the latter doctrine, disguised in the language of Kant, or asserted with brutal frankness by M. Zola, which governs the ironical yet infinitely minute observation of Flaubert, the psychology of Stendhal, and M. Bourget's despairing, if tender and slightly rose-scented, scepticism. Want of faith in God and in the seriousness of life, which is only not to be railed at because it has never promised to satisfy our longing for the True and the Good,—does it not all come to this at last?† Behind the veil there is, according to Flaubert, nothing. The curtain *is* the picture. Is it a poor distemper drawing, with crowds of lame, blind, and impotent struggling in hungry confusion? Even so, it is all the artist has to reproduce, and a wise man will set about the task with a quiet but ineffable scorn of the characters he is tracing. They are mean, but they are real. Flaubert cannot sympathise with George Sand, who, as he tells her often, is the dupe of her own nobleness, and creates what she believes in. Man is a brute; show him accordingly in his brutishness, with his rags and festering wounds; or if you will, practise a grimmer irony, and let him appear in the dull earthly hues which forbid him to excite even the compassion of the army surgeon or the interest which springs from tears and misery. The rags of Telephus were at any rate picturesque; but the bourgeois in his black coat and kid gloves is merely contemptible.

When we have come into these depths,—the *selva selvaggia* where no ray of the ideal penetrates,—we look round with a certain fearful expectation for the creatures haunting them, not insignificant buzzing swarms such as 'L'Éducation Sentimentale' torments us with, but the species obscene and ferocious, nourished on blood and lust, that are their suitable tenants. Flaubert, romantic in his way of throwing back horror and

* Tissot, p. 328.

† See 'André Cornélis,' *passim*.

magnificence

into one another. From the *rom*
canaille is but a step. Nay, as the
in 'Faustin' and 'Germinie Lacert
Japanese lacquer and artistic deco
down into what M. Zola has justly s
nos faubourgs.' Take a large sheet
one of these groups of figures pass o
will produce the divers kinds of R
muddy, and the 'quintessential.' T
will design costumes and furniture c
historic fidelity; and M. Zola will su
move in the 'Troisième Dessous' fr
and other preternatural horrors rise
best guide in that world is M. Macé,
mœurs and well read in the *dossiers*
a night-view of Paris enlightened b
criminal Courts.

Flaubert suffered from one great
could not abdicate his imperial style.
though more pretentious than succes
wish an artistic language, were as pro
colours on the palette as of thei
knowledge. But the man whose nam
years, has stood for the practice and th
Zola, is burdened, happily, with n
from an outworn past. He glories i
of his drunken operatives or 'daugh
remarks M. Brunetière pleasantly,

level with his subject. Of 'L'Assommoir' he declares boldly that 'it is a work of truth, the first romance of the people which does not tell lies and which has the smell of the people.' Since then he has, in his own opinion, uttered the first true word about the peasantry in 'La Terre'; and it is probable that no one will complain of the absence therein of local colouring or of a speech adequate to reproduce the abominations which he had set himself to describe. He has mocked and flouted the canon of French taste established by Boileau, which reads so ludicrously in the light of current literature:—

> 'Le lecteur français veut être respecté,
> Du moindre sens impur la liberté l'outrage,
> Si la pudeur des mots n'en adoucit l'image.'

The excellent Puritanical Boileau! Perhaps, after all, modesty is in the mind and not in the words a man uses. Flaubert goes near the mark when he writes that 'cynicism is allied to virtue;' and certainly there is truth in Coleridge's observation, that Fielding's hearty laugh clears the air. But we are compelled straightway to add that M. Zola does not laugh heartily. The air is as thick in his novels as on 'that Lethean wharf' where all things rot. No one would laugh willingly in a cancer-hospital. Over the debaucheries and horrid confusions of 'Nana,' 'Pot Bouille,' and the rest, there does not pass so much as the ripple of a smile. They are dulness incarnate. The author feels it, and gives a solid reason for what is a most instructive trait of his composition, in the first chapter of 'Nana,'—one of the few dramatic scenes he has successfully managed, which recals, like a bad copy, Flaubert's wonderful art. The 'human beast' does not laugh any more than he sings. He is too full of murderous, or hungry, or unclean appetites, and intensely pre-occupied, like a tiger in the jungle, with the means of satisfying them. Laughter means a degree of freedom, and he is never free. What freedom can there be in sensation? It is the spirit glancing from earth to Heaven, holding up its mirror of the ideal to things below, and never without a touch of pity—disinterested yet not alien,—which reveals in a kindly light the imperfections clinging to the finite, and breaks out into a good-humoured laugh, as though at its own failings. 'The gods love a joke,' says Plato. But the less tamed and civilized a beast is, the more seriously it goes about its business, after the first grace of infancy. Those who know modern French literature, and the social atmosphere to which it belongs, will have observed how the sparkle is dying out of both. The working classes, we are told, have begun to load their brains with

with indifferent beer and vitriolized spirits, instead of the light wine which was their holiday drink. One scents the vitriol in M. Zola's volumes, 'l'odeur du peuple.' It is part of the 'documentary evidence' offered us in proof of the reality on which he works. The Gallic vivacity which charmed all Europe is changing to a sullen humour, at once cruel and cowardly; it is sinking into 'le terrein fétide et palpitant de la vie,' which is all that the late M. Claude Bernard and the immoral school of literary vivisectionists can discover by observation or experiment, when they would know the nature of things. This, they assure men like M. Brunetière, who reproach them with not depicting 'the tragedy of a will which thinks,' is the only real life,—a mechanism you can take to pieces and put together as you please, a mass of grey tissue to be filled with alcohol or chloral, and its action noted, as in a laboratory. But if you evoke the beast, do you not thereby hypnotise the man? In any case, there are two orders of observation. Will it be said that they are of equal human or even of equal scientific value?

However, let us not discuss when we should be telling our story. We now see that Realism sets out with prejudices, no less decided than those of the most fossilized of its opponents. Its great first principle is the essential bestiality of man, the prevalence of instinct over reason, as something primordial, and, so to speak, the way into Nature's secrets,—as the supreme utterance of the mouth of knowledge. But is not this the account we gave of French Romanticism? The wheel has come round to where it started. Victor Hugo's Quasimodo and Triboulet are in the same category with the Muffats and the Coppeaus, while Madame Marneffe and Nana sink into one indistinguishable abomination. Neither Balzac, nor Hugo, nor Flaubert, nor M. Zola, dreams of bringing on the boards what M. Brunetière requires of them, 'the tragedy of a will which thinks.' There is no will in their dramas, as we have seen, but only an environment, or a character doomed by its innate qualities to act as it is made to act. With them, the main interest is not in showing how a man, by mastering himself, becomes lord of his fate; but how irresistibly instinct breaks through hindrances, and the prophecy written in nerves and temperament is fulfilled *malgré lui*. The identity of principle cannot be mistaken. It is chiefly the treatment that differs.

Not to enlarge on this point, however, we may suggest a comparison between M. Zola, as representing the 'experimental romance' of low life, and the English writers who have dealt with

with similar themes, from Smollett to Dickens. In the gift of observation, in true pathos, in the interpretation of character, he will appear immeasurably beneath them. And the reason is not far to seek. It is 'fellow-feeling' that 'makes us wondrous kind.' The hard-featured Scottish surgeon had a great liking for his Roderick Randoms and his Humphrey Clinkers. Dickens lived in his creations and their troubles were his own; he was Smike, Copperfield, and even 'Jo' of Tom All Alone's. The dangerous quality of stage-sentimentalism, which marred his finest work, could not hide the deep and tender sympathy with all poor friendless creatures, with the outcast, the weak, the vexed and persecuted, with little children and the very dogs and ravens, to which he owes the unique affection cherished towards his memory in English hearts. And he touched these aching wounds of humanity with gentle hands; no stain came upon him from the degradation he studied in its lowest haunts. His pictures are most innocent of all that could hurt or offend. M. Zola will look in vain for cynical shameless details or polluting language to the great predecessor who knew working men and women better than he has ever done, but whose 'documentary evidence' betrays no affection for the foul and the abnormal. It is worth while insisting that even the author of 'L'Assommoir' moves our compassion, when he feels the like himself and is not ashamed to let it appear; in the episode of the murdered child Lalie, for example, which will remind his English readers of Charley in 'Bleak House,' and in the pauses and moments of remorse, not unfaithfully drawn by him, when Coppeau and Gervaise make some effort, though unavailing, to gather up the fragments of their poor lives, shattered to pieces by drink and misery. But, in the main, he is hardly more sympathetic than Flaubert. His study of fallen women in 'Nana' remains to an incalculable extent untrue, for the very reason that he allows (like a genuine son of Rabelais) a far greater influence to passion than to poverty in crowding these unhappy beings on the midnight pavement. But the statistics, founded on evidence that cannot be disputed, of reformatories, hospitals, and charitable societies, tell another tale. It would be more to the purpose to indict the buyers than the sellers in that dismal market. Like Balzac, M. Zola has a keen relish for the disorders of existence, not of course as practising them, but imaginatively; and he prefers them full-flavoured and vulgar, 'tripes à la mode de Caen,' if one may borrow a dish from the *cuisine* of 'L'Assommoir.' But his receipts for the preparing of such viands are taken from a sort of abstract chemistry and not from experience. 'Given,' he would seem to

under the influence of romantic Ideal
Even now he has not quite broken t
of logic which gives to French writin
and symmetry, as it leads French lan
hack their woods into the most wea
has induced him and his disciples to
the Procrustean bed of formulas, intelli
There is no 'abysmal depth of persona
is not to be a method of approxima
exact to the last fibre. As though
could exhaust the expressions, or tell
face! 'Go to,' one feels tempted to
have rendered to their own satisfacti
living form,—when the infinite gradat
hand or cheek has been transferred
us that you have put the soul into
'mere imitation of the inimitable.'
tions of passing moments are within
the method is one of interpretation,
scanty data. That gift it is which m
ence in art as in science, in the regi
in the everyday struggle for success.
fable, millions of men see the apple fal
it is green or ripe,—a Newton sees it,
of the universe.

But to return. The nameless
M. Zola's description of a world s
only to be shovelled out of sight or

dull red glare of lust and obscenity, or the noisome fumes of an atmosphere fit only for Yahoos to dwell in. That the classics of a civilized nation, long held to be the first in Europe for its refinement, should include M. Zola's writings, is a portent of unexampled significance. The licence of the eighteenth century culminated in '89 and '93. In what moral earthquake or *culbute générale* are we to behold the outcome of a literature which is read by hundreds of thousands, and which inflames while it expresses their vilest fancies. Baudelaire has called his poetry of the Decadence *Les Fleurs du Mal*. It is the epigraph of the French literature of our time, the very virtues of which are grafted upon vice. Corruption breeds creatures of one kindred with itself. These dark and poisonous toad-stools, growing upon the grave of an illustrious people, bear witness to the life in death which is fast consuming the France we have known and admired.

For not even M. Zola has touched the floor of this great deep, covered with a vegetation that springs only in darkness. His robust vulgarity has still some strength in it; the wild beasts, tearing one another with bloody jaws, display primeval fierceness that, if it were only tamed, might serve better purposes than to devour and be devoured. The disgust which overcomes us, when we read the chronicles of 'Les Rougon-Macquart,' may possibly mislead us. M. Zola has neither languors nor lilies to offer the young and imaginative, except in 'Le Rêve,' a curious, not altogether unsuccessful resuscitation of the quasi-religious novel. Angélique and Félicien, however, have but a holiday importance in the movement we are following. But, paradoxical as it may seem, we feel that writers like M. Alphonse Daudet, and still more like M. Bourget, represent lower circles of this Inferno than do the unmixed Realists. It is all the difference between Belial and his sons 'flushed with insolence and wine' on the one hand, and Lucifer with his self-torment and blank despair on the other.

M. Daudet, a versatile genius with touches of Southern humour and gay lightness in him, is, for the intrinsic quality of his work, by far the most considerable of French novelists that have arisen since Flaubert. In the drawing of character, in a certain freedom and we had almost said largeness of handling, and in the faculty of arousing sympathy with the rival personages which come forward on his stage, it will hardly be contended that he has a living equal. 'Les Rois en Exil' has drawn from M. Brunetière the observation that its author is 'moving towards something new;' that he has perhaps come upon a fresh vein, in the country of romance. The drama

poet seems not inferior to the muse
the wings of music. However, let i
has his portion of the poet's gifts. A
fugitive and elementary impressi
has developed by the study of F
rendering thought by physical s
out his characters by establishing
will reveal what they are. Tha
French language, and stretches it o
is no less true than symptomatic
nation has fallen into. But he has
he knows how to animate the figur
from the pavement and the newspape
for nothing; and he is one of the
have been sufficiently at home with
The little Prince, Zara, in 'Les
study, with his boyish nobleness o
destiny, due to the corrupted roy
words of astonishment from the g
afraid to express an interest in t
story he tells, for M. Daudet has
art of Flaubert. And his laughte
in the 'Tartarin,' who represents
the Provençal or the Gascon.

With one whom we are thus warra
there is, if the word be rightly take
to be hoped that a chapter of Fr

which promised nobly for the man who had conceived and executed so large a design. True, the mere handling of characters like J. Tom Levis and Sophie Leemans had its danger. A Tacitus cannot be too strict with himself nor with his audience; for where there is plague there will be infection. And the infection, alas! rages, overflows, and conquers in 'Sapho,' a story as unwholesome as 'La Cousine Bette.' No man, even for the purpose of instructing his sons 'when they arrive at the age of twenty,' has the right to perpetrate such an outrage on public taste as many of the suggestions in this book involve. It has been argued that the moral is severe. But most certainly it was not of ignominious stories like these that Terence wrote, 'Nosse hæc omnia salus est adolescentulis.' When vice has become (as doubtless on a great scale it always tends to become) a diseased instinct taking the place of human nature and making of men and women mere goats and monkeys, it is imperative that the romance, which above all other forms of composition appeals to the multitude, should be silent concerning it. In these ghastly realms, peopled by unclean Harpys and the obscene creations which seem to possess like a growing madness the minds of the Parisians, that notable prediction of the English poet has been fulfilled, 'Art after art goes out, and all is night.' We cannot criticize such works; for it is absolutely impossible to speak of them in detail. M. Daudet may rest assured that in writing 'Sapho,' or any other of its kind, he was pouring into the wounds of humanity not oil and wine, but vitriol. And though his painters, sculptors, poets and the rest, when they fall into the mire, give vent to lamentations—on the whole maudlin and ineffective—over their degraded helplessness, the philosophy of his treatment is not so much that slavery to instinct will plunge the whole man in ruin, as that a modern cannot escape from it. Fate, in the shape of the prevailing corruption, will, it appears, be too strong for him. There is not one just man in this City of the Plain.

A novelist of great experience and renown, M. Octave Feuillet, whose 'Julia de Trécœur' has long been a masterpiece, but who does not in his old age share the fatalist sentiments of the majority, has denounced them and the principles from which they are derived, in the remarkable story, 'La Morte,' published a few years ago. Are we but the creatures of circumstance, with passions seeking their satisfaction in the struggle for life? Then morality, truth, self-sacrifice, are 'bugs to frighten children;' and lust and murder but empty names. How can we rebuke in conscience the acts of an organism which is no more at liberty not to act than the wind is to shift

protest against the fashionable doctrin
younger contemporaries as retrograde a
we answer, is M. Paul Bourget, who i
worn-out; who possesses the newest r
forty. And it is M. Paul Bourget, the
a cosmopolite, man of the world, philos
repeated and driven home the teaching
which sell by the twenty thousand. N
If 'Un Disciple' happens to be still m
Morte,' it is yet strikingly original, a
evidence of an independent witness rehe
with his own eyes, ought to be in an
criminal or literary.

It is an apt saying of M. Tissot, that
French story-tellers has brought a 'sad
study of the insoluble problems of lif
reckons them.* And he refers to the
and of M. Renan, which we may t
romances. Like the author of 'Les
Bourget sketches scenes of 'debauch
pitiless;' he does not shrink from detail
taste are revolting (and very justly so
symphonies in his verse. From a rath
—M. Dumas fils—he has borrowed
tion' which gives a tragic colouring t
'L'Irréparable.' We may, perhaps, q
sign of 'exquisite aristocracy' in M. B
M. Ernest Renan to be 'curious yet ing

turning over his pages. He is, indeed, curious about all things. Yet—if 'Mensonges' may be relied upon—he has a 'marked sympathy' for studies in *la psychologie amoureuse*—an expression for which, we are thankful to say, the English language does not readily yield an equivalent. Shall we call him an Ovid in French prose? His own slightly languid description of himself is that he is 'a melancholy analyst.' His dream of art, he says, in the dedication of 'André Cornélis,' would be 'an analytic romance founded on the actual data of the science of mind.' Always science in these men of to-day! Mr. Herbert Spencer or M. Ribot is to vouch for the accuracy of the phenomena they exhibit. By and by we shall see the College of Surgeons giving its Imprimatur to Mudie's Catalogues. Alas, alas! and what will have become of our Spensers and Shakspeares, who indulged not only in 'two or three divine sensations,' but in a thousand, and who ventured to give to a universe of 'airy nothings,' 'a local habitation and a name'? 'Airy nothings!' Think of Mr. Spencer or Mr. Grant Allen struggling with these remnants of an exploded poetic faculty! M. Guy de Maupassant is right, then; and a greater than he.* For it was Heine who said that Democracy—as he saw it in France—would be the death of Art. 'Sad analysis,' which has analysed into the limbo of a 'mere pyschology' our long-cherished faith in the moral law, and a God that can hear our prayers, will not be very tender with the fair and gracious forms which have haunted the poet's mind, and peopled the realms of fancy. M. Bourget is so much resolved to be a sceptic that he falls into pure dilettantism. Nor is any other conclusion possible to the man who asks in 'André Cornélis,' 'Is there a God—is there good, or evil, or justice?' and who decides that 'there is nothing but a pitiless fate which weighs upon the race of man, a fate unjust and absurd, bestowing joy and sorrow at hap-hazard.' 'I am too deeply fatalist,' adds another of his characters, François Vernantes, 'to attach any meaning to the word remorse.' Are we not reminded, again and again, in such sayings, of M. Feuillet's 'La Morte'?

'A combination of sensuality and mysticism,' 'of extreme refinement with utter weakness,' 'a modern species of Hamletism,'—such are the expressions to denote the temper of M. Bourget's writings thrown out by the admiring critic.† But the sensuality is more to be felt than the mysticism in that strangely repulsive book 'Mensonges'; the heroine of which spreads round her a miasma which would not be out of place in 'Les Parents Pauvres.' It records a series of bitter and cruel

* Flaubert à George Sand, p. lviii.

† Tissot, p. 304, &c.

deceptions

pupil of M. Sixte, who betrays every
for 'psychological experiments,' ther
difficult to express in its full intensity.
hero, has certain qualities of the
daring and power of self-sacrifice,
to admire, and we cannot help pityin
head on the block. But was there e
mean as the coward, liar, and assassin
Principles of Psychology—that is to
Herbert Spencer—the justification of h
It is probable that M. Bourget, who i
or perhaps to feel, much sense of hum
Disciple' for a satire on the masters
However, a satire it remains; nor d
comedy in certain otherwise tremendou
Robert Greslou is no gentleman is to s
the *naïf* American would call 'a cur
tor's refinement will make him path
Did M. Bourget intend him for the
determinist theories? Are lying, treach
necessary outcome of Mr. Spencer's 'I
animale the sum total of what our
temper the melancholy and the meanne
exclaims M. Tissot, 'pray do not ask; t
contradictions would be endless.' Bu
the remarkable address to the young
which serves as a preface to 'Un Di

dictory answers, all possible and all inadequate.' He is a flagrant Pessimist, home-sick with a longing for the Hereafter in which he puts no confidence. Though he enters into the sufferings of the multitude, and is softly compassionate like a Tolstoï or a Turgenieff, he looks for no brighter day when mankind will have cast away some of their burdens. If Armand de Querne forsakes his unbelief in the last chapter of 'Crime d'Amour,' it does not follow that M. Bourget has seen its falsehood. At times, in reading him, one lets the book fall to wonder if Amiel would not have written so, had nature given him the pen of the story-teller.

Realism—Pessimism; Pessimism—Realism; the pendulum swings to and fro, always describing the same hopeless curve, in this literature of an exhausted race, the life-blood of which seems corrupted in its veins. Only the most unwholesome metaphors, derived from asylum or hospital, will convey an adequate sense of the impression made, as by the vulgarity of M. Zola, so by the nerveless refinement and deep melancholy in which the soul of M. Bourget takes delight. Nor is he alone in his conviction that the world, as Littré said, is 'a very inferior planet'—is, to speak out the truth wrapped up in our social impostures, the worst of all possible worlds, a system of cruel unreason. The exquisite writer who calls himself Pierre Loti, is never tired of taking up his parable to the same effect. That feeling for the beauty of landscape, of skies and seas, and the wide world out of doors, which seems at last to be awakening in French poets and romancists, giving the language a charm it never had before, is combined in the author of 'Pêcheurs d'Islande,' with a sadness relieved by no gleam of a larger hope. The terror and loveliness; the grey mists of the North, or the intense tropical lights which make the heavens a blinding vision; the lonely sands and salt weeds of the Breton coast; the wasted Arctic sun, pale as any moon, where it hangs on the edge of the horizon; the phantom waters dotted over with visionary sails,—such as these are, in Pierre Loti's significant language, 'the eternal things,' visible, steadfast, not to be interpreted. They are always there. And from age to age man is consumed in their presence. Has this sailor-poet read Pascal? Hardly. Yet he might have chosen for the motto of his half-sad, half-sensuous romances, those well-known words: 'Le dernier acte est toujours sanglant, quelque belle que soit la comédie en tout le reste. On jette enfin de la terre sur la tête, et en voilà pour jamais.'* Did, then, the lives of Gaud and Yann, of the

* 'Pensées,' p. 207, ed. 1670.

tender-hearted

passion, great fears, irremediable r
overwhelms and swallows down wh
forth. Seed-time and harvest return,
is no garner of life. Endless gen
The spiritual creed, relying on wh
done noble things for thousands of
writers tell us, been shattered, diss
science running out into nescience, li
mid Atlantic. The veil of Maya
Amiel's astonishing phrase, 'the illu
For all alike is illusion, death as w
pleasure and pain, love, righteousnes
beyond all other things, hope. 'En

What are we to think, now the
with its music and its banners, a t
in sable and scarlet, the carnival of
senting, as we said, the life of a nation
apostles, martyrs of the new time, eac
scroll, written within and without, pr
hidden from the beginning, and to p
justified in asserting a family likene
Rousseau their father, be they Real
would he disown them as impostors?

The question must be decided by
brought forward. Rousseau was a con
sensuality;' no law was sacred to hi
instinct. He grafted every virtue u
adultery as one of the fine arts, and ab

falsehood. He would have laid the axe to the root and brought it down, as the generation in fact did which followed his guidance. He was of a despairing temperament, defended suicide, lived at the mercy of impulse, and at last, as is probable, committed the supreme act of cowardice involved in self-destruction. If we enlarge this picture till it becomes a national autobiography, shall we not see in it the literary, artistic, and philosophical France which the novelists have drawn? It appears so to us. Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, Zola, Bourget, Pierre Loti, Daudet, greatly as they differ in character and style, do yet agree in the general resemblance. Negatively, they are not controlled by that reason which discerns the laws of life, morality, and the Divine Presence in the world. Positively, they write under the pressure of passion and instinct. The man they delineate is not a being of large discourse looking before and after; he is *la bête humaine*.

Well, let us draw the conclusion. Those who cannot regard history in the light of an old almanack, but who judge that the future will be governed by the laws which have moulded the past, will be reminded, as this long procession moves off the stage, of certain words written by Lord Chesterfield on Christmas Day, 1753, when the Revolution was only murmuring like distant thunder:—'All the symptoms,' he observed, 'which I have ever met with in history, previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exist and daily increase in France.' But 'revolution' is not the word which falls from French lips in our time. There is something beyond revolution; and the Renans, Bourgets, and Daudets are not slow to pronounce it—the word 'decadence.' A putrescent civilization, a corruption of high and low, a cynical shamelessness meet us at every turn, from the photographs which insult modesty in the shop windows on the Boulevards, and the pornographic literature on the bookstalls, to the multiplication of divorces and the 'drama of adultery' accepted as a social ordinance. What difference of view is there between 'Jacques' and 'Un Disciple,' save that George Sand was a sentimental artist and M. Bourget is a student of psychology? What between 'Sapho' and 'Les Parents Pauvres,' or between 'La Terre' and 'Les Paysans'? And is not Flaubert's disdain of Emma Bovary surpassed by his still deeper disdain of himself? The civilizing bond of the moral law has burst asunder in France; and the whole beast-nature it kept in check is stripping itself of the last shreds of decency that it may go about naked and not ashamed. 'All has ended in the mire, in the abyss of the eternal nothingness,' cries the hero of 'Le Mariage de Loti.' The literature

great nation struggling against adve
hideous and beyond all descriptic
delirium tremens, of foul dreams a
which M. Zola makes his hero die
are not merely symptoms of revoluti
an intellectual and moral suicide. T
French literature we must go back
But when Martial and Petronius
down into its ashes like a spent fire,
its own abominations. M. Zola ha
ready to break out from the 'Ventre
'Les Rois en Exil,' 'Un Disciple,'
we learn the temper and the moral
part of France which will be called
civilize them. M. Richepin, moreov
in 'Les Blasphèmes,' that so long as
believed in, the old superstition wh
Christianity will return. We may
assert, that when Christianity has l
and principle will follow it. For
the brute,' means not only the dec
civilization.

ART. IV.—1. *Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the True Original Copies.* London: Printed by Isaac Laggard and Edward Blount, 1623.

2. *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare, etc.*, of S. T. Coleridge. London, 1849.

3. *Shakespeare's Hamlet, a methodical Analysis of the Play.* By Edward Strachey. Privately printed, 1848.

THERE are two ways, as Dr. Johnson has pointed out, and there is even a third, of reading Shakespeare. We may rise on the wing of our awakened imagination, and enjoy the glorious view which the poet has opened before us, without caring to make out all those details of the prospect which are obscure and unintelligible to us. Or we may prefer to examine and acquaint ourselves with all those details, one by one, till in the end they form themselves into a great whole, perhaps not less splendid than the other. Or, lastly, we may combine the two methods, and so still more perfectly see and comprehend the picture, when we make out and recognise all the details, and yet see them from that distance which is necessary in order that we may see them in their true perspective of form and colour and distinctness, and in their proper relations to each other and to the whole. We shall not disdain the minute learning of a Stevens or a Malone, nor fancy that we are thereby less, instead of more, able to follow Coleridge when he looks on what Shakespeare has written from the region of his transcendental philosophy. And here we are bound to mention the great Variorum Shakespeare of Mr. Furness, now in course of publication. It gives us the substance of the old Variorum edition of 1821, adding to this all the like verbal criticisms of the following fifty or sixty years; a critically collated text, of which the Cambridge Shakespeare was the only previous instance; and a very large selection from what Mr. Furness calls the æsthetic criticisms of all dates and countries. But encyclopædic as this work is, we hope to put before our readers something which they will not find there on the special subject which we have taken in hand—what Shakespeare tells us about Ghosts, Witches, and Fairies.

What Shakespeare tells us: for we shall hardly be able to take a step without being confronted with those never-to-be-silenced critics, Common Sense and Dryasdust. They will at once ask us, 'Do you believe, or wish us to believe, that Shakespeare meant all that?' We might reply to those critics that

Men call the poet 'inspired;' the
the faculty divine' with which he
under the power of this inspiration
insight the poet rises above hims
knows, and that then his words co
beyond what he is, or can be, disti
the act of utterance. How this c
thus be linked with the infinite—
explain, but must we—nay, can we
If some Hebrew or Greek poet of
years ago has left us words which at
deepest thoughts and feelings, it mus
a life and a meaning in those words
are no inventions of ours, whether
them could, or could not, have sa
meant. We might indeed suspect t
if no one but ourselves had made it
every country and in every age to
come, they have been welcomed
conveying to them essentially the s
may and must believe that the me
not in our fancy. Or take the
play of 'Hamlet.' This is the test to
every criticism of the play, and with
question whether this is the meanin
written. Does it accord in the m
other men have hitherto known of

and in as far as the criticism stands this test, we may fairly consider that in the main it is not fanciful but sound. We say in the main, because something of form and colour will always be due to the individual mind and point of view of the critic. And it is a common experience of him who has really studied this or any other work of art for himself, to find that another man's criticism thereon may commend itself to his judgment in the main, and help him to understand the subject better than he did before, and yet not be put in the precise way in which he would have put it himself, or would put it still.

Our interest in this play of 'Hamlet' is just in proportion to our feeling—conscious or unconscious—that its ideal has a counterpart in nature and in life, and that its personages and incidents are thus real, though presented to us in a poetic form. The profounder the insight and the more perfect the art of the poet, the more capable is his work of an analysis which treats it as a reality: and if the result of the analysis is such a coherent and such an instructive view of life as proves its own worth, though it could never have been imagined by ourselves or any other critics, then we may safely believe that we and they have only found it in Shakespeare's words because it was really there.

And this we have reason to believe was Shakespeare's own view of the poet's inspiration. For though we can never assert dogmatically that any character is expressing Shakespeare's own opinion as well as speaking what is dramatically true for that character, it seems probable that Theseus, in 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' does, in his description of the poet, utter something of Shakespeare's own thoughts. We must make allowance for the one-sided common-sense of the soldier-duke of Athens, and need not suppose that Shakespeare would have agreed with him as to the near likeness of the poet to the madman: yet if we may believe that Shakespeare himself held that the imagination of the poet as well as of the madman and the lover was 'more than cool reason ever comprehends,' this language recognises an inspiration and intuition, and not merely a deliberate intellectual process of building rather than creating. And a comparison of what Shakespeare says here of the likeness of the lover to the poet, with his description of love in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' points to the same conclusion. He then contrasts the 'universal plodding' of study and learning with the nature and action of love, which

> 'Courses as swift as thought in every power,
> And gives to every power a double power,
> Above their functions and their offices.'

Such

his poetic inspiration above himsel
knew. His plots and characters were
and faculty divine, and not (as some
the result of any merely analytical p
And this is the nobler as well as th
speare's work. 'God and the poet
Yet we must take heed not to sacri
maintain another; nor, while we com
creative forces at work in nature, mu
poet which is more and more develope
did not merely 'warble his native wo
all other poets in his self-culture n
creative powers. So said De Quincey
to our purpose are the words of Ben

'Yet must I not give Nature
My gentle Shakespeare, mus
For though the Poet's matte
His Art doth give the fashio
Who casts to write a living
(Such as thine are), and stri
Upon the Muses' anvil: turn
(And himself with it) that h
Or, for the laurel, he may ga
For a good Poet's made, as
And such wert thou. Look
Lives in his issue; even so t
Of Shakespeare's mind, and
In his well-torned and true-
In each of which he seems t

make them represent the life better than they—the materials supplied by nature—can do. So the painter, while he takes some actual landscape or figure as the groundwork of his picture, apprehends and lays hold of what he names the *motive* of his picture, and arranges, leaves out, puts in, idealises, and so converts a scene in nature to a work of art. So the lapidary takes what seems to the bystander little more than a dull and shapeless pebble, and by his art brings out the colour, the lustre, and the proper crystal facets of the diamond, the emerald, or the ruby:—splendours which were really there from the first, but which nature could not reveal without the aid of art. And so the chemist brings to light the wonderful mysteries with which he deals, not by any mere examination of the substances which nature actually presents him with, but by experiments in which he combines, resolves, and analyses gases, metals, and alkaloids, which lie hidden under other existing combinations of nature, but which can be brought to light, so that their properties may be known and appreciated, by art alone. And thus Shakespeare takes some chronicle—historical or legendary—of Holinshed or Saxo-Grammaticus; some story of a classical or a romantic author, a Plutarch or an Italian novelist; sees into and lays hold of the motive, the idea, the human life which rises before him in vision, and which he then, by his art, embodies in the scenes and persons of a Play. And so he shows us men and women who are in one sense more real and more actual than the flesh-and-blood men and women among whom we live, because in these creations of the poet we can see and study those springs and workings of human life which in nature are for the most part hidden from our eyes. The poet creates the place, and the men and women in it; and he then so lives in each of them his or her proper life that each says and does what actual men and women would have done in like cases. And thus the poet unveils, discovers, for us ordinary men, truths which we could not discover for ourselves, and puts these in forms which we can apprehend when so shown to us, and which are so beautiful that we are attracted by their beauty before we appreciate their truth and goodness. For though no poetry deserves the name if it be not true and good, its primary purpose is, and ought to be, to give pleasure; and in giving pleasure to awaken in us the germs of truth and goodness.

When the painter Wilkie was in Spain, and visiting the Escurial, an old monk, of the Order of St. Jerome, came up to him, pointed to the figures of Titian's Last Supper, and said, 'When I think of all the changes that have passed over this house, and of its brethren dispersed and dead, it often seems to me as if those were

reality—what we call their truth
how living, these creations of Sha
dim and unsubstantial have becom
who lived in our houses and walked
generations before that which we ha

We have endeavoured to distingu
rate, the poet's Genius from his Ar
tools to work with, they are tools wh
use: and though we all see the care
Shakespeare lavishes his intellectual
prodigality which made Ben Jonson
mentioned it as an honour to Shak

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* Wordsworth, in his 'Lines suggested by a
one of his notes dictated to Miss Fenwick, tells t
Southey repeats it in 'The Doctor' (iii. 235);
of England,' vi. 498) its occurrence when he w
Mr. Rogers, on the other hand, in a note in the
lished in 1838, told how a monk in a Dominica
very same words to him, when showing him
there. And to this note (as if in justificati
note was added in later editions, and mad
Mr. Rogers observes, that 'the celebrated fre
monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie at M
suggested the same reflection.' Upon this
referred to above, that it is not easy to explain
have been led to give the same words as havi
there is a touch of irony in the fact that the
poem is dedicated to Samuel Rogers. But M
Nov. 24, 1888, shows by an elaborate array o
doubt whether any Dominican convent, or
describes, could have been found by him at Pad

blotted out a line, 'Would he had blotted a thousand'*—yet the more we look into Shakespeare's art, the more consummate do we, as did Ben Jonson, find it to be. Goethe made this distinction when he said to Eckermann, 'Shakespeare gives us apples of gold in baskets of silver: we, with skill and painstaking, may make the baskets, but we have only potatoes to put into them.' But he provided potatoes as well as a basket of his own for 'Romeo and Juliet,' when he 'adapted' that play for the Weimar stage, as Ducis adapted 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' and 'Othello,' for that of Paris. Not that we English can throw a stone at either such German or such French treatment of Shakespeare; for we have not only had our Dryden's new version of the 'Tempest,' but a host of smaller geniuses, not wholly extinct even now, who thus show that their intellect is as much below that of a Coleridge or a De Quincey as is their spirit of reverence. Let a man approach the study of Shakespeare in the spirit in which Spenser addresses Chaucer:—

> 'By infusion sweete
> Of thine own spirit which doth in me survive,
> I follow here the footing of thy feete,
> That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete:'—

let a man thus study Shakespeare, and he will find that, however comprehensive or however microscopic that study may be, he will discover everywhere new signs and proofs of the poet's consummate art, no less than of his genius. He will find the minutest tissue or cell of the smallest leaf or roughest bark as instinct with organic life as is the great oak itself. To show this in detail, we should have to take some play scene by scene and speech by speech, and so fill a volume rather than an article. What our space permits we go on to say.

It is a commonplace to speak of the art with which Shakespeare brings the months or years from the chronicle or story from which he takes the materials of his Play into the compass of a three hours' action, and that with a unity no less perfect than that of the Greek drama. But an art within this art has been discovered. Attention was called to this, Mr. Furness tells us, about the same time by Mr. Halpin as to the 'Merchant of Venice,' and by Wilson (Christopher North) as to 'Macbeth' and 'Othello,' and Mr. Furness has shown it in 'Hamlet' also. They point out that in these plays Shakespeare has two times, which Halpin calls 'the protractive and the accelerating,' and Wilson 'the two clocks.' So that while the action proceeds with

* 'Timber, or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter, by Ben Jonson,' page 699 of 'The Works of Ben Jonson,' MDCXCII.

Faulconbridge comes in, with her se
and her imperious son, wishing to spe
says, 'James Gurney, wilt thou give u
James Gurney replies, 'Good leave,
out not to be seen again, while the ha
says, 'Philip! sparrow':—alluding
ing that he does not approve of such
distinct picture which we have of th
man in personal attendance on the lad
man who is at once familiar and hun
lord with the familiarity natural to a
yet has not the least disposition to
request that he will retire with an im
implied in the repetition of the word '
Philip.' Our other instance is that o
the churchyard scene in 'Hamlet.' He
a clown, with a traditional set of jest
in his memory, and produced with
with the disregard to logic or even s
Shakespeare could as easily have pu
the correct words of Lord Vaux's
correct words and mere nonsense w
sings. But how much truer to nature
with nonsense by the singer whose r
best little more than a memory of t
may also notice here the little touc
beginning to sing when his fellow

special questions which we have taken in hand. And first as to the Ghosts of Shakespeare.

We cannot doubt that Shakespeare, like his contemporaries, believed in ghosts, while we do not. How then can we say that he is true to nature, when he makes Hamlet or Brutus or Macbeth see ghosts, talk with them, and thereby in all respects believe in them? Sceptical arguments against the reality of ghosts were not unknown to Shakespeare's contemporaries. He must have read them himself in Plutarch's 'Brutus': but we cannot suppose that those arguments had more effect on him than on Brutus himself. And we cannot escape from the difficulty by saying that the superstition being natural to the poet and the men of his time, it was natural that he should make the personages of his plays subject to it. For the groundwork of all our study of Shakespeare assumes that he was not merely of an age, but for all time. What we do say is, that the men of Shakespeare's age believed in ghosts because they had seen them; and we, for the same reason, disbelieve in them. We have, like Coleridge, seen too many. Plenty of ghosts have been, and still are, seen: but the sight has been verified by investigators with habits of mind derived from the practice of the Baconian method of examining facts. Ghosts have been verified; and, like many other phenomena once so mysterious as to be supposed to be of supernatural or preternatural origin, they have been found to have their place under known laws of nature. They have been ascertained to be, in metaphysical phrase, subjectively, but not objectively, real. They come not under the laws of the bodily eyes and of optics, but under those of the imagination: and it is imagination which can and does give the brain most of the impressions of bodily sight and sound when a ghost is seen. We say most of these, because among the distinctions between a real and a sham—that is a pretended, dressed-up—ghost is this, that the real ghost does not strike such terror as does the sham, nor does it tell his hearer what he did not know before. It is true that in many well-authenticated ghost stories of our own time even, there is an element of unexplained coincidence, which still seems to give them a supernatural appearance; but these, too, the friends of 'Psychical Research' believe that they shall one day bring under ordinary natural law. And for this we may be content to wait.

The true distinction, then, is not that our fathers saw ghosts and we do not, but that they saw and believed, and we see and do not believe, that the apparition has come from another world. We have convinced ourselves by sufficient evidence,

Reports of the Society for Psychical
interesting of these is the account
Mrs. A. herself gave to Sir Da
retained coolness of mind to face
every appearance of reality, but whi
Our conclusion is, then, that in certai
ghosts, as our fathers did; though w
that these are not visitants from anot
our own imaginations, transferred to
Brewster seems to think) to the reti
actually in the room before us. And
is true to nature in his ghosts, if thos
ghosts might have seen them in actua
seen act and speak as such ghosts w
the same difference between them a
as corresponds with the difference be
we find throughout Shakespeare's Pl
effects they produce on those who se
transmuted from the actual to the id
of which we have already said so mu

Of Banquo's ghost we will speak
our contention that Brutus would h
the ghost of Cæsar, we may quote
Scott, who, be it observed, is speaki
and not the Brutus of Shakespeare.

'The anticipation of a dubious batt
uncertainty of its event, and the convict
own fate and that of his

dialogue with the spectre, there is nothing else that might not be fashioned in a vivid dream or a waking reverie.' *

Scott, indeed (probably writing from memory), rather assumes with Shakespeare than finds in Plutarch that the ghost was that of Cæsar; or he may have thought this to be implied by Plutarch's words in his 'Julius Cæsar'—as Malone suggests in his note to Act iv. sc. 3 of the Play. But this does not affect his argument; and if that be true—and who will doubt it?—of the Brutus of Plutarch, it must be granted that it is no less true of the Brutus of Shakespeare.

The Ghost of Hamlet's father, in itself and in its relation to Hamlet, still more fully supports and proves the truth of our hypothesis, if we will give the subject that careful examination which it demands and deserves. If we follow Goethe's method of criticism of this Play, by bringing together all the incidents, allusions, and inferences scattered throughout the play, we shall find that they are sufficient to enable us to form a very clear and consistent estimate of Hamlet's character. Then we see that he was just the person to have seen his father's ghost, and to have heard from that ghost all that he did hear; namely, to have seen him 'in his mind's eye,' and to have heard from him all that 'his prophetic soul' had already told him. This method of treating the subject has been adopted in the Essay on Hamlet which we have quoted at the head of this article; and we have followed the writer's analysis, and for the most part in his own words. He points out that in the scene in which Hamlet first meets Horatio, the former, who is in one of his most melancholy and depressed moods, shows how prepared he is for the apparition, when he says, 'My father, methinks I see my father . . . . In my mind's eye, Horatio.' He was prepared to see his father's spirit, for he already saw him in the brooding abstraction of his own mind. When Hamlet returned to Denmark from Wittenberg on the sudden death of his father, he must have heard that his father was found dead in his garden, with all the appearances of having been poisoned, and that his uncle had either been the person to find him, or the last one seen near the place, and that he had actively spread the 'forged process' that the king had been stung to death by a serpent. Hamlet had found that brother already elected to the throne instead of himself, who had always been looked upon as the presumptive heir, had found him married to his mother, and been received by him with evidently most unnaturally affected protestations and caresses which could not conceal from the

* 'Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft,' by Sir Walter Scott, Letter I.

young

does to those conclusions of his reaso
other, he requires to be confirmed (a
firmed by the scheme of the play) befor
his father's death, as the Ghost enjoins

When the sun is setting behind the
high mists are rising in the east, the t
fearful phenomenon, the Spectre of th
to him who knows it to be only his
under a rare combination of circumsta
to the simple peasant to whom it is a
so we shall rightly understand the Gh
Hamlet's dreary thoughts into an image
the dark mists which have risen befor
while the sun of the past is about to sink
which seems to him a visible spectre,
senses as well as to the mind.

But if this be the theory and the phi
we must not the less remember that in
sympathise with Hamlet in the thought
apparition excites in him, we must loo
view, and heartily believe in it too. A
dramatic fitness of the appearance of t
the soldiers, though they have no su
them as could properly raise such a sp
Ghost, and with so many details of fea
the dramatic machinery—the art—whic
us to see it with Hamlet's eyes, and to

If this be not the end of the Ghost's appearance to Horatio and the soldiers, what is? For it might just as well have appeared at first to Hamlet himself, as far as its share in the action of the drama is concerned. To Hamlet himself the Ghost is unreal enough in his more reflecting moods. He alludes to the vision as a 'bad dream:' he suspects that it may be a temptation of the devil, taking advantage of his weakness and melancholy: he contemplates and speaks of death as the entrance to

> 'The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
> No traveller returns:'

he subsequently says to himself of his father's state,

> 'How his audit stands, who knows, save heaven:
> But in our circumstance and course of thought,
> 'Tis heavy with him:'—

so that he does not recognize the Ghost's statements on this point as matter-of-fact information, but only as his own course of thought upon the subject. And in all his many profound and varied speculations upon man, and man's relations to God and to the world, as illustrated by his own melancholy lot, there is not a trace of his reason being either disturbed or interested by the questions which such a vision must have suggested to him, had that vision been real to his reason. Yet to his senses, to his mind in its immediate relation to his senses, it is real enough, and drives him to the verge of madness—or rather meets him on that verge, when his own morbid thoughts and feelings, first mastering his reason, have led him thither. The mind of the man who has seen a ghost—that is, who has brooded over his own thoughts and feelings till they come back upon him in spectral reality—is in a hazardous state. It totters and reels, it sways from side to side like a tree in a storm, and, each time that it overpasses the line of healthy equipoise, there is danger that the still remaining inherent elasticity and conservative force may be insufficient to recover it. Such is Hamlet's state immediately after he has seen his father's ghost. His head is, as he says, distracted: his words are 'wild and hurling:' he tries to relieve his overstrained mind by passing from the terrific to the ludicrous; taking out his note-book to make a memorandum that 'a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain, at least in Denmark;' answering his friend's with a falconer's hillo; and interrupting the solemnity of swearing secrecy with jokes at 'the fellow in the cellarage,' and 'the old mole that works i' the ground so fast.' On which Coleridge remarks—'A sort of cunning bravado . . . . he plays that subtle

he enters precipitately, and as if p
claiming—

'Et quoi! Vous ne le

and he then repeats what the Gho
Madame de Staël thus describes Tal

'In the French Play the spectators do
father. The apparition shows itself
Talma's face; and certainly it is not th
midst of a calm and melancholy convers
spectre, we follow all its movements in
and it is impossible to doubt the presenc
a look bears witness to it.' *

The devilish superstition under wh
old women were tortured and burnt
such men as Sir Matthew Hale, Sir
pious fathers and governors of New
and which raged through the seventeenth
worst, shape from the Treatise and th
the Puritan doctrine that the Jew
'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live'
the land. Till then, the belief in
universal, but men looked on it mu
unexplained powers of nature wh
childish awe, rather than as somethi
Wizards and witches were punished

or Fates of Scandinavian mythology, and shows it in its two-fold aspect. There is a controversy, which must remain unsettled as there is no sufficient evidence either way, whether Shakespeare ennobled the witches of Middleton, or Middleton made vulgar the weird sisters of Shakespeare. What we do know is, that Shakespeare found the outline sketches of these beings, as well as those of Macbeth and Duncan, in the prosaic chronicle of Holinshed; and that he endowed them all with poetic life and substance. And we have to ask again, Are these creations true to nature, if we look at them with the eyes of Macbeth, as we tried to see the Ghost with Hamlet's eyes?

The Play of Macbeth, in which the poet takes us back into the legendary time of Scottish history, is eminently a drama, or Action, in which man's free will strives with his circumstances, his fate or destiny, for the mastery. In some dramas this conflict declares itself in the course of the action: in that of Macbeth it is declared at the beginning. In the opening scene, which strikes the key-note of the Play, the poet represents to us, in the visible shape of the Weird Sisters, those mysterious and terrible powers of nature which prove wholly evil to the man who becomes their slave instead of their master. Like the adversary of Job, who came from going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it, they come, posting over sea and land, through the thunder, wind, and rain, which seem their proper elements, to meet with Macbeth. What their errand is with him they do not say; but we feel that it is for evil, and that like their counterparts, the Norns of Northern legend, they hold his destiny, past, present, and to come. In the second scene Macbeth is described as the noble and worthy man he as yet seems to be; and in the next scene we see him contending with, yet more and more giving way to, the guilty dreams of his ambition, while the tempters, who reflect back his own thoughts, are shown to the spectators, though not yet to him, as the vulgar witches of popular superstition, fit representatives of the degradation into which they will bring him, if he accepts their offers of worldly honours.

Macbeth is a powerful chieftain and able soldier, high in the esteem and favour of Duncan, an amiable and gentle king, who depends much on Macbeth for putting down insurrection at home, and resisting foreign invasion. He has hitherto been loyal to the king who so loves and honours him: but his ambition outstrips his rightful honours; successive steps seem to be leading him to the throne; possibilities become hopes; and he broods over these, questioning with himself and with his wife, who not only shares but spurs his ambition, whether he

he shall realize these hopes by murdering the king, or leave them to chance. He is not without scruples of conscience while thinking of the deed, nor incapable of remorse when it has been done; and he might have still hesitated, if the king's announcement of his intention to declare his own son his successor had not seemed to compel a decision. Macbeth is a successful general; and it is said that such men have usually some superstitious belief in a more than ordinary destiny for themselves—possibly from some unconscious sense of the awful power with which they order the will of a host of men like themselves, and so perhaps decide the fate of nations. Macbeth, too, is a Scot, and belongs to the land where the belief in the second sight of the seer has always been specially strong. Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Demonology and Witchcraft,' does not allude specially to this second sight, while pronouncing all pretensions to preternatural knowledge to be delusions or impostures. Yet his Meg Merrilies and Allan M'Aulay must have been drawn from life; and though their feeble predictions, like those of all other such seers, fail to suggest the possession of supernatural powers, yet (as we have remarked in the case of ghosts) they suggest to the really impartial sceptic the question whether such second sight may not have been in part a real effect of the operation of some hitherto unknown laws of the human mind.

It is not certain that Macbeth was so unacquainted with the treachery of Cawdor, or of the consequent possibility that he might get that thaneship for himself, as his words to the witches and to Angus seem to imply. The king had received successive posts 'thick as hail' from the seat of war; and the Sergeant told how Macbeth had defeated the rebels, killing their leader, Macdonald, with his own hand, and had then successfully met the onslaught of the King of Norway. Rosse follows and farther reports that Norway had been compelled to 'crave composition after his defeat,' and also that he had been assisted in his enterprise by that disloyal traitor the thane of Cawdor. And Angus, who does not appear till the next scene, would seem in the interval to have brought farther particulars as to Cawdor's treason, which was 'confessed and proved,' though whether he had secretly supported both the rebels and Norway or only one of them, was still unknown to him. And Macbeth fully occupied in the actual battles in which he was fighting may have had no certain knowledge of these hidden doings of Cawdor, but yet a suspicion which he very naturally tries to get verified by affecting an ignorance which will call forth farther explanations. If he did know this, the promise of Cawdor's thaneship

thaneship by the Witches is the reflection of his own thoughts; if, with less probability, we take the suggestion as coming first from the Witches, we have the poet's dramatic recognition of that power of second sight in Scottish seers, and so of witches, of which we have just spoken. If we have carried our readers thus far with us, there will be no need for us to add more, as to the other predictions of the Witches: as to their being seen by Banquo, as the ghost of Hamlet's father was seen by Bernardo and Marcellus and Horatio: and as to the appearance to Macbeth of Banquo's ghost. The actual existence of persons claiming to be witches and seers brings in another element besides those we have to consider in reference to Shakespeare's ghosts: but this only affects the form of our argument, while the substance is the same. Let us now turn to the Fairies.

Chaucer, with his wonted humour, tells us in his 'Wife of Bath's Tale,' how the fairies had vanished from England, driven out, and their places taken, by the holy friars, whom he is never tired of making fun of. And if the Warwickshire peasant had told Shakespeare that they might still be seen, he would have said, with his own Romeo, 'Peace, peace, thou talk'st of nothing.' Yet he saw how to use such dreams as matter for his art, and how to employ them, so as to be true to nature, and at the same time 'give to this airy nothing a local habitation and a name.' This he has done in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' of which Play it has been truly said* that the name is the key to every scene and character. We have only to take the advice of Puck, and 'think that we did but slumber here, while these visions did appear.' Let us think but this, and we shall find that here, as ever, Shakespeare's was no 'irregular genius,' no 'unbridled imagination,' but that here, as always, that genius and imagination were working in accordance with the strict laws of reason, even when most they seem to 'wander at their own sweet will.'

It is a dream—a Midsummer night's dream—which Shakespeare is showing us, and as a dream it must be studied and understood in all its parts. And the exuberance of poetical fancy in every scene, and the rhythmical and musical tone of the verse, which give it more of the character of an opera than is found in any other of Shakespeare's Plays, are helps to lull us into the appropriate dreamy state required for perfect apprehension as well as enjoyment. The Play then is 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' Dreams are facts, phenomena of our

* The original suggestion is Coleridge's. It has been worked out in detail by the present writer, in a dialogue on this play in 'Frazer's Magazine' for December 1854, which we here follow.

actual

conclusion as that to which Puck, aft
followers.

Let us exert the poet's power, and
Not, however, the Athens of Horace,
of the medieval romances—of Chauc
The Athens which Shakespeare, fol
created for us, has cloisters in which
her father's will to spend her life in
our Lady Diana'; and woods where
observance to a morn of May,' and
among beds of primroses and cowsli
meet with Oberon or Robin Goodfell
or Daphne. A comparison of the ope
of the 'Knight's Tale' will make the
Yet there is a contrast as well as a
story is all serious: he believes in its
are as grave and dignified as their
Shakespeare's belief in them is not m
They are very good stuff to make a
out of; but neither the heroic name
Theseus and Hippolyta, nor the ster
supports the severe authority of Her
any tragic emotion. We feel throug
Helena as well as those of Bottom—
from the latter) the whole is 'a very
merry,' be it never so 'lamentable an

Charles Lamb, though a devoted p

leave her for 'the third part of a minute' to 'kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,' or to 'war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,' or rob the humble bees and the butterflies of their several spoils. Any outward, material, representation of these things must oppress us with a sense of intolerable sham: but to him who beholds them with the mind's eye, not only do they all present themselves in an harmonious picture, but even Bottom, with his ass-head, in the midst of the tiny sprites who 'hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes,' excites no more disturbing sense of the monstrous and improbable than such an appearance would do in an actual dream; and every one has experienced that in a dream the most incongruous or impossible combinations cause us no surprise. We are aware that this is not the experience of all playgoers. We speak for ourselves, or those who think with us. If we are asked whether Shakespeare did not himself mean that this, like the rest of his Plays, should be acted, we answer that the absence, in his day, of all the modern accessories of scenery, dresses, and machinery, made the acting of those days much more like reading in the study than is now the case. Those accessories do not increase, but destroy the illusion.

The opening scene introduces to us what we may call the waking personages of the Play: for we must consider that while the whole is a dream, and dreamy, in relation to us, it has its waking and its sleeping parts as regards the *dramatis personæ* themselves. Theseus, the prince and soldier; Hippolyta, the queen; and Egeus, with his doctrine of parental rights and filial duties, represent the sensible and practical in life—the people who sleep soundly, without dreaming when they go to bed. The lovers, too, though they presently sleep and dream, are here to be seen in their waking state. Let us look at them, taking for granted that they are real people, with ordinary feelings, habits, and motives. Demetrius is at present courting Hermia, and with the sanction of old Egeus, her father, who peremptorily requires her to marry him, or else be put to death, according to the law which the sovereign himself admits he can only so far modify as to substitute for death a lifelong seclusion in a nunnery. Hermia refuses Demetrius, because she already loves, and is loved by, Lysander. Demetrius, on the other hand, was betrothed to Helena before he saw Hermia; nor has he now a word to say in denial of the charge that, in this his recent abandonment of Helena, he had no other motive than that of base inconstancy.

Duke Theseus does not conceal his disapprobation of the fickleness of Demetrius and the paternal tyranny of Egeus, and takes them apart for 'some private schooling' which he has for them both. We need not be surprised if this schooling from the

respectful as well as ardent: but, li
speculative, generalising turn of mi
about 'the course of true love,' or of
Having this speculative turn of m
tempted to ask himself sometimes w
face the obstacles to his union with
might not be adduced in favour of su
rival, whom, notwithstanding it, the
less entitled to the character of 'a
whether the tall and gentle Hel
awakened in him the pity which is
after all suit him better than the l
Hermia, too, be better off by marr
persisting in a disobedience to her
end, not in the wished-for union w
warning words of Theseus—

> 'For aye to be in shady cloister
> To live a barren sister all your
> Chanting faint hymns to the co

Such thoughts as these, if they cam
might reject as base temptations to de
his dreams by night they might presen
grounds of action—grounds for the thi
he was actually saying and doing.

So of Hermia. In the first scene
courage: but she, too, would feel the
the fatigue of her long walk and a
gave full scope for maidenly and fi
consequences. She is much too cleve

These very words, which in a gayer moment did but playfully express her confidence that her own lover was the exception to the general rule, would, in the hour of depression, serve equally well to utter thoughts of real alarm or despondency. If Hermia should fall asleep and dream in such a mood, these thoughts would take the form of realities—of events wherein she was herself an actress.

Helena, again, if she should sleep, weary in mind and body, would not she dream of the like matters, in the form in which they were present to her waking thoughts? She is conscious that she is a lady, and must assert the rights of her sex, though she feels that she is a very timid girl. She is conscious that her betrothal to Demetrius gives her a right to avow her love for him, while her maidenly modesty checks her in the exercise of that right. She knows that 'through Athens she is thought as fair' as Hermia, yet, if Demetrius has ceased to think her so, may not the admiration of others be mere mockery? She loves Hermia as her old schoolfellow and friend, but must feel some natural bitterness and anger when she thinks of her as a rival. Such are her waking thoughts and feelings: if she should dream, will she not dream that all are in a league to mock her, the poor forsaken girl, whose love and persevering trust in the generosity at least of her faithless lover, ought never to have induced her to leave her home to wander in that wood?

These people then—real, ordinary people, with real, ordinary thoughts and passions, though the thoughts and passions of the season of youth and youthful love—have lost their way, and fallen asleep, in a wood near Athens, on a midsummer night. The time and place indeed (as we have already pointed out) belong to the golden age of romance, in which intercourse with fairyland was possible for poets and for lovers even in their waking, and much more in their sleeping hours. When we have acquainted ourselves with the Athens of Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale,' let us turn to the 'Flower and the Leaf' (which represents the thought and sentiment of Chaucer's time, though it may not be from his pen), and go with that gentlewoman who

> 'rose three houres after twelve,
> About the springing of the gladsome day;
> And on she put her gear and her array,
> And to a pleasant grove she gan to pass,
> Long ere the brighté sun uprisen was,'

and then we shall see how, in that day, one might get glimpses of the fairies on a summer night, and we shall have no difficulty in admitting that if we grant Shakespeare's postulates of

of the morn of May,' with other
sweet counsels, often held on primros
banks where their youthful imaginatio
the tokens that 'there sleeps Titani
and that with her haunt Oberon, and
court, with all their traditional quarre
selves, and their helpful or mischievou
human lovers they might fall in wit
in this wood, and their dreams—real,
are what from the exigencies of the dra
to us as actual occurrences. This, w
own account of the matter. First, Ob

'When they next wake, all t
Shall seem a dream and fr

just because it was a dream and visio
Oberon himself. And then the contr
fantastic dreams and the returning
marked by the appearance of Theseus a
'hear the music of his hounds, uncoupl
Only let us listen to the sound of th
talk of Theseus and Hippolyta, an
transition from sleep to waking.

Then the lovers are discovered asl
when the Duke 'bids the huntsme
horns,' they rise and 'reply amazedly
The impression upon all their minds i
in which 'everything seems double,' a
accepting the explanation of Demetri

precisely that explanation of the whole matter which we have been attempting to make out in detail :—

> 'More strange than true: I never may believe
> These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
> Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
> Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
> More than cool reason ever comprehends.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Such tricks hath strong imagination,
> That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
> It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
> Or in the night, imagining some fear,
> How easy is a bush supposed a bear!'

Now from this speech of Theseus we learn that the lovers had not only recounted to him and Hippolyta the quarrels which in the previous scenes had been represented before our eyes, but have also told him, as part of their story, all about the intervention of Oberon and Puck, which he calls 'antique fables and fairy toys,' which he can never believe. We had no previous intimation that these fairies had been seen by the lovers as well as by ourselves, nor had they any suspicion of having seen them during the time they were quarrelling. The confusion between the common and the marvellous, the real and the imaginary, and the transition from one to the other, are just what we experience in dreams. These fairies, says Theseus, are the creations of the imagination of the romantic youths and maidens, in their desire to find some joyful solution of their difficulties: and while his suggestion that in the night each bush is easily taken for a bear, seems to imply that Lysander and Demetrius were actually on foot during some part of the night, in random pursuit of each other, we are evidently to take the words as the matter-of-fact counterpart and interpretation of the high-flown language of the rivals themselves and their invisible opponent in the bushes, in the quarrelling scene.

But while we say that this is Shakespeare's own explanation, put into the mouth of Theseus, as well as confirmed by the general tenor of the Play, we must not overlook the objection which Shakespeare has also stated on the other side, through his spokeswoman Hippolyta. She replies to Theseus :—

> 'But all the story of the night told over,
> And all their minds transfigured so together,
> More witnesseth than fancy's images,
> And grows to something of great constancy;
> But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.'

That is to say, that it would seem to bring us beyond the verge of possibility to admit that such a dream, with the previous events and circumstances which it grew out of, and illustrated, should have been sufficient to cure the lovers of their cross-purposes, so that (as Puck says)

> 'Jack shall have Jill,
> Nought shall go ill.'

But we must not only admit this, but also assume that the dream, or series of dreams, was the same for all four lovers; and indeed for the party of clowns also. To which we may reply, that this is no more than that inevitable difference between an event in nature and a work of art, of which we have already said so much. We do not complain of a landscape of Claude, or Turner, that it is unreal, or untrue, because miles of solid mountain or moving sea, nay, the illimitable blue sky and the sun itself, are represented by some dabs of paint on a few feet of flat canvas. Besides, there is a certain mysterious element in dreams, of which the workings are not measurable by common sense: and so the speech of Hippolyta is required to complete the view of Theseus, which by itself would be too matter of fact. And with Shakespeare's wonted regard to appropriateness, it is a woman who supplies the requisite balance. Hippolyta, who is the dramatic counterpart of Theseus, shows in this, as in various traits throughout the Play, the characteristic difference of sex. She has a more lively sympathy with the exuberant imaginations of the lovers, and a feminine readiness to leave the matter as something 'strange and admirable,' such as could not be expected from the 'cool reason' of the man who has just pronounced it to be more strange than true.

If this be the right interpretation of this 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' it must be equally applicable to the history of Snug, Bottom, and the rest of their company. And so we shall find that it is. The clowns meet 'in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight,' to rehearse what they designate their 'most lamentable comedy.' When Bottom has spoken his speech, he goes into the hawthorn brake which Peter Quince, the manager, has appointed for their tiring-house. Then he re-enters at the prompter's summons; and the party of 'hempen homespuns,' whose propensity thus to turn players is the voucher for the activity of their imaginations, fancy that there is something monstrous in his appearance, as he emerges from the bushes, and among the moonlit shadows, at the moment when, with that half-belief in the reality of their play

play which characterizes childish and half-educated minds, they were expecting that 'fearful wild fowl,' the lion, to rush out of the same bushes. They all run home; while Bottom, who believes that this is done (as he says) 'to make an ass of him,' resolves to stay there, to show that he is not afraid. He falls asleep, and by a process which we all know to be a natural one in dreams, those words of his—'to make an ass of me'—combine themselves with the image of the lion's head, in which Snug was to play his part; with the exclamations of Quince and his fellows the moment before; and with all the thoughts which the darkness, the wood, and the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe unite to conjure up. And thus is produced a result which is described correctly enough in his own words, when on waking next morning he says, 'I have had a most rare vision: I have had a dream past the wit of man to say what dream it was.' That he had been asleep all the time is farther marked by the fact (true to nature, like all Shakespeare's facts) that his first thought on waking connects itself with the real business on which he was engaged before he fell asleep:—'When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, Most fair Pyramus.' After this, his mind recurs to the dream. The moderate and matter-of-fact, if not very wise, manner in which Bottom's absence is discussed, and his arrival greeted, at Quince's house the next day, shows that neither they nor Bottom had any real deliberate belief that he had actually and visibly worn an ass's head during the past night.

In conclusion, and to meet any difficulties which do not seem yet answered, we will repeat what we said at the beginning, that the whole Play is 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and subject to the law of dreams for us spectators, as well as for the actors in it:—

> 'Think but this (and all is mended),
> That you have but slumb'red here,
> While these visions did appear.
> And this weak and idle theme,
> No more yielding but a dream,
> Gentles, do not reprehend.'

And so we hope, with Master Peter Quince, 'that here is a play fitted.'

We turn to Shakespeare's other Fairy Play, 'The Tempest.' Though the elves as described by Prospero in his last call on them may seem to resemble in some respects those of 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' they are really quite different. The latter are the friendly though mischief-loving fairies of English household life, and play their pranks, at their own will,

themselves; and they are his instr
of far greater moment than those of

Some commentators, and doubtl
noticed that although the 'Temp
nor the last of Shakespeare's Plays,
unconscious, intuition that the edi
at the head of their volume. It
which we are to see: a tempes
moral ends with actual men and wo
calm. And in such a storm and ca
a Play or Drama, the fitting speci
whole volume of Plays before us.
we may say is Shakespeare. The
stantly has a feeling that he migh
chose; if he did not, like Prospe
wholly with study of 'the liber
prized above a dukedom.' His f
of his abilities, deeming him 'o
pable;' and presently he finds hims
patronising pity of the practical n
in the island of Poesy and Faëry, v
own devices. Such contrasts betwe
must Shakespeare have realized in l
from his good business-like investm
'tenements,' and 'arable lands,' o
Court of Stratford against Philip
thirty-five shillings and ten pence
Shakespeare for corn delivered:'—v

mightier prince and ruler than any, with a fairer, worthier kingdom. What a charming place the island must have been, if we take it as it was seen by those in whom the eye of poetry, romance, and love, was open: by old Gonzalo as well as by young Ferdinand; nay even by the monster Caliban, who has always a touch of poetry in him, in contrast to the dull materialism of the rest of the rabble rout, Stephano, Trinculo, and the Boatswain! For though Prospero laments that his pains 'humanely taken,' were 'all, all, quite lost' upon Caliban, the 'born devil' as he calls him, and that no human, moral life could be evoked in him, still Caliban's nature is that of the savage, which has more freshness in it, though it be in truth no less brutish and vicious, than that of the helots of civilization. But we were speaking of the island. Though there is no elaborate description of it, we have so many hints of its loveliness that they gradually work themselves into a distinct image before us. Even the city-bred courtier whose disparaging words we just now quoted, praises the 'subtle, tender, and delicate temperature of the air which breathes on them so sweetly.' The grass 'looks so lush and lusty, and so green,' that Gonzalo not only sees in it the token of a climate where there is 'everything advantageous to life,' but dreams romantically of creating an Utopia there. Or think of Caliban's—

'I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island:

* * * * *

I'll show thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee berries:
I'll fish for thee; and get thee wood enough.

* * * * *

I prithee let me bring me thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset: I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?'

Think of the land in which, as in their proper home, Prospero addresses the spirits of earth, air, and sea:—

'Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back: you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew.'

Think

These elves and spirits, with A
the natural, or elemental, powers
They are no arbitrary inventions
arbitrary inventions of the popular
with their traditional forms and
which in different countries and dif
different shapes, and which we in E
century, do not call, or believe in,
and fairies, but which are as true
forefathers, for all that. 'Tread gen
wood,' says Coleridge, describing a
wood of the present day. And aga
phraseology, but with the same mean
he describes the conditions under whi
is possible, he says—

> 'Joy, Lady! is the spirit and
> Which wedding Nature to us
> A new Earth and new Heave
> Undreamt of by the sensual a

The poet sees into the life of things;
gives it body and form, though to th
airy nothing. Prospero or Shakespe
to this island, and discovers, unveils
men, its mysteries: but he reveals
them; he employs powers, does not
always in Shakespeare's creations of
ghosts, the whole order of the world,
on in its proper, ordinary, course.
ordinary and orderly agency by whi

who, looking on the cowslip's bell and the sucking bee, has found them to be a cowslip and a bee to him, and nothing more: he who sitting, in the season of youth and romance and love, with one who to him is his

> 'admired Miranda,
> Indeed the top of admiration, worth
> What's dearest to the world:'

he who has seen with her no masque of Iris, Ceres, and Juno, nor rejoiced to hear with her the song of the Goddesses—he who knows none of these things may well fear that he must be classed with the Sebastians and Antonios, if not with the Trinculos and Stephanos.

Let us turn to Ferdinand's speech and Ariel's songs, when the former first comes on the stage. Here, following our method of interpretation, we should say that Ferdinand,

> 'sitting on a bank,
> Weeping again the king his father's wreck,'

falls into a reverie which is so heightened by the soft, sunny scene and climate around him, that while he gazes idly and pensively on the waters, and the yellow sands, and the green fields, he feels as though all nature were instinct with life: he watches the ebbing and flowing tide till those countless ripples seem to be the footsteps of fairies who dance, and kiss into gentleness the waves of late so wild: he looks on the landscape till he hears, or seems to hear, the barking of dogs and crowing of cocks, telling him that the homes of men are not far distant, and that after all he may not be so utterly, hopelessly, alone and cast away as he had seemed just now: and then, when these brighter fancies are driven back by the sudden recurrence of the sad thought that his father is drowned, even this grief becomes imaginative under the influence of the place. His father has not perished, but suffered a rich and strange transformation below the waters, while sea-nymphs ring his knell in each rolling wave, to which he listens till it seems to him again that 'this is no mortal business.'

In this Atlantis, this realm of poesy, Prospero is lord and master: but we must notice that it is not an arbitrary, but, so to speak, a scientific mastery over all the powers of nature, which he wields for moral as well as for material ends. An accident, as he himself says, has brought his enemies to the island; and he does but avail himself of this accident, and all its circumstances, just as any other wise and good man would do, and with a success proportioned to his wisdom and goodness. How naturally do the loves of Ferdinand and Miranda grow up under

...she does not love to look on;
knowledge, and newly-born consciousn
princess, and a prince's heir, and no
lover's vows.

Not less naturally is Alonso's remor
wreck, and the loss at once (as he s
fleet, his kingdom, and his daughter, w
on a desert island. And when he
remorse, we feel that it is but by a fig
part of the dramatic representation of w
part in the commonest, though sternest
human life—that Prospero attributes t
conscience to his 'high charms,' or tha
stage-directions of '*Solemn and stran*
lightning—enter Ariel like a harpy,' and
words which are in truth the echoes, n
thoughts of those 'three men of sin.'

And, lastly, let us notice the contrast b
spirit who 'is but air,' and so cannot pret
sient and, as it were, reflected, touch of
pity. This contrast, not only here, bu
may remind us of Fouqué's beautiful con
elemental spirit into whom a human s
marriage. Fouqué must have been posse
Shakespeare as to these elemental spir
embody in his own poetic form an idea w
bottom of the Greek tales of nymphs and
and of the medieval traditions of elves
sprites. Looking at them from this poi
Fouqué and Shakespeare throw each

Miranda, a real and complete woman, from first to last! Fouqué's conception is indeed very charming, but wants the reality of Shakespeare's, without surpassing it in poetic ideality. Yes, they do not least appreciate and enjoy the presence of Ariel, who are most content that he should vanish at last into thin air, leaving us with common mortals in the common light of day, and among the common thoughts—common, yet solemn even to sadness—with which the Play concludes. Prospero, as we have said, represents the poet in the exercise of his art, infusing a new life of poetry and romance into all nature: yet who feels more deeply, who declares more plainly, than Prospero, that the time must come to every one, when not only does each glorious vision fade into the light of common day, but that light itself sinks into dusk and darkness. The romantic and the poetic cannot sustain the actual, but, having first themselves died out, leave this to perish too:—

> 'Our revels now are ended: these our actors
> (As I foretold you) were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air;
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind: we are such stuff
> As dreams are made of; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.'

geography, a vanished city like Babyl
the days when Ciriaco of Ancona, in
the knowledge of the learned world tha
gone, valuable fragments of the casket
the present year, archæological resea
more to recover the lost treasures, un
that as Athens is almost the most inte
so the remains which it has left us
suggestive than those of any other p
exception of Rome. And this is only
left an invisible record in the spiritua
the genius of the Athenians was pre-em
they thought and felt they worked out in
marble, and the rocky soil and dry air o
at least some remains of their admirabl
political vicissitudes of twenty-five centu

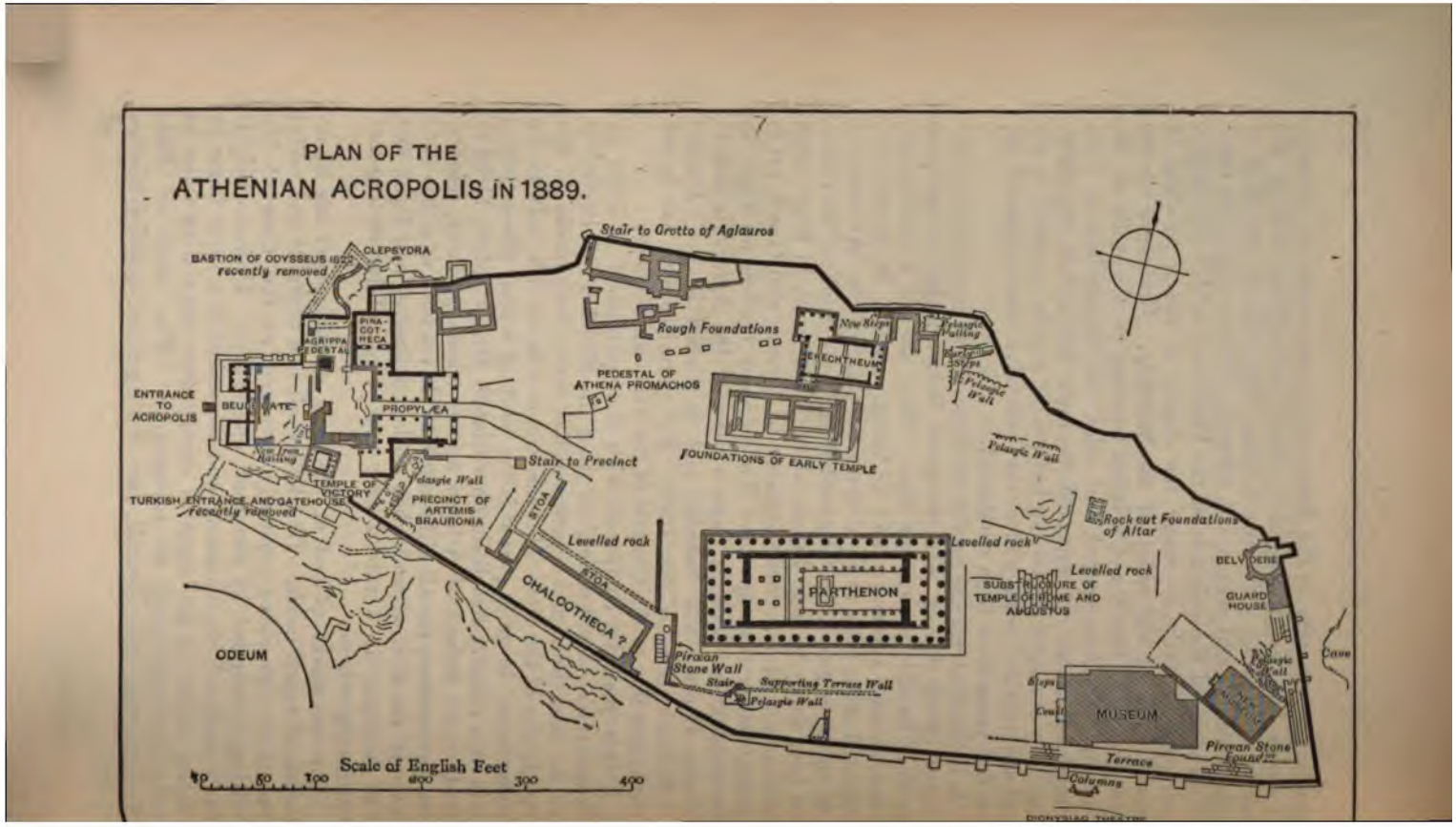
The modern Athenians are possessed
intelligible but quite unhistorical. T
obliterate so far as they can the whole
lies between the Roman Conquest and
year brings the spoken language of edu
nearer to the language of Demosthenes.
high-sounding names like Miltiades ar
in the elementary schools the great m
literature. Cities and districts lose thei
to their classical names. The Panath
brought to life, and Christian churches
that the remains of pagan temples may
walls and foundations. Whether the

manded the entrance to the Acropolis, is not matter for wonder. It was a less happy impulse which made them destroy the bastion erected by their own Captain Odysseus in the War of Independence, and which led them in 1834 to set up in their places some of the columns of the Parthenon which had fallen, and quite recently to range the drums of fallen columns in formal order at the sides of the building. But since we are now promised that the Christian frescoes on the walls of the Parthenon shall be spared, and since the foundations of even Roman buildings are respected, we must not unduly complain, especially seeing that nothing but praise can be awarded to the zeal and method with which the extensive excavations of the last five years have been conducted.

It is chiefly with the results of these recent excavations, conducted by the Greek Archæological Society, that we propose to deal in the present article. They are of extraordinary richness and interest; and although reports of them have appeared from time to time in the columns of the 'Athenæum,' and in the pages of the 'Journal of Hellenic Studies,' they have not been fairly brought before the notice of those, in England so numerous a class, whose interest in Greece and Greek art is general rather than special. To help our readers we copy, in the woodcut on the next page, a plan of the Acropolis due to Messrs. Penrose and Schultz, and published in the 'Journal of Hellenic Studies' for 1889. For permission to use it our thanks are due to the Council of the Hellenic Society.

If this plan be compared with that published in 1885 in Baumeister's 'Denkmäler,' or that in Bädeker's 'Greece,' it will be seen how much progress has lately been made in the topography of the site. But the progress is not due only to the excavations; in great part it is the work of a man whose genius is in this country but little appreciated, Dr. Dörpfeld, Head of the German School of Athens, a man whose patience, science, and enthusiasm, are all alike remarkable; a man who has shed upon all the sites where he has worked a flood of new light, and who possesses in a rare degree the power of interesting and convincing others.

The two works placed at the head of this paper are by no means of equal merit. Dr. Bötticher's is a readable and useful resumé of the views generally accepted at the time of his writing, illustrated by abundant engravings. Unfortunately it was written a little too soon; and the writer is more at home in dealing with the problems of architecture than with those of sculpture, epigraphy, or topography. The book of Miss Harrison and Mrs. Verrall, two distinguished quasi-graduates of


PLAN OF THE
ATHENIAN ACROPOLIS IN 1889.
Stair to Grotto of Aglauros
BASTION OF ODYSSEUS
recently removed
CLEPSYDRA
AGRIPPA
PINA-
COTHECA
Rough Foundations
New Steps
ERECHTHEUM
Pelasgic Walling
PEDESTAL OF
ATHENA PROMACHOS
ENTRANCE
TO
ACROPOLIS
BEULÉ GATE
PROPYLÆA
FOUNDATIONS OF EARLY TEMPLE
Pelasgic Wall
Stair to Precinct
Railing
TEMPLE OF
VICTORY
Pelasgic Wall
PRECINCT OF
ARTEMIS
BRAURONIA
STOA
TURKISH ENTRANCE AND GATEHOUSE
recently removed
Levelled rock
Rock cut Foundations
of Altar
Levelled rock
Levelled rock
BELVEDERE
GUARD
HOUSE
STOA
CHALCOTHECA ?
PARTHENON
SUBSTRUCTURE OF
TEMPLE OF ROME AND
AUGUSTUS
ODEUM
Pirœan
Stone Wall
Stair
Supporting Terrace Wall
Pelasgic Wall
MUSEUM
Pirœan Stone
Found
Terrace
Columns
Scale of English Feet
50
100
200
300
400

of Newnham College, is of a far more important and thorough-going character. We should rather call it Miss Harrison's book, for Mrs. Verrall has contributed only a good translation of some chapters of Pausanias, and the work bears throughout the stamp of a strong individuality. It is incomparably the best Guide to the Acropolis, and ancient Athens generally, which has yet appeared. Miss Harrison is a devoted adherent of Dr. Dörpfeld, who has allowed her, with the generosity common among the best sort of savants, to anticipate many of his unpublished views. His enthusiasm is contagious; and readers will be surprised to find that it is possible to extract from discussions on topography and Attic myths much that is interesting and almost overflowing with actuality. The book leads us from point to point in the midst of the temples, the dedications, the mythology, the cultus of the ancient Athenians, until they become astonishingly familiar to us. We learn all about the plans of Mnesicles when he began the Propylæa, and why those plans were not carried out; we trace the steps by which the stage of the Dionysiac Theatre gradually encroached on the orchestra, following the altering character of dramatic representations; we visit the grotto of Pan, and sympathize with the herdsman-god, who finds himself sadly out of place among the cultivated and metaphysical Athenians; we trace from point to point the wanderings of the traveller Pausanias, and often get the true clue to his puzzling utterances and his more puzzling silences.

Nor must we omit to commend the great thoughtfulness and success with which Miss Harrison has planned and procured her illustrations. Small they necessarily are, and quite without pretensions to style, but, for purposes of help to students, admirable. At every point of difficulty, photographs and prints enable the eye to help the mind. Many of these views must have been very difficult to procure; taken together, they furnish such a help to those not on the spot as has never been furnished before; and, indeed, they can scarcely be paralleled in any archæological work for close adaptation to a chosen purpose.

The book is, in fact, calculated to be very useful in England. Faults it has, no doubt; inaccuracies and oversights in abundance; the style, if always lively, is sometimes slipshod, and the side of a question, in which the writer does not believe, has seldom fair play. But it is interesting, and it is exhilarating. It supplies just the elements wanting in classical studies as followed in England. For some reason or other, classical archæology, which has done so much of late in Germany and France to enliven the study of antiquity, has been slow in crossing the Channel. Our Universities are still more or less bound

interesting to us. For existing monun
about, but seen and felt, drawn and
in them an inexhaustible fund of infor
among them too unimportant to be w
into useful stones to be fitted into the
And while the literary sources for the
history will never receive serious add
ments, including buildings, sculptures,
coins, are increasing in number so fast
unable to keep pace with the growth
some small part of the field.

The only point in which we feel
protest againt Miss Harrison's method
regard for the claims of specialists to th
own ideas. It is a fault which sprin
truth, but it is a fault. The intentions
and of Dr. Dörpfeld are not only fair
it is impossible not to feel that they ha
cedent. It is a part of literary custom, w
literary morality, that a savant should p
at the time and in the form he choose
feld's views, as set forth in the book be
published, but are gathered from lec
We cannot be sure in some cases wheth
finally adopted them. We cannot be
case been misunderstood. Certainly we c
only for what he has himself printed and
time Miss Harrison's statements canno
discussion must necessarily proceed on t

'I feel bound to record my own conviction that the narrative of Pausanias is no instance of "Reise Romantik," but the careful, conscientious, and in some parts amusing and quite original narrative of a *bonâ fide* traveller. If Pausanias did read his Polemon before he started, and when he got back to his study in Asia Minor posted up his notes by the help of the last mythological handbook, what educated man would do less? . . . In the face of recent excavations, which everywhere, save in the most trivial details, confirm the narrative of Pausanias, such criticism proves nothing but that there is a vast amount of energy and learned ingenuity out of work.'

No test could be more severe than that to which Miss Harrison submits the narrative of Pausanias; if it endures that test, we may fairly be content to trust it when there is no special reason for mistrust.

As to Miss Harrison's mythological discussions, which make up a large part of her book, we will make but one remark. Her favourite plan of explaining mythical tales as ætiological—that is, invented for the purpose of explaining religious ceremonies, the origin of which was really lost in barbarous antiquity—seems to us particularly satisfactory; and in this way it is possible to reach an apparently final explanation of such tales as that of the childhood of Erichthonius, the boy-snake, hidden in a basket, and confided to the daughters of Cecrops (p. xxxii.). But it is in our day a commonplace to say that no one method of explanation can suit all myths, or even all the myths of one country or city. The 'Key to all Mythologies' must ever be only the dream of Casaubons.

The Acropolis, with its levelled top surrounded by lofty walls, approached through magnificent Propylæa, and loaded with ancient temples and monuments, evidently owes at least as much to art as to nature. It has long been known that its present form and aspect dates from the age of Cimon and of Pericles. The recent excavations have thrown light on all ages of Athenian history, but they are specially notable for having opened up to us the stages through which the whole Acropolis passed before it reached what may be called its classical form. Hitherto it has risen as abruptly from the background of history as from the level soil of the Attic plain. But now we can trace step by step its formation out of an irregular rocky mass, sloping on at least two sides gradually to the ground below, and surmounted only by the poor huts of a prehistoric race, whom the later Greeks called by the vague name of Pelasgi.

The nucleus of almost all the celebrated centres of civic life in Greece was a rocky eminence rising out of a river-valley. Such a rock was a natural fortress, and afforded shelter to a sparse

sparse population of shepherds and fishermen in the early times of Greece, when, as Herodotus and Thucydides tell us, every man's life was in his hands, and no coast free from the constant incursions of pirates. Under such outward pressure the village life of primitive barbarians began to crystallize into civic order. On some parts of the Acropolis rock one may still trace, though not so clearly as on the neighbouring Areiopagus, the foundations of the huts or cells of the early inhabitants. Recently a few graves dating from the same age have been discovered. They contain, besides human bones, only a few rude terra-cotta figures, and fragments of the primitive pottery known to archæologists as Mycenæan, because it is found in greatest abundance on the site of Mycenæ.

It is evident that in very early times efforts were made to strengthen the Acropolis with walls, especially on the western side where it is most easily accessible. Of such early walls there are considerable remains close to the Propylæa of Pericles. Some archæologists have tried to trace the lines of a far more complete system of fortification, running round the foot of the Acropolis and enclosing a small part of the surrounding plain. This view, which is however based on no great amount of existing remains, would help to account for the fact that a strip of land at the foot of the rock was in Greek historical times known as the Pelasgicum and kept, for traditional religious reasons, free of buildings. In the recent excavations, there have been found near the later Erechtheum traces of the foundations of a prehistoric palace, which Dr. Dörpfeld supposes to have been the abode of the kings who traced their lineage to Erechtheus, as well as of a rocky staircase leading thence to the lower ground, just as does the staircase at Tiryns, which descends to the plain from the palace of the rulers of that early city.

That the kings of Athens in the heroic age had their palace on the Acropolis may be regarded as certain, though it is possible that its site is covered by the Parthenon. What that palace would be like we may judge from the remarkable discovery at Tiryns of remains of a palace of the Greek heroic age, some account of which appeared in this Review in 1886. They record a civilization, luxurious if not lofty, and an age when wealthy and noble families dispersed over Greece disposed of the resources of the country, and ruled over masses of subject vassals, whose huts clustered about their lofty abodes. When, early in the sixth century, Peisistratus seized on the government of Athens, he, like the early kings, took up his abode on the Acropolis. But by this time the change had begun which at Athens, as in most Greek cities, transformed the Acropolis from an

an abode of men into a dwelling-place of the gods. There already existed a large temple of Athena in the very midst of the Acropolis, of which the foundations have in the last few years been traced, and Dr. Dörpfeld assures us, on the evidence of architectural style, that this temple was adorned by Peisistratus with a stylobate. He was content to share the plateau with the goddess to whom he owed his elevation and success.

Considerable remains of the Acropolis and its monuments as they existed in the time of the Peisistratidæ have been preserved to us as a consequence of the havoc wrought by the Persians when they were in possession of Athens in B.C. 480 and 479. As, however, this statement has the air of a paradox, we must try to prove that it is true.

Herodotus tells us (viii. 51), how in B.C. 480 the numberless host of Xerxes came down upon Athens, and how the Athenian people fled upon their ships to the opposite island of Salamis, except a few who, reading literally the oracle which bade the Athenians trust to their wooden walls, barricaded the approaches to the Acropolis with beams and planks, and so awaited the foe. To the Persians when they arrived they offered a desperate resistance, but some of the mountaineers in the invading army climbed up the steep rock to the sanctuary of Aglauros on the north of the Acropolis, and thence mounted the narrow staircase which led thither from the summit (see plan). The defenders were put to the sword, or flung themselves in despair down the precipices, and the Persian soldiery completed their work by breaking down and destroying the monuments on the sacred site, and burning the buildings. The destruction was a deed of warlike fury, not of religious iconoclasm. It was formerly supposed that the Persians, and especially their kings, were actuated by a hatred of idolatry, and a zeal for more spiritual religion in their dealings with conquered nations. But the records of Egypt show us that in that country the Persian invaders displayed an easy tolerance towards Egyptian cultus. So it was at Athens. On the day after the temples had been burned Xerxes ordered the Athenian exiles, who were in his camp, to go up to the Acropolis and sacrifice to Athena after their own fashion. It is said that they found a portent, which showed that the humiliation of Athens would not be lasting. The sacred olive-tree of Athena, instead of withering from the flames, had in one night sent out a fresh shoot a cubit in length.

After the glorious victory of the Greeks at Salamis, the Persian troops retired for the winter into Bœotia, and the Athenians could for a few months revisit their home. But in

the spring of 479, Mardonius once more occupied the ruined city, and Herodotus says that, when he left it to meet the Spartans at Platæa, he once more burned all that could be burned, and levelled with the ground whatever still remained standing, walls, houses, temples, and statues. The destruction was as complete as barbarous fury could make it. When the people of Athens came back to their city, they found only an undistinguishable heap of ruins, blackened with fire and shattered with hammers.

But the days which followed the repulse of the Persians were in all Greece days of vigour and progress, of youthful hopes and unbounded aspirations. It was not likely that the Athenians, who had hurled back the whole strength of Asia, would sit long idle in the midst of ruins. And it was not likely, at a time when art was growing and expanding every day, that they would be content to restore the buildings and monuments of the Acropolis to the state in which they had been before the coming of Xerxes. When art is stagnant or dead, nations care greatly to preserve the monuments handed down to them by previous generations. When art is alive and growing, destruction is sometimes almost welcomed as an opportunity for progress, and the feeling of Homer's Diomedes, 'We are far better than our fathers,' governs the energies of architect, sculptor, and painter. So the Athenians proceeded to make new temples larger than the old, to set up more beautiful statues, to establish more splendid cults. The marble fragments with which the surface of the Acropolis was covered, they used only as materials for walls or foundations for buildings. They were straightway buried out of sight; and buried they remained until the excavations of the last three years. Yet the Athenians seem to have made some distinctions. Pausanias speaks in one place of ancient images of Athena blackened by Persian smoke, but still holding their places of honour. Thus it would seem that some of the images of the gods, sacred from long association, were repaired and set up again. But almost all that had not so strong religious sanction was condemned. Votive portraits of men and women, dedications bearing the names of wealthy citizens, even the sculptural decorations of temples, were thrown aside as no longer worthy of a place in the Athens which was to be.

The story of the building of the walls of the lower city by Themistocles is well known. In constant fear of Spartan interruption, men, women, and children, toiled incessantly at the work, and for material not only the walls of private houses were demolished, but also inscribed stones and sepulchral monuments were broken up and used; in fact, from the wall of Themistocles

Themistocles we have in recent years recovered inscriptions and fragments of tombs of an early period; the slab, for instance, on which is sculptured the head of a youth holding a discus. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the walls of the upper city or Acropolis were thus hastily piled together. They show, on the other hand, every mark of care, and are admirably constructed. In places, it is true, we find, instead of squared stones from the quarry, the remains of pillar and cornice taken from the ruined temples lying near; but it is likely that this break in the order of the walls was the result not of haste or parsimony, but of deliberate intention. Pausanias tells us that some of the Greeks were anxious to leave all the ruins on the Acropolis lying as they stood for an eternal memorial of the hate due to the Persians. This could not be done; but it was found possible to retain and to embody in the walls of the citadel a memorial of the ruin wrought by the barbarians sufficient to act as a perpetual reminder.

It is probably to Cimon that we must ascribe the reduction of the Acropolis to its present form. The wall on the north has been ascribed by the excellent authority of Leake to Themistocles; but there are embedded in it some defective pillars which seem to have been intended for the Parthenon which Cimon planned, but did not construct, and therefore it can scarcely be attributed to an earlier time than Cimon's. The wall on the south was made in order to form a platform for this same temple. Pausanias says expressly that all the walls of the Acropolis which did not date from the Pelasgic age were erected by Cimon. Of the method of formation of the surface of the Acropolis under his hands, we must endeavour to give some account.

The natural rock, which is its foundation, is not flat above, but rises in the midst somewhat like a gable roof. Let us pursue this analogy a little further. Let us suppose a house with gable roof, of which the ridge runs parallel to the front and back walls of the house. Then it is evident that if the two walls of the house are carried up to the level of the ridge, and the two triangular spaces between ridge and walls filled up, a flat roof will be the result. This was the plan followed by the Athenian architects. They built their solid walls on the line where the abrupt rise of the rock ceased, and as the walls rose they filled the space between them and the highest ridge with layer above layer of earth and stones until they produced a surface—not, indeed, mathematically level, but level enough to serve as a foundation for the noble temples and beautiful monuments with which the piety of the Athenians designed to

the neighbourhood of the Erech
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Seldom has a more admirabl
archæologists than this. An end
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some fragments built into the neighbouring Acropolis walls as belonging to the building, and not only tells us the number of pillars, their size and character, but is even able to assure us that, whereas the body of the temple is of very early date, the stylobate was added in the time of Peisistratus. And in addition to this, the talent and patience of a younger archæologist, Dr. Studniczka, has recovered from the masses of remains some fragments of a group which he has shown to have adorned the pediment of this very temple. This discovery offers so good an instance of the application of archæological method that we must give a more detailed account of it.

An archaic helmeted head of Athena of sixth-century work was found many years ago on the Acropolis, and is well known from casts (at South Kensington, Oxford, and Cambridge) and from engravings in the histories of sculpture. To this head Studniczka joined an almost shapeless fragment of more recent discovery, which turns out to be the shoulder of the goddess covered with the ægis, on the edges of which were ranged snakes, painted, according to the crude fashion of colouring then in use for marble, with red and green paint. Head and shoulder being thus placed together, it becomes evident that we have before us no detached figure, but part of a group, for Athena looks downward, and her arm is outstretched as if in conflict. And if in conflict, she could not but be represented as victorious, looking down on an overthrown enemy. To find this enemy, it was necessary to examine the numerous fragments of human figures stored in the Acropolis Museum. The lower part of a male figure was discovered which in scale and in species of marble corresponded to the Athena. The position of his legs showed that he was lying on his back. And on the upper surface of one leg were at regular intervals spots which seemed on careful examination to arise from the dripping of water mixed with red and green colour. Now the intervals between these spots corresponded so nearly to the spaces between the different snakes on the aegis of Athena, which were painted in these very colours, as to leave small doubt that it was from these very snakes that the rain-water fell in drops upon the leg of the prostrate man; so he must have lain directly under the aegis. Here, then, was the opponent of Athena, a prostrate foe, no doubt one of the earth-born Giants, whom in so many sculptures, and on so many vases, Athena is represented as overthrowing and slaying.

So far, however, we have only proved a group, not a pediment. But fragments of corresponding Giants, in the storerooms of the Museum, soon showed that the composition was extensive;

a pediment of exactly that
Athena which the Peisistratidæ
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The temple of Athena, though
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is the pediment put together by th
which Zeus and Hercules in the
back against two monsters advan
corners; on one side the giant s
Typhon, a winged figure with thr
woven snakes for feet, a monste
brightest red and blue and

tions as an age of extraordinary progress, and various culture. It is well known that Peisistratus collected and edited the Homeric poems. He also attracted to his brilliant and luxurious court the most celebrated of the artists of all Greece, who set up their productions side by side on the Acropolis, and so laid the foundations of that Attic style in sculpture which by the end of the sixth century was fully formed, and becoming conscious of its high destiny. We have recovered the bases which supported statues by Aristion of Paros, and Aristocles of Crete, by Archermus of Chios, by Endœus of Ionia, by Callon of Ægina, and others; in a few cases it has been possible to restore to the bases the statues which belonged to them.

No group of statues belonging to this early age has attracted more attention than the very remarkable series of archaic female figures, clad in the flowing Ionian dress, of which an almost endless series is now set up in the Acropolis Museum, and which must when the Persians broke in have formed quite a crowd of stately statues standing in rows on their dedicative bases somewhere in the neighbourhood of the temple of Athena. In style they vary greatly; and it is a fascinating task to trace from one to another the gradual dawn upon the artistic sense of Greece of greater skill in rendering of difficult detail, of keener love for nature, of clearer feeling for style. Yet all, even the rudest, have something of that inexplicable charm which belongs to archaic Greek Art, and which takes a stronger and stronger hold of students of archæology. This charm was felt in antiquity by Pausanias, who found something divine in the primitive sculptures of the school of Dædalus, and by Lucian, who praises the sweet and subtle smile of the Sosandra of Calamis. Among ourselves, one may venture to say, it is archaic art which arouses the greatest enthusiasm. It is not Rubens, nor even Michael Angelo, who most takes hold of our younger lovers of painting, but Giotto and Fra Angelico. For one young archæologist who really cares for the Laocoon, or even the Hermes of Praxiteles, three will be found who are strongly affected by the Hestia Giustiniani or the Harpy Tomb. It is a tendency not unnatural in an age when taste is directed rather by the understanding than the senses, and when the tendency to asceticism is so marked among more sensitive natures.

Unfortunately it is found impossible to take casts of these statues, for fear of destroying the delicate remains of colour which yet linger on hair and eyes and dress. So it is not easy without visiting Athens to appreciate them. A useful series of photographs, however, is appearing in Kavvadias' new work, 'Les Musées d'Athènes.' We shall make no attempt at descriptions,

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rather the idea of woman than any
inscriptions of the bases tell us t
Athena, and sometimes give us th
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they might represent, not the God
priestess. We read in Pausanias th
great temple of Hera, near Argos, the
all her priestesses, including even the
fallen asleep during her ministry, wh
to some of the offerings, and the who
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of a deity in whose power to hel
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portraits of the successive priestesses of Athena Polias, each of whom would hold office for many years. So they cannot represent priestesses. But between the other alternatives it is hard to choose. If they represent Athena, it is Athena deprived of her usual attributes, her warlike equipment of helmet and ægis and spear; though we know that at this very time the goddess was usually represented as clad in full armour. And if they represent votaries, these votaries are generalized, and have nothing of individual character in them. Either the Deity has given up her divinity for womanhood, or the women have merged their womanhood in something which approaches the divine. Between these alternatives it would not be easy to decide, but for the statement of Pausanias already adduced, that there stood in his time on the Acropolis figures of Athena blackened by the smoke of Persian fires, which seems to suggest that statues not preserved but buried would be not of the Goddess but of her votaries. This argument perhaps must not be pressed too far; but it does seem to make the scales dip in favour of the human alternative.

Besides these female figures, we have extensive remains of the works of art and of piety which adorned the Acropolis at the opening of the fifth century. There are fragments of horsemen, set up in memory of victories in the games or of deliverance in war; there are reliefs of delicious archaic art representing the Gods or their dealings with men. There is one fragment on which is sculptured a youth driving his chariot, which may possibly be part of the frieze of the Peisistratid temple of Athena. There are several portrait-heads, or heads intended for portraits, but telling us more of the school of the artist than of the physiognomy of the subject. There are scribes seated at work, who strongly remind us of the figures of similar functionaries from Egypt. And the bases which supported these dedicated statues, and others which have disappeared, bear the names, one might also say the autographs, of many prominent Athenian citizens, and of the artists whom they employed in the service of the Gods of Athens.

It is interesting to find among the dedications several by the great Athenian potters of the end of the sixth century, Andocides, Euphronius, and others. It is a fresh proof of the wealth of these potters and the consideration which they enjoyed. Many beautiful fragments of vases bearing the names of Euphronius, Hiero, Scythes, and other vase-painters, have also been recovered; and these, though in themselves of no very great importance, have given us evidence long looked for, as to the date and the source of the beautiful black-figured and early

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not only that their art is, within the li
observes, most admirable, but also tha
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only they have escaped restoration in
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the painter who decorated them. Cl
durability preserves for us not only the
worker, but his first sketch; his secon
and carelessness, his happy inspirations
interfered with their realization. A vas
to a sculptured relief which a diary bea
treatise. It is more local, temporary, a

Hyginus! In contact with the actual works of the Attic potters the conventional compositions of the Alexandrian mythologists fall to pieces, and we have, in the place of complicated structures of mythological gingerbread, myths living and growing, crossing and recrossing, springing from the heart of the people and finding expression in their customs. It is then no small advantage that we derive from the excavations at the Acropolis, that they really lay a solid foundation for the construction of a history of ancient vase-painting.

To the stirring times which followed the Persian wars belong some of the well-known features of the Acropolis. Cimon and his contemporaries not only made of the surface of the Acropolis a table-land fit for the erection of great buildings, but they began some important monuments and planned more. One magnificent trophy erected out of the Persian spoils remained always a feature of the citadel. This was the great bronze figure of Athena called in later times Promachos, the work of Pheidias, whose glittering spear and helmet were visible out to sea, not indeed from Sunium, as Pausanias seems to imply, since Hymettus intervenes, but at a great distance. At the same period were set up other dedications full of the rapidly unfolding promise of Attic art. There were paintings by Polygnotus, the Raffaelle of antiquity, whom Cimon had brought from Thasos, and who became a citizen of Athens and the originator of that ethical style, pure and self-contained, of which the Parthenon frieze was the fullest embodiment. There were statues by Calamis, whose works, now lost to us, are perhaps among all Greek sculptures those which we should most care to recover; we can form but a very slight notion of them from the archaizing reliefs of the Neo-Attic school. We have recovered (Harrison, p. 387) a basis inscribed with a dedicatory inscription by Callias, who fought at Marathon; and it is possible that on it may have stood the celebrated Aphrodite of Calamis; but this is a poor consolation. There were also works by Myron of Discobolus fame, notably his cow, about which the poetasters of antiquity wrote thousands of epigrams, none of which, if we may judge of them by those extant, told anything about the work of art, but only informed men as to the ingenuity of the epigrammatist.

The other works planned at this time were not final. Propylæa were erected to form an entrance on the west, but they were soon pulled down to make way for the magnificent Propylaea of Pericles. A Parthenon was planned, but it seems not to have risen above the foundations. We cannot be sure why the next generation chose to begin these tasks afresh, instead of working

rebuilt without the surrounding stylol
where the treasures of the Delian co
stored, before Parthenon and Erechth
this old temple. Probably if Dörpfe
with the view that the cella was rebuil
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theum, with its row of maidens stand
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building (see plan); and that, at a t
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could devise or money procure, he allo
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and sculptural ornament, and only set
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It is of course impossible here to give
a controversy which involves the citatio
of inscriptions, as well as the weighing o
Dörpfeld's arguments have been m
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is still far from being settled. Miss
entirely on the side of Dr. Dörpfeld

which, if not fatal, is at least serious. It is an interesting as well as a pretty quarrel; but we must leave it to be dealt with by others.

We now reach the great age of Athens, the age of the Olympian Pericles, when every year brought fresh fame and power to Athens abroad, and rendered the city more beautiful within. Never again could come such a conjunction of circumstances. In the midst of a people of highly organized sensibility and keen love of the beautiful, a school of architects and sculptors, unrivalled alike in loftiness and delicacy, was called upon to adorn a site of incomparable natural beauty, which had been swept clear for them by the Persians and made ready by Cimon. And for resources they were able to draw upon the almost boundless wealth accumulated from the tribute, while close to them lay the mountain Pentelicus, composed of the most beautiful marble which the world can show. However splendid their success, it could scarcely reach the level of their opportunity.

It was at this time that the surface of the Acropolis received the stamp which it wore until the downfall of Paganism. It will be well therefore to recount the principal features of the site; and we would beg the reader to follow us on the plan.

It was of great importance to provide the plateau on the west side with an approach worthy of Athens. The Propylæa of Cimon were set aside as unsatisfactory, and the architect Mnesicles was entrusted with the task of planning new gates; not such gates as might keep out an enemy—for that the Athenians trusted to their ships and the city-wall—but such gates as might properly impress citizen and visitor as they entered. Not only did the Propylæa of Mnesicles form a standing boast to the Athenians, but they still form, as every visitor to Athens knows, a most beautiful and imposing whole. Dr. Dörpfeld has made an interesting discovery, to which he has been led, not by the unearthing of new facts, but by a more careful weighing of those already known. The ground-plan of the building as it stands is evidently irregular, and not in accordance with the principles of Greek architecture. The reason of this is, according to Dörpfeld, that the original plan was not fully carried out. The hall which stands on the right side as one approaches the entrance should have been as large as the hall on the left side, and behind each there was to have been a still more extensive gallery, intended no doubt for the reception of the great works in painting and sculpture, which then every year was producing at Athens. Why the plan was not carried out we cannot be sure, but it is very likely that one reason

reason may have been an objection on the part of the votaries of Artemis Brauronia, on whose precinct the too audacious Mnesicles would fain have trespassed. There is a clear summary of Dörpfeld's reasonings in Miss Harrison's book (p. 355); it will be to many architects a pleasure to follow them, for they are as definite as fact and measure can make them, and as neat as the demonstrations of Euclid.

Within the enclosure the most prominent monuments were of course those devoted to the worship of Athena. As one passed the Propylæa, her great bronze statue by Pheidias towered over one's head, and behind it was visible the smoke curling up from her great altar, which stood in the open air. On the right hand stood the Parthenon in its unrivalled majesty, and on the left the smaller Erechtheum, with its row of marble maidens sustaining the roof of the southern porch. In regard to these two temples recent excavation has added comparatively little to our knowledge; an exquisite head of the goddess Iris, from the Parthenon frieze, is the chief new addition. The ground beneath their foundations is the only part of the surface of the Acropolis which has escaped a thorough investigation; and it is greatly to be hoped that the zeal for knowledge of the modern Athenians will never lead them to venture on underpinning the two temples in order to search beneath them.

While the Propylæa were being built one of the skilled masons fell from a height. His life was despaired of; but Athena appeared in a dream to Pericles, and prescribed a remedy, from the use of which the mason recovered. In return Pericles set up a statue of Athena Hygieia, the patroness of medicine, near her altar on the Acropolis. It gives actuality to this pleasing story when we discover close to the Propylæa, possibly on the spot where the mason fell, a basis of a statue bearing an inscription in letters of the time of Pericles, which reads, 'The Athenians to Athena Hygieia: Pyrrhus, the Athenian, was the sculptor.'

Besides being Virgin, Protector, and Healer, Athena was worshipped on the Citadel by other titles. She was also Giver of Victory; and the exquisite little temple of Nike Apteros, which stands just outside the Propylæa, was really dedicated to her, the 'Unwinged Victory,' in contrast to the ordinary winged Victory, who was but her servant and messenger. It used to be supposed that as Ergane, the patroness of work, Athena had a separate sanctuary on the Acropolis. This is now, however, denied. It is true that an inscription recording a dedication to Athena Ergane was found in the space between the shrine of Artemis Brauronia and the Parthenon, and in consequence it was

was supposed that the Deity had there a sacred precinct; but the result of recent excavation is to show that here there stood no shrine, but a stoa, which may have been the Chalcotheca of which Pausanias speaks, and which has been assigned to various spots in the enclosure. Athena Ergane must have had an altar and a cult, but that she had a temple is very doubtful. There was, finally, a statue of Athena Lemnia made by Pheidias, which Lucian, perhaps the best critic of antiquity, declares to have surpassed in grace and beauty all other works of the master.

Next in importance to the cult of Athena was that of the Brauronian Artemis, who possessed a territory behind a wing of the Propylæa, and whose worship bore many marks of great antiquity. There stood in her temple, as we gather from an inscription in the British Museum, two statues, a more ancient seated one, and a later one by Praxiteles. The votaries of Artemis were called bears, and in early times girls clad in bear-skins danced in her honour. A little stone bear found on the Acropolis illustrates the custom, which few moderns will hesitate to regard as a remnant of totem-worship. Artemis was everywhere the goddess of child-birth; so we are not surprised to learn from inscriptions that her temple became a regular wardrobe, where garments of all kinds, dedicated to the formidable deity, with mirrors and many other feminine trifles, were heaped up in profusion.

Other cults had a place, though a less prominent one, on the Acropolis; and of nearly all of them we have some remains in the form of inscriptions found on the spot. There was Aphrodite Pandemos, whose statue, the work of Scopas, was seated on a galloping goat. There were Gê Kourotrophos and Demeter Chloe, who had a little shrine by the Propylæa, and Pan, who had a cave on the side of the rock. It is, however, surprising how small a share in the sacred site fell to the higher and more dignified gods, Zeus and Apollo, Hera and Hermes. The men of Athens were content that the great centre of their worship should be their ancestral Athena, the armed Virgin, mistress alike in war and the arts of peace. The fact is remarkable. In Athens women led a secluded life, and were during all the flourishing age of the city of little account, though their influence grew with the decline. Nor was virginity after early youth regarded as either natural or pleasing to the gods. An armed woman could scarcely be more out of place anywhere than at Athens. The old saying that men make the gods in their own likeness fails singularly in this instance. The explanation is probably to be found in the identification of the Deity with her city.

our notions of classical art, which a
ventional, too much shaped by th
Italian restorer, by the outworn v
Lessing, and the conventional prop
the Capitol. The ancient Athenian
narrow sense in which the age of th
Louis XIV., was classical. They fo
the impulse in turn was kept in che
the conditions under which works of a
executed, and by a frank acceptance o
as by the sense of what was beauti
was natural. One cannot but wish
remained to us of the statue of Diit
apparently an anticipation of the S
painters, or of the bronze figure of the
lion, with Menestheus and Teucer,
looking out from his side—two work
bases only. One cannot but wish t
group which represented Athena lea
head of Zeus, or the bronze Theseus li
recover his father's sandals. One can
in the Pinacotheca, amid the paintings
phon, so infinitely removed from the
garities of Pompeii. These things are
perhaps a poor consolation to know tha
better able to appreciate their loss.

We cannot finish our tour of the Ac
for a little while on the southern slope,
have taken place on two sites of speci

salubrious sites and gushing fountains, in the daily walks in their shady arcades, and the freedom from business and dissipation which they offered. Such a view is quite in accord with the materialism which always prevails in the great medical schools. But it is not in accordance with the facts. There were medical schools in antiquity, of which writings like those of Celsus give us a high opinion, and they probably looked on the temples of Æsculapius in much the same way in which modern physicians look upon hypnotism and faith-healing. The fact appears to be that the priests of Æsculapius had no competent knowledge of medicine; and the site of the temple, at Athens at least, was anything but salubrious, hidden under the rock, and exposed to the full power of the sun. The throng which filled the halls of the God was a proof that the heart of the people was in revolt against the materialism of the profession. People came to Æsculapius to be healed because they preferred divine to human aid; perhaps because human aid had done all it could for them without result. And probably the great majority went to sleep in the temple of the God with a strong faith that he would really take compassion on them, and either work a direct miracle on their diseased members, or at least give them advice by which they might profit.

That faith in the votaries should be sometimes met by imposture on the part of the priests was natural. As to the relative proportions in the whole cult of belief and of imposture, we have insufficient means of judging, in spite of numerous recent documents recovered from Epidaurus, the chief seat in Greece proper of the worship of Æsculapius. These documents record a number of miraculous cures, some even of an extravagant description, but they give us but little idea of the manner in which they were brought about. The existing remains at Athens help us to reconstruct the daily life of the patients of Æsculapius, but do not offer us any material for the history of ancient medicine. Even the models of limbs which were commonly dedicated to the god by those who had been cured, and which were as common in Greek temples as they still are in the churches of Belgium and Italy, have in this case not been found.

The worship of Æsculapius belongs in Greece mainly to the later age, when the decay of civic life and practical politics had left men more at leisure to study the symptoms of their own complaints, and when the people had so far fallen away from their allegiance to the great civic deities as to be ready to devote themselves to cults of a newer kind and more marked by actuality. We learn from an inscription that in the archonship

We scarcely have the courage, so
to attempt the very difficult subject
of the Theatre of Dionysus, which oc
southern slope of the Acropolis-hill.
most interesting spot in Athens. W
stand a play, until we know of what
writer was thinking. The plays of t
were dependent for their effect in a gr
of their production on the stage. L
Shakspeare can they be appreciated w
to it. And the modern revivals of cla
and Cambridge, charming as they hav
been planned rather with a view to
will tolerate, than with a view to wha
intended. We may touch but two
the use of masks would make actin
impossible; but it was for actors wea
tragedians wrote, and this one fact co
every speech. And again, we know
were acted by men, who were obliged
stentorian pitch to reach the ears of
In consequence of these and similar
realism in Greek tragedies was impos
amateurs try to infuse realism into
artistic character.

The main point, however, of recent
use and the height of the stage. It is
early age of Greek tragedy the choru
position, performing their songs and
at the feet of the spectators, while

based on architectural grounds, and has grown out of the recent excavations at Athens, at Epidaurus, and elsewhere. Our readers will naturally wonder how this arrangement would work, and we must refer them to Miss Harrison's report of a lecture by Dr. Dörpfeld for a notion on the subject (p. 292):—

'Take the Agamemnon as an instance, and watch it free from the sorry trammels of a high and narrow Roman stage. Enter the watchman on the top of the temporary palace of Agamemnon; the whole orchestra is still clean and clear of actors and chorus; he sees the beacon fire and cries aloud, and forthwith in stream the chorus by the two broad parodoi, singing the fate of Troy; and when the long tremendous chant is ceasing, they catch sight of Clytemnestra coming from out the stage-house by the one central door, and they bid her hail. She speaks with them face to face on the orchestra, which she enters straight from the palace; there is no division of height, only a seemly space between the queen and her servants. To them enters the herald by one or other of the parodoi; he comes rushing in from afar, up the broad entrance space, not rushing down head foremost on to a narrow high stage where his haste seems precarious, but at ease *along* all the length of the parodos, whence the spectators, as well as chorus, could watch him coming from afar. The chorus sing again, and at last comes the entrance of Agamemnon with the captive Cassandra, and all the pageant of returning war behind him. How absurd Agamemnon and his chariot look, shot half through a side door on a modern Greek stage, many can testify. It is only the humble and touching conviction that the effect is "Greek" that enables a modern audience to support the sight without laughter. But see him come with his train sweeping up the parodos, thronging the orchestra, the chorus chanting its anapæsts, swaying to either side to make room for the great procession, and we have a pomp, indeed, fit for the coming of a king. Clytemnestra, already on the orchestra, speaks to the elders round her long-drawn speech; she spreads the purple carpets, she accosts the captive silent stranger in the car, with the throng of curious citizens about, and, uttering her prayer to Zeus Teleios that he may accomplish her dread purpose, she and the King pass together into the house.'

Miss Harrison has imbibed some of Dr. Dörpfeld's faculty of overpowering the consent of readers, and it is with some regret that we confess our inability to accede to her views, and to allow the non-existence of the stage in the fifth century B.C. Mr. Haigh, in his admirable recent book on the Attic Theatre, seems to us to have successfully combated the new theory, and the view which he proposes as a substitute, that there was at that period a stage, but one of not more than five or six feet high, seems not inconsistent with the extant remains of Greek theatres, and more in accordance with the testimony of ancient

writers and the structure of the plays themselves. The controversy is by no means concluded. Dörpfeld has replied in the 'Philologische Wochenschrift' to the strictures of Haigh, somewhat unsuccessfully, and Haigh has again answered in the 'Classical Review,' and doubtless there is more to come on both sides. Very possibly new excavations may destroy a view based on the evidence of excavation. The excavations now being carried on at Megalopolis by the British School of Athens have laid bare the orchestra of an ancient theatre, very complete in its details, and we wait with deep interest to hear whether any new evidence bearing on the controversy has been discovered.

We must not, however, imitate the modern Athenians by ignoring the Athens of the times which succeeded Pericles, but must recount, however briefly, the existing monuments of the Acropolis dating from later and less splendid ages.

Of the brief revival of Athenian power in the fourth century there are extant traces in the basis which once supported the statues of Conon and Timotheus mentioned by Pausanias, and in a number of interesting tablets which record the alliances and the decrees of the restored Athenian empire. Of the Alexandrine age are the choragic monuments of Nicias and of Thrasyllus, the latter of which was still surmounted in the time of the traveller Stuart by the seated statue of Dionysus, since removed to the British Museum. The kings of Pergamon have bequeathed to us enduring memorials of their love for Athens in the great stoa, of which remains still exist in the rear of the stage-buildings of the theatre, and in the figures of overthrown Giants and Amazons and Persians, executed in the Pergamene style, now preserved in several of the Museums of Europe. The basis of the statue erected to Agrippa in the earliest days of the Roman Empire may still be seen outside the Propylæa, and recent researches have revealed the foundations of the temple of Rome and Cæsar, the emblem of the incorporation of the city of Athena in the world-wide dominion of the Romans. Several existing buildings at Athens date also from the time of Hadrian, and bear testimony to the philhellenic propensities of an emperor who sought to restore animation to the Greek nation, and only succeeded in galvanizing the corpse of the race.

Thereafter every century took something from the glory of Athens, and added nothing to it. The main blame for the wanton destruction of the memorials of their own greatness rests on the Greeks, though doubtless Turks and Venetians have done their part in the work of ruin. The share of England deserves rather praise than blame. There is still in some quarters a mistaken notion, fostered by the poems of Byron, and encouraged

encouraged by Greek Chauvinists, that one of the worst spoilers of later ages was Lord Elgin. But the facts of history not only justify the action of Elgin, but prove that he must be classed among public benefactors. He knew that in all probability, if the sculptures of the Parthenon were left where they were, they would shortly perish. And in fact, had they been left, they would have suffered severely in the troubled days of the Greek revolt. The west end of the Parthenon which he had stripped of its sculptures was exposed for a year in 1826 to the repeated blows of Turkish cannon-balls. The so-called Caryatid of the Erechtheum which Elgin carried off has been preserved intact; the five which he left *in situ* suffered severely in the revolutionary war. The reliefs of the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates which he spared have since been so much defaced, that the cast taken in Elgin's time preserves many details which they have lost. And in addition the art of Europe received the impulse imparted by the exquisite Pheidian sculptures many years earlier than would have been the case had they remained at Athens. The visitor at Athens cannot help a moment's regret when he looks at the blank spaces in the pediments and on the cella walls of the Parthenon, and in imagination fills them with the sculptures which represent the birth of Athena and the Panathenaic Procession. But a little reflection shows him that it was a wise prudence which removed the jewels from a casket exposed to a hundred risks, and not then guarded by any strong national feeling. Probably had Elgin left the sculptures on the temple, the Greeks themselves would before now, in justifiable zeal for their better preservation, have transferred them to the galleries of their new and spacious museums.

The Greeks have the future in their own hands. And we must expect that year by year the harvest of sculpture in the Athenian and provincial museums will grow richer and richer, until the country recovers something of the position which it held in the days of Pausanias as the most glorious storehouse in the world of the sculpture of the only nation which ever really understood sculpture. The voyage to Athens, already exercising every year a stronger attraction on the cultivated classes, will become more and more an essential part of education. And those who still believe that classical training is the best means of developing the humane side of men will be unwise, if they fail to appreciate this growing advantage which has fallen in their way, or to use it as a means of giving actuality to Greek literature and history, and enthusiasm to those occupied with them.

ART. VI.—1. *Spring-Heeled Jack, or the Terror of London.* Nos. 1 and 2. *Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street. Cheeky Charlie, or What a Boy can do. Green as Grass. Turnpike Dick. The Poor Boys of London.*
2. *The Bad Boys' Paper. The Boys of London and New York, &c.*
3. *The London Journal. The Family Herald. The Princess Novelettes. Ladies' Own Novelette, &c.*
4. *The Leisure Hour. Penny Stories.* Religious Tract Society.
5. *The Penny Library of Fiction.* Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

'WE must educate our masters,' said Lord Sherbrooke (then Mr. Lowe), in the course of the debates on the Reform Bill of 1867. The remark fell upon fertile soil, and Mr. Forster's Education Bill of 1870 sprang directly out of it. The very class, who but a few years before had detected in the demand for education nothing but the greedy clamour of the clergy of the hated 'Establishment' for more influence than was rightly theirs, and who under the influence of the happily extinct Manchester School of politicians had been most vehement in their protest against State interference between parents and children, now demanded 'free, compulsory, and secular education,' always at the cost of the State, and always to be directed by the bitterest enemies of that 'State Church,' to which the working classes were indebted for all the education they had received for half a century. It is useless to resuscitate the miserable controversy. The Birmingham Education League is dead, and the quarrels which it stirred up are, we may hope, dead with it. We have been 'educating our masters' in the three R.'s for nearly twenty years, and some of us are beginning to ask, to what use they have put that painful training in the rudiments which has cost the country so much solid money. The natural inquiry is, what do they read? Not indeed that they read much. The modern system of education, with the pressure of impending examinations for ever weighing upon teachers and children, is admirably adapted to prevent the youth of the period from troubling itself greatly about literature in any form. The son of the working man, who leaves school as soon after he has passed the age of thirteen as possible, has no love for books, and, having 'passed his standard,' not unnaturally thinks he has practically done with the whole apparatus of learning for the rest of his life. By and by he will perhaps take some small interest in public affairs, or the concerns of his trades'

trades' union may become important to him, and in that case he will spend his Sunday morning over a newspaper. With the Sunday newspaper, however, we have in this place nothing to do. Except for one trumpery addition, their number and character remain pretty much what they were when the subject was dealt with in these pages more than ten years ago.* Before the time for the Sunday paper arrives, however, the working lad finds that the enterprising publishers of Shoe Lane and the purlieus thereof have provided him with a certain store of amusement. A walk during the dinner hour—say from twelve to one—through the courts and alleys in the irregular space which is, roughly speaking, bounded on the north by Holborn, on the south by the Thames, on the west by St. Martin's Lane, and on the east by St. Paul's and its precincts, will afford the observant passenger sufficient food for reflection. He will find that while a certain proportion of the lads from the various offices and factories in that region are beguiling their leisure with various minor games, or indulging in the rough horse-play in which the London 'larrikin' delights, many of the remainder are occupied in reading. In the same way the lads employed in City offices and warehouses, who in many cases have a great deal of leisure, naturally spend it in the same way.

It will, of course, be said that this is a laudable occupation. There are not a few good people in whose eyes a book is a species of fetish, and who look upon printed paper with as much reverence as do the Mahometans. To all such the boy, who, in their own phrase, 'never has a book out of his hands,' is worthy of respect and even of admiration. Unfortunately, however, the lad of this type revels in a literature which is not precisely of the kind for which Cobbett and Franklin hoarded their pence. No small proportion of it comes under the category of 'Penny Dreadfuls.' It had been hoped that books of this class had become extinct. A somewhat sanguine writer on the subject a few years ago expressed a lively satisfaction at the fact that he had inquired in vain for the catchpenny romances that were popular in the days of his youth. 'The Mysteries of the Court,' 'The Mysteries of London,' 'The Haunted House, or Love and Crime,' 'Maria Martin, or the Murder in the Red Barn,' 'The Haunted Cellar, a tale of Fleet Ditch,' and 'Joskin the Body Snatcher,' were, he found, 'out of print.' It would seem, however, that they are 'out of print' only in the serial form. A walk through Holywell Street will show that they are still to be bought in sixpenny volumes—price fourpence halfpenny at the

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. 150, p. 521.]

discount

discount booksellers—and that they dispute the favour of the poorer class of readers with translations of the improving romances of MM. Zola and Paul de Kock.

But this is not all. In a lane not far from Fleet Street there is a complete factory of the literature of rascaldom—a literature which has done much to people our prisons, our reformatories, and our Colonies, with scapegraces and ne'er-do-wells. At the present time no fewer than fifteen of these mischievous publications are in course of issue from this one place. They are not, it is true, very new, but they have a steady and considerable sale in the back streets, and are constantly advertised as in course of re-issue. First on the list comes 'Spring-Heeled Jack, or the Terror of London,' No. 2 given away with No. 1, with 'a splendid coloured plate gratis.' The 'plate,' a coarse woodcut printed on tinted paper, represents a stage-coach crowded with affrighted passengers, over whose heads springs the devil with horns, hoofs, tail, and bat-like wings complete. The story is what might be expected—a tale of highwaymen, murderers, burglars, wicked noblemen, and lovely and persecuted damsels, whose physical charms and voluptuous embraces are dilated upon with exceeding unction. It is almost needless to say that the highwaymen of the romance are not the sorry and sordid rogues we know them to have been in real life, but always 'dashing,' 'high-spirited,' and 'bold.' As a matter of course, they all carry pistols, which they use with unerring skill, which never miss fire, and apparently never require re-loading. It is equally a matter of course that the enemies of these gallant fellows—the constables, who at the time of the story, which is left in uncertainty but is presumably about the middle of the eighteenth century, are under the orders of a 'Commissioner'—are ugly, stupid, ill-conditioned, and cowardly; that it is a 'paternal government' under which 'things have reached such a pitch that a man may be fined, perhaps imprisoned, for carrying a pistol to protect himself;' and that, in one word, all the officers of the law are 'tyrants' and oppressors, whom it is the duty of 'spirited lads' to resist to the uttermost. No. 2 on our list bears the promising title of 'Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street,' and is a delectable story of a barber under whose shop is a cellar into which his customers are precipitated through a trap door, to be robbed and murdered at leisure. By way of adding to the ludicrous ghastliness of the story, the corpses of the victims, who appear to average about one *per diem*, are made into meat pies by a fascinating woman who keeps a shop in Bell Yard. There is the usual apparatus of a gang of desperate criminals of

of superhuman strength, sagacity, and courage; and of stupid and blundering watchmen and honest folk. Everybody always goes armed, and is ready to produce his weapons on the smallest provocation, or none at all; and the use of a pistol is invariably represented as a proof of courage and presence of mind. 'Cheeky Charlie, or what a Boy can do'—the third of these romances—is an impossible tale of an outcast boy, who is rescued by a personage very appropriately called 'the Vagabond,' from the cruelties of the workhouse and the Guardians of the Poor. The story is almost abject in its silliness—many children of twelve years old could write as coherently and as well—but it enforces with great energy the theory that the constituted authorities are both rogues and fools, the fool predominating. 'Green as Grass,' No. 4 of the series, might also have been written by a sharp errand boy. The tale is of a swindling attorney, who with his son victimizes a wealthy but intensely vulgar family, whose foolish son gives the title to the book. It is stupid beyond expression in conception and execution alike, the fun is intensely depressing, and the illustrations so wretched as to suggest the idea that the artist (?) must be caricaturing himself. 'Turnpike Dick' is described as the true history of all the celebrated highwaymen, and appears to be a hash-up of the moral and improving biography of Dick Turpin and his 'gallant companions.' The hero is always in company with a magnificent horse; is always armed with sword and pistols, and always sumptuously dressed; he has 'a rich, mellow voice,' in spite of his 'nocturnal rambles' and frequently repeated 'draughts of brandy;' he is of matchless physical beauty, and is naturally beloved by the most adorable of women; and he beguiles his leisure with wine and song amidst a select crew of 'knights of the road,' whom he treats in a 'haughty yet affable manner.' The moon is always 'shining merrily' on his gallant exploits, and fortune is ever on the side of the handsome hero, and as constantly unfavourable to the stupid, cowardly, and ill-looking constables and their assistants. 'Jack Sheppard,' burglar and prison breaker, is the hero of the sixth romance on the list. The story is constructed on precisely the same lines as the last mentioned, and may be compendiously described as a glorification of vice and crime. The 'large coloured picture, presented gratis' with the first number, emphasizes this point, representing, as the epigraph informs the reader, 'Jack Sheppard commencing his career of undying fame (!) in the carpenter's shop.' The 'Poor Boys of London, a Life Story for the People,' is a tale of slightly loftier pretensions, in the course of which the author displays his acquaintance with casual wards, thieves' kitchens,

kitchens, and criminal resorts generally, and uses such descriptive and dramatic powers as he possesses to extenuate the offences of the 'poor boys' who, in his own phrase, are 'driven to crime.' 'The School on the Sea' is a tale relating the rebellion of a number of boys against an impossible sea-captain, who is the head of an equally impossible school on a ship provided by the Admiralty. The whole thing is a farrago of disgusting rubbish, but it appears to be popular. The title of 'He would be a Clown, or the Pet of the Pantomime,' sufficiently explains the substance of the next serial on our list, the author of which, if he proves nothing else, demonstrates very clearly that he knows nothing whatever of the stage. 'Tales of Pirates, Smugglers, and Buccaneers;' 'Three-Fingered Jack, the Terror of the Antilles,' and 'Lions and Tigers, or the Pirates of the South Pacific,' are romances, the substance of which may be guessed from their titles. The moral tone is simply deplorable. Lawlessness and violence are the subjects of the writers' fondest admiration, and the severer matter is pleasingly seasoned with love scenes of the 'luscious' kind, which are almost as offensive in their way as the performances of certain young lady novelists of a higher rank. Of the remaining works on this publisher's list no special mention need be made. 'Broad Arrow Jack,' 'Captain Macheath, the Prince of the Highway,' and 'Famous Fights in the Prize Ring,' all point the same moral—that no life is so delightful as a life of roguery tempered with violence; that highwaymen and thieves are heroes; and their mistresses queens of beauty and romance, whose venal caresses are the rightful guerdon of skill, daring, and dash.

When it is remembered that this foul and filthy trash circulates by thousands and tens of thousands week by week amongst lads who are at the most impressionable period of their lives, and whom the modern system of purely secular education has left without ballast or guidance, it is not surprising that the authorities have to lament the prevalence of juvenile crime, and that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen should constantly have to adjudicate in cases for which these books are directly responsible. The story is always the same. An errand boy or an office lad is caught in the act of robbing his master—'frisking the till,' embezzlement, or forgery. In his desk are found sundry numbers of these romances of the road, a cheap revolver, a small stock of cartridges, and a black mask. A little pressure brings out the confession that those 'properties' have been bought by the youthful culprit with the intention of emulating the 'knights of the road,' the tale of whose exploits has fascinated him. It is necessary,

necessary, for the sake of other lads in the same employment, to press for a conviction, and the boy is taken off to prison, to come out a passed recruit of the great army of crime.

Even where the literature offered for the consumption of this class of boys is not directly criminal, it is often dangerously foolish, and even vicious. One publication boldly announces itself as 'The Bad Boys' Paper;' and though the editor, who adopts the pseudonym of Guy Rayner, ostentatiously announces that his 'one aim and object is to provide a healthy and entertaining journal,' it is impossible to say that he has attained it. The hero of one is a boy who runs away from school after getting drunk with his comrades on smuggled punch in the dormitory; another relates the adventures of an English boy of fifteen in India, whose favourite companion is a tame tiger, and who does wonderful things with a bow and arrow; another is a story of low life, with all the vulgarity retained, and the humour carefully left out. The remainder of the paper fully comes up to the level thus indicated. An even worse specimen of this class of paper is a shabby and ill-printed rag which has for title 'The Boys of London and Boys of New York.' This sheet is printed in London from stereotyped plates, which are very obviously manufactured in America, and appears to have been issued for many years past, the number for the week ending 29th September, 1889, being 647. The staple is of course fiction, the character of which may be judged from the titles of the stories, instalments of which appear in this number:—The Haunted Glen, a Story of Mystery (with an illustration of appalling hideousness); the Steam Catamaran, a Legend of the North-West; the Shorty's Trip around the World; Johnnie Burgoo, or the Mystery of a Boy's Life; the Maniac Engineer; Mad Anthony Wayne; Cale Loring and his Demon Dog, and the Wreck of the 'Columbus.' 'The London Story Paper,' which is almost as old an undertaking as that just mentioned, is of much the same type, printed, like it, from American stereotypes, with illustrations a shade better.

The English papers for boys are almost as foolish, but there is an improvement in the external appearance of most of them. The oldest is the 'Boys of England,' now in the fourteenth year of its existence. The editor and proprietor announces somewhat conspicuously that this 'journal of travel, sport, fun, and instruction' is 'subscribed to by H.R.H. Prince Arthur and Count William Bernstorff.' Why those distinguished persons should honour the paper it is not easy to see. There is certainly nothing in its contents to induce tutors and governors to recommend it, though it may be admitted that there is nothing flagrantly

flagrantly offensive. The chief failings of the paper are its weakness and curiously 'second-hand' air. The American reprinted matter is especially thin and poor. Much the same thing may be said of two other publications of the same class which are issued by the same publisher—'Boys of the Empire' and 'The Boy's Comic Journal.' Other papers of a similar but slightly lower type are: 'Ching Ching's Own,' 'The Boy's Champion Journal,' 'The Boys' Leisure Hour,' and 'The Young Folks' Paper.' They present no feature of special interest, and call for little remark. The best that can be said of them is, that they are comparatively harmless; the worst, that no boy is likely to be the better for reading them. He will derive neither information nor instruction from them, and it may be doubted whether the time spent over them would not be infinitely more usefully employed in cricket and football or some lighter games. Boys cannot, of course, be invariably engaged in athletic exercise, but they would certainly be far wiser, if they devoted themselves to chess or draughts, or even dominoes, than if they indulged in the intellectual debauchery which a constant study of books of this class implies.

For children of a larger growth enterprising publishers cater with great liberality and with corresponding profit to themselves. The number of penny weekly papers, leaving newspapers, trade journals, and professedly religious organs wholly out of account, is literally enormous, and their circulation almost fabulous. There is probably no family of the classes rather absurdly described as 'working' and 'lower middle' in which one at least of these prints is not bought as regularly as Saturday night comes round. In many such families three, four, and even more are taken by various members and lent from one to another. Including such as may be seen on the counters of public-houses and the tables of coffee taverns and cheap restaurants, we are probably well within the mark in saying that every copy sold is read by six persons. Now as one of these prints boasts a circulation of 334,000 a week (?), another modestly announces its sale as 'a little under half a million' (?), a third claims a quarter of a million, and several are known to sell over 100,000 weekly—it is obvious that the family penny papers combined must be one of the greatest social forces in the kingdom. Whether they are worthy of their vocation is a question which it may be worth while to investigate.

The first point which strikes the inquirer is the obvious niggardliness with which most of these prints are managed. The American cheap press is drawn upon largely and unblushingly. More than one of the weekly prints, to be mentioned hereafter,

hereafter, is composed almost exclusively of reprints of this kind, while several of the remainder obtain from one-third to one-half of their matter from the same source. Two methods of procedure are open to the enterprising publisher. In one case he simply cuts the story out of the American journal and reprints it as it stands, trusting to the printer's reader to correct the eccentricities of American orthography. This method may be commended for its comparative honesty. The author, it is true, receives no compensation for the use that is made of his work, but he is served no worse than the hundreds of English authors of infinitely greater pretensions, whose work is similarly 'conveyed' every day in the United States. The English reader, too, is not plundered. The story presents itself for what it is—a tale of American life by an American writer—and as such he gets it at a very cheap rate. Greater ingenuity is required for the second method, which is, however, less popular with publishers on account of the greater expense which it entails. Under this system the publisher hands over a copy of the work which he wishes to have edited for the English market to one of the hacks in his employment. Pen in hand, this latter goes over the whole book, altering, striking out, writing in, and generally transmogrifying it. The title of the book is changed, as are the headings of the chapters; over-long chapters are divided; two short chapters are run into one; the *dramatis personæ* are re-baptized, names that are familiar to the students of English fiction being substituted for American names and titles; the 'brown stone mansion on Fifth Avenue' becomes a stately edifice in Belgravia or Grosvenor Square; Saratoga or Long Branch becomes Brighton or Scarborough: the 'trip to Europe' is a Continental tour or a visit to Scotland; and the millionaire's country-house on the Hudson River becomes a hunting-box in the Shires, or a fishing lodge in the West of Ireland. The people are similarly changed. The Senator is transformed into a Duke or an Earl at the least—titles are very cheap in fiction of this character—the M. C. blossoms out into an M.P.; the Pittsburg ironmaster into a Manchester cotton lord, and the Wall Street operator into a prototype of the Rothschilds or the Barings. When a little more care is thought desirable, the style is modified in accordance with English notions of the fitness of things, and the more obvious Americanisms * are suppressed. The book thus becomes an English novel

* It must not be forgotten that some Americans assert—not altogether without reason—that the 'American language' is totally different from English. In this light what we consider solecisms become simply American idioms. Thus in a 'Grammar

novel for all practical purposes at a cost to the enterprising proprietor of the penny weekly of about 5*l.*, which, if he is in an unwontedly generous mood, he may perhaps make guineas. Instances have been known of a story so manipulated having passed through a periodical of the lower class, and having afterwards blazed forth in all the glory of chromo-printed boards for sale at the railway stations (price 2*s.*).

There is, it must be admitted, one trifling drawback to these ingenious operations in the copyright complications which occasionally result, a very odd instance of which occurred a year or so ago. An English writer, who is not altogether unknown in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street, produced a novel in the usual way in London, which had the customary run at the circulating libraries, and at the end of the season was forgotten. Some time afterwards he was not a little surprised to discover that his story, with some changes of names and places, was appearing in weekly instalments in a well-known periodical. He naturally complained, and the sequel to his complaint was that he made the unwelcome discovery that his story had been translated into American, and re-translated from the American version into English. Legal proceedings were threatened, and the pillaged author confidently expected a considerable sum from the publisher of the periodical, but the latter was, luckily for himself, able to show that the original story owed so much to a German original that he was able to set his opponent at defiance.

The proprietors of these publications do not of course rely only upon American sources for their wares. Ancient and forgotten Annuals, Keepsakes, Books of Beauty, Friendship's Offerings, Town and Country Magazines, and similar repertories of 'genteel' fiction are regularly sifted for available matter. One editor indeed makes no secret of his dependence on these sources, as will be evident from the annexed advertisement which appears weekly in his paper:—

'Literary contributions to . . . . must be short, and very curious or very amusing, original, translated or copied. Copied scraps must be from old books, magazines, periodicals, or newspapers, published *originally* at least forty-two years ago. Literary contributions (if used) will be paid for as follows: Original or translations, three-halfpence per line, and *extra* when specially good;

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[1] Grammar of the American Language for Primary Schools,' lately published in one of the Northern cities, will be found the following remarkable rule:—'*You* when used in addressing a single person requires a singular verb. Thus we say *You was* and not *You were*. The latter is an English vulgarism based upon a false analogy.'

Copied

Copied or cuttings from print, one penny per line. Compiled articles counted original.'

The same thing is done by the proprietors of other weekly pennyworths, who enlist the great army of amateurs in their service by offers of prizes of one or two guineas for the best story of a certain length, reserving to themselves the right of publishing all the competing compositions, even though they may not adjudge the prize to them. There are besides a great number of persons to whom the pleasure of appearing in print is a sufficient reward for a great deal of labour, and from them much 'copy' is obtained. For the rest, the verses and miscellaneous paragraphs, which fill up the odd corners of the minor prints of the day, are raked together from all conceivable sources: ancient jest books, collections of anecdotes, defunct and abortive magazines, and the boxes of odd volumes which may be seen outside secondhand bookstalls and brokers' shops, are all put under contribution.

A different origin may be ascribed to much of the 'original' work which appears in the columns of some of these prints. One proprietor, for example, has a regular manufactory of periodical fiction. Thither a little band of 'literary gentlemen' bend their steps betimes each morning, and until four or five o'clock in the afternoon they labour in the transmogrification of American novels as above described, or in the production of new and original romances of high life and the passions. Sometimes, by way of stimulating their invention, the proprietor provides them with a set of illustrations which have done duty before, and which they may 'write up to' as best they can. More frequently, however, they have to rely on their own unassisted genius. The principal point upon which stress is laid, is that every instalment of these romances shall contain at least one situation susceptible of pictorial treatment. It is hardly necessary to say that the gentlemen who accept engagements of this kind are not as a rule very distinguished members of the Republic of Letters, though in some few instances their antecedents are better than might be expected. One, for example, who was tolerably well known a few years ago, was a University man, a beneficed clergyman, who, having had a misunderstanding with his bishop, threw up his living and abandoned the clerical dress and habits. Another man of the same type bore an historic name, took honours at Oxford, and was expected to do great things. His abilities were of a high order, but he was idle, reckless, and, worst of all, constitutionally incapable of resisting the seductions of drink. He had a facile

pen

pen and great stores of information, but he never succeeded in accomplishing anything beyond the veriest hack-work. His greatest achievement was a romance written for a weekly paper now defunct. The proprietor had made a journey to Paris, and whilst there had picked up for a small sum some fifty or sixty wood-blocks which had been used to illustrate a romance by Ponson du Terrail. These were handed over to the hack in question, with instructions to arrange them in any order that he pleased, and to write up to them so as to use them all. This romance, whose principal merit was that it presented not the faintest resemblance to anything that Ponson du Terrail ever wrote, achieved a considerable amount of success, but produced little in the way of either money or reputation for the unfortunate author, who died in a London hospital a year or two after the story was completed.

It must not, of course, be supposed that the Grub Street of to-day is populated exclusively with broken-down University men. A goodly proportion of them began life in the unambitious capacities of compositors, reporters, and hangers-on of the newspaper press. One well-known personage of this class began what in moments of confidence he delights to style his 'literary career,' when acting as shopman to a second-hand bookseller in a manufacturing town of the Midlands. Another distinguished person of the same type translates dubious French novels on week-days, and on Sundays actually officiates as minister of some sort of Dissenting chapel. A third was a village schoolmaster in Scotland, while of a fourth a curious anecdote was told a few years ago in a monthly magazine. 'A friend of the writer,' said the magazinist, 'has in his service a housemaid whose father writes novels for a Fleet Street publisher from 10 to 4 daily.' A still more amusing illustration of the social status of some of our popular instructors was lately related by a lady, the wife of a well-known physician. Her cook having repeatedly neglected to send up the dinner with the punctuality which is desirable in a well-ordered household, she remonstrated with some sharpness, and to her astonishment was informed that the young person in question was so much occupied with the novel she was writing that she had been unable to pay due attention to her duties in the kitchen. It would be easy to multiply instances of the same state of things, but the fullest information could probably be given by the officials of the Reading Room at the British Museum. Those who wish to see the subject treated in the most amusing light, however, may be referred to a clever novel of the 'Besant and Rice' series, which has for title 'With Harp and Crown,' and

in

in which real and well-known persons are described under feigned names.

From writers of this type it is, of course, hopeless to expect work of any high pretension, nor as a matter of fact is it to be found. But if the literary level of the weekly press be low, its morals are irreproachable. Fortunately it has been found out immorality and indecency do not pay. Not merely is Lord Campbell's Act a stringent one, stringently enforced, but the feeling of the public is distinctly against nastiness of the kind which is the surest passport to the favour of the Parisian democracy. A print such as the *Vie Parisienne*, the *Gil Blas*, or the *Petit Journal pour Rire*, would not live for a month in London, for the sole reason that shopkeepers and newsvendors would not exhibit it, and decent people, whether of the *ouvrière* or of the *petite bourgeoise* class, would not buy it and would not place it where their families might see it. It is easy to vent cheap sneers at the *pruderie anglaise* which has brought about this state of things, and for tenth-rate novelists, who would never have been heard of but for their clumsy Zolaism, to say unpleasant and ungracious things about English girls. The fact remains, and it is certainly one of which no Englishman need be ashamed, that the popular literature of to-day is singularly pure in tone, and that any violation of decency would inevitably lead to such a falling off of circulation as would practically amount to the ruin of the paper guilty of it. At the same time it must be admitted, that this very care for purity and decorum produces some rather anomalous results in itself; while the innocent ignorance of the writers on all points connected with those exalted personages, about whom they write so fluently, is sometimes laughable to an almost painful degree. One or two elementary truths might with great advantage be impressed upon the minds of those authors. It might, for example, be pointed out to them that peers of the realm do not as a rule look for their wives amongst the shop girls and milliners' apprentices of Regent Street and Bond Street; that baronets are not, as a rule, superhumanly wicked; that the chorus and 'extra ladies' of the minor theatres are not necessarily superhumanly virtuous; that ladies of birth, family, and position, are not invariably much worse from the moral point of view than their own maids; and finally, that gentlepeople, of whatever age or condition they may be, have occasionally some notion of the value of self-restraint, and are sometimes actuated by motives a little higher than those of a sordid self-interest.

If those few and simple rules were observed, and if the

caterers for that taste for high life, which obviously prevails amongst those whom Mr. Laurence Oliphant was wont to call the 'lower middles,' would but condescend to write from a somewhat higher point of view than that of the servants' hall, something better might be afforded than is to be found in these romances. Take, for example, the batch of papers which represent what may very fairly be called the 'J. F. Smith school of fiction.' This is perhaps the oldest of all the styles of the penny weekly press. 'The London Journal,' in which it took its rise, made its first appearance nearly forty-nine years ago. As usual it began as 'a weekly record of literature, science, and art,' but science and art were left on one side at a very early period, and the paper became a vehicle for thrilling romances of fashionable life of the most exciting kind. The principal author was a Mr. J. F. Smith, who was, if not the founder—that title being properly due to the notorious G. W. M. Reynolds—the great exemplar of the penny periodical romance. Mr. Smith, who died at the beginning of the month of March last, was a man of more than respectable abilities, and was content to lead a queer, disreputable Bohemian life on the salary of a Parliamentary Under-Secretary. Curiously enough, he was absolutely unknown amongst journalists, and even amongst 'literary men' of the type immortalized by the author of 'Caste.' Yet, as the writer of the single obituary notice which appeared in the daily papers remarks, 'he had a thousand readers where Dickens had ten, or Thackeray one. He was the people's chosen author; he won the throne of their affections, and he held it unassailed.' During the time of his greatest prosperity he lived in a second-rate Bloomsbury boarding-house, and his only public appearances were at the office of the late Mr. Johnson, the proprietor of 'The London Journal,' where he wrote his weekly instalment of 'copy,' and whence, having drawn his salary, he disappeared for a week. With few exceptions his works were thrilling romances of fashionable life, but he began his career as a writer of fiction as a devotee of the 'romantic school.' His first success was achieved in 1849, when, after Rush's murders, he wrote an exciting novel with the taking title of 'Stanfield Hall.' It is only fair to say, however, that the tale, though sufficiently sensational, was not a mere vulgar reproduction of the story of Mr. Jermy, but a work more in the style of the late G. P. R. James, with a touch of Charles Dickens's humour. 'Stanfield Hall' was followed by 'Minnigrey,' 'Woman and her Master,' 'Amy Lawrence,' and an endless series of tales upon the same lines, thanks to which 'The London Journal' was at one time the best property of its class in London. In the course of time Mr. Smith

ith seceded from 'The London Journal' and joined the
a rival print of the same kind—'The Family Paper' of
Cassell—where it is said that he was not quite so success-
e had, however, founded a school of romancers which is
to this day. Mr. Pierce Egan the Younger, whose name
; memories of the Tom and Jerry era, was the most suc-
mongst them; but he was nearly, if not quite, equalled by
n Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth—whose name will not be
n Mr. Mudie's lists—Miss Braddon, Mr. Charles Reade,
. Henry Wood, whose romances, however, scarcely hit the
taste. Mr. Smith had founded his school, and the class
h he catered was satisfied with his method. Its principal
ristics were summed up some time ago, and they have not
in the interval. The romances of Mr. Smith and his
s, it was said, 'contain plenty of vice and not a little
ut the criminal always comes to grief in the end, and virtue
ewarded with wealth and titles and honour. The villains
rally of high birth and repulsive appearance; the lowly
ges always of ravishing beauty and unsullied virtue.
ce and loveliness in a gingham gown are perpetually
by vice and debauchery in varnished boots and spotless
Life is surrounded by mystery; detectives are ever on
h, and the most astonishing pitfalls and mantraps are
d in the path of the unwary and the innocent. Nor
ction and observation wanting. Maxims of the most
ous morality, overwhelming aphorisms, and descriptive
of surpassing fineness are scattered lavishly over the

r as it goes, this description was perfectly accurate
fifties and still remains so; but one really important
s been omitted—the stories are all identically the same.
ne has been read, all have been read; the names and the
s only are changed. Lady Laura's hair is brown, and
are blue in one story; Lady Constance in another has
air and violet eyes, but each goes through the same
es, each is made love to by an unprincipled adventurer
in Hawke in one story, Major Falcon in another—each
is guilty overtures with the same superb disdain, and
the trying scene is over, Lady Constance goes into
s, Lady Laura takes her revenge by 'falling into a
swoon.' So with the other persons of the story. For
scrutable reason known only to the penny romancer, the
is always a villain, is always the possessor of colossal
which he squanders remorselessly for the guiltiest
s, while the Earl is as invariably the best and noblest of

placed in possession of his title a
is discomfited and sent into exile
intrigues would not have puzzled
which, it appears, still exist a
heroine is rewarded for her con
servants' hall to that coronet whi
a century and a half ago, is the
pattens.'

All this, it will be said, is ve
appetite for it seems to be pr
London Journal' is still in exi
of its former self, subsisting ma
ancient reputation, and by the re
romances of Mr. Smith by which
place has been taken by a rival p
size, shape, and general appeara
London Reader,' and is now in
existence, and by a 'Family Rea
All three have something more th
illustrations might be drawn by
always ten and a half feet high at
eight feet. Both are handsome
noses and strongly accentuated
women alike, habitually stand
side, the body leaning forward, a
behind the hip, an attitude into
readily enough, but which no h
adopt.

These illustrations were adop

of his 'Autobiography,' tells how in his old age he was still cheerful and could still call for and enjoy his 'Family Herald,' adding a few words of kindly commendation of the little paper. The 'Saturday,' in its turn, once allowed an article in praise of it to appear in its columns, which, though perhaps a little warmer in its eulogies than the circumstances warranted, was not without a certain justification. 'The Family Herald' is, in fact, what it has always been, a very creditable specimen of the popular literature of the day. The bulk of the matter is, of course, fiction, but space is found for other things. Of the fiction it may at once be said that it will compare favourably not merely with that which appears in magazines of its own class, but with the stories which adorn the pages of magazines of much greater pretension. Several well-known writers, indeed, first made their bow to the public in the pages of 'The Family Herald,' notably that Miss Warden whose 'House on the Marsh' was the sensation of the season a few years ago. In themselves the stories are at worst inoffensive, but they have certain positive merits which can be fully appreciated only after a long course of penny fiction. In the first place, the tales are not too 'genteel;' in the second, they are not wildly sensational. In other words, the writers do not strive to make up for their incapacity to delineate character by nicknaming their puppets out of the highest ranks of the peerage, and by putting into the mouths of high-born ladies language and ideas which would be considered vulgar even by the shop-girls and apprentices who form the majority of the readers of these papers. Nor do they endeavour, as a rule, to atone for the feebleness of their grasp of character by inventing situations of impossible horror and incongruity. The stories are, in short, very fair specimens of fiction of the second order, and may certainly claim recognition on the ground of morality and good feeling. That part of 'The Family Herald' which is not occupied by novels, serial and other, is filled with miscellaneous clippings on various subjects; riddles, and an essay on some social or general topic not political. These essays will seem to most readers the weakest part of the paper. They are very trite and commonplace, and consist mainly in the repetition of two or three obvious reflections in a variety of ways.

Partly by way of supplement to their weekly issues and partly as independent speculations, the proprietors of some of these periodicals publish short stories in a separate form, each complete in a single issue, to which they give the name of 'Novelettes.' Those of 'The Family Herald' are of much the same character as the stories in that journal. They are perfectly cleanly

cleanly, sometimes rather dull, and sometimes mildly sensational. If their readers get little moral or ethical teaching from them, they are at least able to while away their leisure pleasantly. It is not always possible to speak as gently of some other of these publications. 'The Bow Bells Weekly'—a rival of 'The Family Herald,' which after sundry vicissitudes has lately made its appearance in a new form—publishes one of these 'Novelettes' every week. The idea seems to be a successful one, for the issue has continued for a period of about a dozen years, but an examination of the stories does not leave behind it a very exalted idea of the intellectual capacity of either writers or readers. The stories are all of 'high life,' or rather of something which the writers imagine high life to be. The puppets invariably address each other in the very finest English—finest from the point of view of the servants' hall, that is to say; and when the author speaks in his own person, his skilful manipulation of the pronouns 'who,' 'whom,' and 'which,' with and without the conjunction, affords the reader a wonderful insight into syntax. The incidents are of the most romantic and blood-curdling description, the mysteries enthralling, and the passions of every personage of the fiercest kind. A murder or two, a mysterious disappearance, an abduction attempted or successful, are but parts of the common form in which these romances are cast, and in the end everything always comes right; virtue, youth, and beauty—inseparable allies in these stories—are triumphant, and the villain, as always happens in real life, meets the fate he deserves. Of course it would be absurd to look for perfection, but it might have been hoped that the standard would be a little higher than it is. The publishers would seem, however, to understand their business, and, finding that trash will meet a ready market, content themselves with supplying it.

At the same time it might have been hoped that some effort would be made to rise above the level of mawkish silliness with which they appear to be content. One, in the series entitled 'The Princess's Novelette,' is as fair a specimen of this quality as could be desired. The heroine is the daughter of a London banker who is hustled by a body of working men at a station on the Underground Railway. She is rescued by a gentleman who 'offers a striking contrast to the gay youth of gilded saloons.' Arrived safely at home, she contrasts her hero with her own brother, 'by profession a soldier,' whom she at once puts through his facings with the question:—

'"Augustus, are you fearless and brave?"

'"Ella, my dear," said Mrs. Laughton, "what an extraordinary question

question to put to your brother! Soldiers are not all intended to risk their lives. The common privates, sons of labourers and mechanics, are drilled on purpose to fight. Gentlemen officers are to keep them in their proper places."'

Satisfied apparently with this lucid explanation, Ella's 'ideas respecting marriage are altered,' and she sets to work to find the hero who saved her from the wicked working man. In the most artless way in the world she gets his name and address at the station and sets a private detective on his track, instructing him to meet her at the house of a nurse formerly in the service of the family. Having thus discovered all about her hero, she intrigues for an invitation to a house where she expects to meet him. There she flirts outrageously with a baronet of great wealth concerning whom the reader learns nothing save that he speaks of a waltz as 'the mazy.' Having refused the baronet's offer of marriage, she invites herself to the house of an aunt in the country, in the hope that her hero, who rejoices in the remarkable name of Edwy Delyun, may make his appearance there. 'Tastily but simply dressed,' she walks along the road which Mr. Delyun must traverse on arriving, in hope of seeing him, and on the following day 'takes a light rod' and goes out fishing by herself. She succeeds, of course, in hooking first the bough of a tree and next the susceptible heart of the innocent Edwy. Matters are brought to a crisis by a jealous poacher, who imagines that the young lover is endeavouring to secure the affections of a maid-servant of whom he is enamoured, and who naturally, according to the writers of penny fiction, shoots him in the back. The wound is a trifling one, but the fair Ella obtains assistance and completes her triumph.

This agreeable picture of maidenly modesty and the manners of good society is paralleled by 'The Illustrated Family Novelist,' the number of which now before us relates the loves and sorrows of a young lady who falls in love with a handsome actor whom she accidentally meets in the street, and who moves heaven and earth to win him, the moral for the benefit of the smart shop-girls and milliners' apprentices who may be seen studying the paper in omnibuses and tramcars, being of course the desirability of making acquaintance with handsome and interesting young men in the street. Much the same kind of moral is enforced in all these 'Novelettes,' which increase in number and apparently in popularity with every succeeding month. For this latter accident their extreme cheapness may possibly account; they are certainly amongst the least costly specimens of popular literature with which the student can make acquaintance. The price is always the same, a penny; and for that sum the reader is

is provided with a sufficiently sensational story worked out with as much elaboration as he is likely to require, and illustrated with from one to half-a-dozen pictures in woodcut or some of the more recent processes, not greatly inferior to the illustrations which accompany more costly periodicals. In actual amount of letterpress about as much matter is given as is usually found in one of the small one-volume stories prepared by publishers of a different type for the circulating libraries. Thus each number of the 'Bow Bells' series already mentioned consists of sixteen large quarto pages, printed in double columns with three illustrations. Allowing for what compositors call 'fat,' and for the space occupied by the woodcuts, the story thus contains about 25,000 words, equal to about 100 pages of the ordinary three-volume novel. The other series contain some a little more matter, and some a little less. Thus, 'The Ladies' Own Novelette,' which is not quite so utterly futile in substance as some of its competitors, announces on its cover that it gives 'TWO COMPLETE NOVELS' for its penny, and carries out its promise by issuing 32 pages of a size somewhat smaller than those of 'Bow Bells,' and containing about 40,000 words or 150 pages of regulation novel size. The quantity and quality are very much alike in all the series, but the shape is sometimes altered, and various inducements are held out to subscribers. The lottery for prizes of more or less value is a favourite one, and prize competitions for successful answers to charades and arithmetical puzzles are hardly less popular. One widely circulated print of this kind advertises its willingness to sell paper dress patterns, with full instructions, at half price to subscribers who like to send a 'coupon' cut from the cover and certain stamps, while several open their columns to 'correspondents,' answering in this way questions on every conceivable subject, from the etiquette of courtship to the manufacture of cowslip wine, and from the art of corn-cutting to the authenticity of the Canticles.

There is, from one point of view happily, no lack of effort to stem the current of mingled wickedness and folly which threatens to turn cheap literature into a curse. The twin great Societies are doing admirable work; but the Religious Tract Society is doubtless greatly hampered by its name. There are probably thousands of the class whom it is most desirable to reach who refuse to read the stories of the 'Leisure Hour,' on the ground that they 'don't care for tracts.' Nor, considering the feebleness and ineptitude of not a few of the earlier publications of the Society, can this feeling be a source of any real surprise. If, however, the same paper appears without the

imprimatur

imprimatur of the Society, the class for which it is intended will buy and read it so long as it is conducted on its present lines. The wisdom of this course is proved by the popularity of the Society's two papers for children—'The Boy's Own Paper' and 'The Girl's Own Paper'—which in the last ten years have proved themselves quite the best things of their kind. It would be pleasant to speak as highly of the series of penny novelettes issued by the Society, apparently in emulation of the exceedingly secular publications with which we have hitherto dealt. Unfortunately these stories, though well printed and got up, are written to a great extent on the lines of an old-fashioned tract, with a somewhat obtrusive moral, and are consequently hardly likely to be bought in large numbers by the class whom it is most sought to reach. Of course kind-hearted people will buy them extensively to give away; but that is a very different thing from such a circulation as the 'wholly worldly' press enjoys.

The series of stories issued by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, under the title of the 'Penny Library of Fiction,' is certainly not open to this objection. Some people may, indeed, be inclined to say that they err occasionally in the opposite direction, and differ too little from the sensational stories which their startling covers appear to emulate. The objection is, however, overstrained. The stories are good from the literary point of view; most of them, if not all, are eminently amusing and interesting; the tone is thoroughly healthy and masculine, and though religion is never paraded its influence is felt. Like the *impluvium* in the hall of a Roman house, it purifies and tempers the surrounding atmosphere in silence and almost unseen. It is even more satisfactory to be able to add that the stories stand on their own merits. Whether they are profitable to the Society as a commercial speculation we have no means of knowing; but judging from the wide circulation which our independent inquiries assure us that they enjoy, it is probable that they are. In any case there is every reason to believe, that they really reach the class for which they are designed, and that they have in many cases served to create a taste for reading of a higher character than semi-vicious and wholly frivolous romances. It is useless to complain, as some do, that these publications are deficient in the very quality for which the societies are supposed to exist. The days of the tract are gone by, and the classes amongst which they were once distributed—not perhaps altogether without benefit—have asserted and are asserting themselves more strongly every day. The British working man,

man, in short, will neither buy tracts nor read them. For the first time, perhaps, a good many people saw him in his true colours during the late strikes—suspicious, haughty, jealous, irritable, and resenting above all things the very appearance of patronage and condescension. If we wish to improve the literary food which he will accept, we can do so only by offering him better things than have yet been presented at a similar price. No good will be done by an attempt at censorship, whether by Act of Parliament or by Act of County Council. Abortive prosecutions are above all things to be deprecated. If books come within the lines of Lord Campbell's Act, the law should of course be enforced; but ill-advised prosecutions like that of the 'Decameron' some months ago, and prurient gossip like the Music Hall debates in Lord Rosebery's Parliament, do a thousand times more harm than good.

If we wish, therefore, to get rid of the worse and weaker forms of penny fiction, we must begin in the school-room—not necessarily by yielding to the popular cry for technical education for boys and cookery classes for girls at the public expense—but by encouraging the growth of something resembling culture. The Catechism has gone, of course; it is a 'sectarian' formula, and, as such, hateful to the 'sectarians' of Secularism and Dissent. The Bible has followed the Catechism, though even so critical an observer and educationist as Matthew Arnold pleaded for it as the only relic of culture left to the working classes. The result is that we are in the position of the man in the Gospels. We have cast out the unclean spirit of ignorance from the working-class mind, and have left it empty, swept and neatly garnished with 'the three Rs.' Let us beware lest the unclean spirit returns with seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and turn the class we have made our masters into the agents for the overthrow of society.

How the void thus created is to be filled up is the problem of to-day. It is impossible, as we have said, to fall back upon religious teaching in the Board Schools; to do so would raise a storm which no Ministry cares to provoke. While the settlement of this question is pending, however, there are happily some signs of light in the distance—a healthy and natural light, and not the artificial glimmer created by philanthropic societies and individual benevolence. Publishers are beginning to awaken to the fact that the spread of education and the increased facilities of communication have created a vast new public to which it is worth while to appeal. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge and kindred institutions, the Messrs. Chambers, and to a certain extent Messrs. Cassell in a more recent period, had,

had, as it were, to create their public. To-day the audience is gathered; the demand exists, it awaits only supply. The extent of the sale of the trash, upon which we have spent so much space, proves the existence of a public who may be reached by a little courage and enterprise, and from whom a large profit may be drawn. Many publishers are happily proving that they are beginning to meet the growing demand. Messrs. Cassell have led the way with a 'National Library,' which it is no hyperbole to say is a marvel of good editing, mechanical excellence, and cheapness. Other publishers are following with cheap 'libraries' of the masterpieces of English literature, and more modern books, such as Lady Brassey's fascinating journals of travel, and Captain Burnaby's 'Ride to Khiva,' while a great number of really good and wholesome works of fiction have recently appeared at the nominal price of 6*d.*—really 4½*d.* or 5*d.* per copy. The greatest triumph is perhaps the sixpenny edition of 'Westward Ho!'—Charles Kingsley's healthy and vigorous Elizabethan story. The first impression of this reprint—100,000—is, it is gratifying to learn, already sold, and the demand does not appear to be completely supplied even yet. Whether the other numbers of the same series will be equally popular is perhaps open to question. 'Hypatia' and 'Hereward the Wake' demand a considerable amount of knowledge in the reader, while 'Yeast' and 'Alton Locke' deal with social problems which have materially changed their aspect in the thirty years that have passed since the books were first published. The experiment is, however, a spirited and courageous one, and will command the good wishes of all who desire to see sound literature made popular. It only remains for some publisher of courage, enterprise, and wit, to follow where the Christian Knowledge Society has led, by giving similarly good literature to the new generation in the time-honoured penny number form, to make the romances of the highway and the prison things of the past. Exorbitant profits cannot be expected from such speculations, but a fairly remunerative return may reasonably be looked for—a return which, if proper judgment and skill be applied to the selection of the books for production, to the illustrations, and to the system of distribution, would be at least as satisfactory as that yielded by the shabby, vulgar, and vicious prints which originate within the Hundreds of Drury.

ART. VII.—*Walpole.* By John Morley. London, 1890.

THE object of the present article is not so much to justify the Tory opposition to the ministries of George I. and George II., as to trace the steps by which Sir Robert Walpole made himself and his policy so unpopular with the British people as to endanger seriously the political system inaugurated at the accession of the House of Hanover, and to bring us to the verge of a reaction in favour of personal government which in the reign of George III. was for a time actually restored. But the one argument necessarily involves the other, and we were not sorry for the opportunity afforded by Mr. Morley's book, of saying a few words in behalf of a great party to whom full justice has never yet been done. Underneath all the inflated rhetoric and false sentiment which disfigure both the speeches and essays of the Opposition during the last sixteen years of Walpole's administration, there is a substratum of truth and common sense: and even the most extravagant assertions contained in them are seldom without a real meaning. We have endeavoured to set Walpole's case in as fair a light as possible, but it is necessary for the main purpose of this article to bring out the whole strength of the case, which men like Wyndham and Barnard, men of eminent ability and integrity, believed they had against him.

A 'Life of Sir Robert Walpole,' by Mr. John Morley, would probably have been deeply interesting had the author never sat in Parliament; but written by one who to the literary ability of Mr. Morley unites the experience of a Cabinet Minister, it promised to be doubly valuable. Nor have we, on the whole, been disappointed. It is useless to demand from these short biographies more than they can hold. Mr. Morley has given us a concise epitome of Walpole's long career as Prime Minister and Party leader, bringing before us the political life of a bygone era with a distinctness only possible to one who has trod the stage himself. And with this we ought surely to be satisfied. We do not agree with him in every particular; but from his general estimate of Walpole, moral, intellectual, and political, we see no reason to dissent. We propose to take in order the principal offences with which Sir Robert Walpole has been charged, dividing them into two classes, distinguishing what may be called his 'system' in general with the means by which it was supported, from the particular measures which were assailed on independent grounds; and finally to review the scheme which was under consideration for overthrowing his power when it seemed that all ordinary means had failed.

We

We have no more sympathy than Mr. Morley has with the wholesale abuse of which Walpole has been the object, as the shameless cynic and fountain of Parliamentary corruption. Revolutionary periods—the remark is as old as Thucydides—are never very favourable to political morality, or indeed to any other; and it may safely be asserted that, from the Restoration of Charles II. to the death of George II., the tone of public life in England had sunk to a lower level than it has ever touched either before or since. Walpole was neither above nor below the standard of his own age. The particular form of corruption, which consisted in buying men's votes in the House of Commons, naturally grew more common, as such votes became better worth buying. The Septennial Act doubled their value at a single stroke. A seven years' lease of a member was a political property for which an unscrupulous Minister would not hesitate to incur the very trifling risk that then attended bribery. Votes became a marketable commodity. But nobody can suppose that men like Marlborough, Godolphin, or Bolingbroke, were deterred from buying them by their superior political purity.

It is also quite necessary to remember that Walpole had great public objects before him in stooping to this ignoble traffic. The new dynasty had to be kept on the throne. Parliamentary government had to be consolidated. If we cannot allow that the end justified the means, we must at least allow that it excused them; and that bribery for the sake of great principles, and bribery for the furtherance of selfish personal interests, are two very different things. If Walpole combined both, all that can be said is that it was very difficult to separate the two. It is useless to pry too closely into the motives of public men, or to endeavour to ascertain exactly where patriotism ends and personal ambition begins. These are often so closely interwoven in the same man, that even he himself cannot always tell the one from the other. Walpole may have thought himself, and perhaps really was, indispensable to the new settlement. And in fact almost every delinquency which has been laid to his charge, whether by friend or foe, flowed from the necessities of his position as the Minister of an unpopular family which he was bound to maintain upon the throne by every means at his command. To say that it was his own interest to do so, is idle. Of course it was. He made their cause his own: and he could not have helped them without helping himself. There are, as Dr. Arnold has pointed out, men like Falkland, whose devotion to a cause is absolutely unselfish; who are ready to make the costliest sacrifice which man can make for the sake of an abstract principle, and to say with

with Cato, 'successu non crescit honestum.' Such men are few and far between, and Walpole was not one of them. He was not a man either to waste his energies on a hopeless cause, or to serve even a good one for nothing. He saw, no doubt, that Parliamentary government was the system of the future, and he preferred the rising to the setting sun. Most men do: and it is clear that he had no scruple about either breaking his word or sacrificing his consistency, if either stood between himself and the road which it behoved him to travel.

At the same time we must point out to Mr. Morley that there *is* a difference between buying individuals and buying boroughs, though he seems to see none. When a man purchased a borough, he might be availing himself of a system which was very injurious to the public interests, but it involved no personal immorality. Nobody was bribed. The purchase of next presentations in the Church, an analogous system, may or may not be mischievous on public gounds. But it is not simony. The purchaser of a borough bought the right of presentation, so to speak; and whether he presented himself or a nominee, there was no dishonesty in the transaction. But the man who sells his vote sells his conscience. This is the theoretical difference. Practically, as few such men had any conscience to sell, no great harm was done.

Of the second charge against Walpole, namely that no great measure of reform is connected with his name, we accept Mr. Morley's explanation. The charge, indeed, is not quite fair, for his fiscal reforms were of great value. But his work in life was to complete the Revolution Settlement. That is the great measure by which his name will be remembered, and enough too. We have many great statesmen in our history whose names, though associated, it may be, with some glorious or famous policy, are wholly unconnected with any particular measure of the first rank. The names of Canning and Palmerston will occur to us at once. If a man's greatness is to be measured by the number of Acts which he places on the Statute Book, then Lord Liverpool, Lord Grey, and Lord Melbourne were greater men than either Pitt or Chatham. The modern rage for legislation, and its adoption as a test of statesmanship, are characteristic of the lower level of political thought which came in with a middle-class democracy. We are glad to see that Mr. Morley can rise above it. And when next he accuses Lord Salisbury of doing nothing—a most unjust charge, by the bye—we hope he will remember his own estimate of Sir Robert Walpole. Lord Salisbury's mission is the maintenance of the Empire, as Walpole's was the maintenance of the dynasty.

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If any one says that the Empire is perfectly safe, or that the game is not worth the candle, he is only saying now precisely what the Tories said then of Walpole's Administration and the Revolution Settlement. They accused the Whig party of exaggerating, or even inventing, the dangers by which, as they declared, that Settlement was encompassed, in order to represent themselves as necessary to its security, and to bring odium on all who were opposed to them. The Whigs, so said their critics, used Popery and arbitrary power as bugbears to alarm the people; and as often as their foreign or domestic policy was called in question, the cry was at once raised that the Protestant Succession was in danger. And this brings us to the third great offence which the Tories imputed to Sir Robert. It was a favourite contention of Bolingbroke that, if the Government had any good reason to be afraid of a Jacobite insurrection, they had only themselves to blame for it; and that nothing could really have endangered the new Constitution but the means which had been taken to secure it. The system of proscription and exclusion, which had prevailed since 1714, had only inflamed the party spirit which it was intended to quell, and had forced into an attitude of hostility men whom a little conciliation and recognition would have converted into useful friends. The Whigs, in truth, had done what Lord Hartington has been so careful not to do, and had made that appear the act of a party which should have seemed the act of the nation.

The fourth general count in the indictment, apart from the particular acts or measures to which we shall presently advert, was the load of taxation which it was said the Whig party had entailed upon the English people. The public had not got used to the National Debt as a permanent element in our fiscal system, and the interest they were compelled to pay not only was considered a great grievance, but also led them naturally to inquire for what object the debt had been incurred. The answer was, for the maintenance of a mode or government embodied in the person of Sir Robert Walpole, who supported himself by means of the artificial interest thus created, and had everything at stake in upholding it. Mr. Morley himself frankly describes the National Debt as 'a pillar of the Hanoverian system.' It was deliberately created for that very purpose.

'When King William entered, immediately after the Revolution, on this great scene of action, the unencumbered condition of this nation, which has been hinted at above, was such, that he might have been supported in it, by good management, as profusely as he was, and even more effectually, by the revenue then subsisting by a land tax, by the excise on malt, and by some additional subsidies, all of

of which would have been raised within the year. A scheme of this kind was prepared and offered. It was allowed to be practicable; but it was rejected for a reason that appeared plausible in political refinement, and has proved most pernicious in its consequences. It was said that a new Government, established against the ancient principles and actual engagements of many, could not be so effectually secured any way, as it would be were the private fortunes of great numbers made to depend on the preservation of it; and that this could not be done unless they were induced to lend money to the public, and to accept securities under the present establishment. Thus the method of funding and the trade of stock-jobbing began. Thus were great companies created, the pretended servants, but in many respects the real masters of every Administration.'

Thus writes Bolingbroke to Marchmont in 1748. He had every opportunity of knowing the truth; and even if we allow that he would not have scrupled to distort it for his own purposes, there is no reason to believe that distortion was necessary here. An artificial interest was called into being, in order to prop up a system of government which the Tory party thought had much better have been left to the natural good sense of the English people and their innate love of civil and religious liberty.

Walpole, of course, was not answerable for the National Debt in the first instance. So far from that, he was the author of the sinking fund by which it was to be paid off. But he represented the system in which it originated: he afterwards appropriated the fund to general purposes; and he opposed Sir John Barnard's scheme for reducing the interest. The moneyed class, in fact, did not wish to have it paid off, nor did it suit the Whig book to pay it off. In so doing they would have been breaking the chain by which that valuable class of adherents was bound to them. This fact was well known to the Opposition, and in the hands of such skilful strategists there was little fear of its not being turned to good account.

Fifthly, we have to notice a charge which in the eyes of that generation appeared perhaps the most serious of all; the attempt, namely, of Walpole to make himself sole, or First Minister, or, in words often used at that period, to establish a perpetual dictatorship. The Constitution, it was said, knew nothing of First Ministers. There must be heads of departments of varying degrees of dignity and authority, but no one supreme over the others. The Opposition no doubt had precedent and usage on their side; but Mr. Morley properly points out, what it requires only a very cursory acquaintance with political history to perceive, that in a fully developed system of

of Parliamentary government, there must in the Ministry or the Cabinet be one supreme will. He might have gone on to show what must happen if there is not. If no such authority is claimed by any member of the Ministry, it will fall into the hands of the Sovereign. This is what actually happened under George III. During the Ministry of Lord North we had just this government by departments, which the Tories desiderated under Walpole. Yet George III. was only doing what William III. had done before him; and, to some extent, Queen Anne also. Walpole's contemporaries may reasonably have doubted which was the constitutional practice and which the violation of it. The fundamental idea, which underlay the new regime, was only very imperfectly understood by Englishmen in general down to the middle of the eighteenth century. It appeared to many that we had only got rid of an avowed absolutism to fall under a disguised one; and that the new method, by pressing into the service of despotism the forms of liberty, was in reality more dangerous than the old one. It is evident that the greater part of the British public, while understanding well enough what the Revolution was intended to pull down, never very clearly comprehended what it was designed to set up. It may be doubted indeed whether within the sacred circle of the Revolution families any distinct and well-defined ideal of Parliamentary Government existed. Like so many things in England, it was left to grow; and during the process misunderstandings were certain to arise. In the form which it finally assumed between 1783 and 1832 we had probably the nearest approach to what the authors of the Revolution would have regarded as the proper distribution of power between the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons. But that was not arrived at without a prolonged struggle, in which both parties were alternately to blame. We do not think, therefore, that much fault is to be found with the Tories for their protests against a First Minister, though Walpole was unquestionably in the right; and it was not long before one of his chief assailants was taking a leaf out of his book. In 1746, we find Chesterfield recommending just the same policy to Newcastle. 'Some public brand should be put upon Granville and his followers, the Finches turned out, garters properly disposed of,' and 'you must be called for again; and upon your own terms. When that day comes, and I think it cannot be far off, "point de faiblesse humaine, point de quartier," I beseech you.' Dr. Johnson was of the same opinion. If he was in power, he said he would turn out every man who dared to oppose him. He called Walpole 'a fine fellow.' But still

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delinquencies which were the immediate cause of the popular outcry against Walpole. For the former the great body of the people cared but little. For the latter they cared a great deal: and, in justice to the political party by which he was opposed, we must endeavour to look at his career as nearly as possible through the eyes of his contemporaries, and not in the additional light thrown upon it by the experience of another century and a half. That the leaders of the Opposition were actuated by selfish or dishonest motives is one of those propositions which it is equally difficult either to prove or to disprove. In all political parties a great variety of motives will usually be found at work. But we see no reason to believe that the Tory Opposition in the reigns of the first two Georges were worse than any other Opposition, or that they can with any show of justice or propriety be described as pre-eminently factious. The Tory party of that era has suffered from being associated in the public mind with the name of Lord Bolingbroke, who did not, however, possess that absolute authority in its councils which has been often imputed to him. But even in his case, though his leading motive may have been the thirst for vengeance, the evils to which he directed public attention were none the less real. Macaulay, in writing of the Treaty of Utrecht, acknowledges that though he was 'a brilliant knave,' Bolingbroke was still in the right; and whoever will take the trouble to unravel the tangled skein of foreign affairs in which England was implicated from 1721 to 1739, will be compelled to admit that, on the whole, the complaints of the Tory party were only too well founded.

Let us begin with those charges against Walpole, which were either purely groundless and factious, or else based on facts which his assailants distorted or misconstrued. With his Free-trade measures the Tories at least could find no fault, because a Tory Ministry—this much is allowed by Mr. Morley—had set the first example of Free-trade; and Walpole's plans for the development of Colonial commerce, conceived in a thoroughly wise and statesmanlike spirit, seem to have been accepted with little hesitation. Most of these were accomplished during the early days of his administration, from 1721 to 1724, when the opposition to him in Parliament was less powerful and less venomous than it subsequently became. He repealed the import duties on a great variety of articles of Colonial produce, of which a list is given in Dowell's 'History of Taxation;' and all export duties on goods and merchandise of the product or manufacture of Great Britain. Here we see the principle of 'Free-trade with the Colonies, and Protection

against the rest of the world,' cropping out. He next turned his attention to the possibility of increasing the revenue by placing some check upon smuggling, which the Customs' duties imposed since the Revolution had fostered to an alarming height. He began with tea, making compulsory the warehouse system, which in 1711 had been established as optional.

'All tea on importation was to be warehoused, and a duty of 14 per cent. on its value was to be paid immediately. Subsequently an inland duty of four shillings the pound was payable, on taking the tea out of warehouse for home consumption. In order to secure the tax, the traders were placed under the Excise system of permit, account and survey, of which the principal features were—that no tea could be removed from one place to another, by land or water, in any quantity exceeding six pounds in weight, without an accompanying Excise ticket of permission, termed a "permit;" and that every seller of and dealer in tea was required to keep, in one book, an account of all sales of tea in any quantity exceeding six pounds, and in another, an account of all sales of tea in any less quantity than six pounds; while the Excise officers had general powers of inspection and survey of his stock.'

This increased the revenue in the course of seven years by 120,000*l.* per annum.

It may seem strange that a principle, which provoked so little opposition when applied to tea, should have roused such a tempest of indignation when applied to wine and tobacco. The popular preference for the last-mentioned articles had nothing to do with the clamour. It was the principle that was assailed; and no one Act of Walpole's administration so nearly proved fatal to him as what was, in truth, one of its most creditable efforts—the famous, or, as it was then called, the infamous Excise Bill.

There are three reasons to be given in explanation of this seeming inconsistency. In the first place, the Tea Bill had not been called an Excise Bill. The duties, as we have seen, were still called Customs'. Now the word Excise had always been hateful in English ears ever since the days of the Long Parliament, when it was first introduced by Pym. As long before as the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Crown had been advised not to lay a tax on beer, since it was sure to be stigmatized as an 'excise,' and breed great popular discontent. Consequently the very name was sufficient to create a violent prejudice against the Bill, even before the scope of it was known. In the second place, there was in 1733, what there was not in 1723, a regular and well-organized Opposition burning to overthrow the administration, and largely under the influence of

of leaders, who scrupled at nothing to effect their object. They set to work at once, therefore, to fan the flame into a general conflagration which should consume at once both the measure and its author. But, thirdly, we must understand that the opposition to the Excise Bill was not altogether that senseless and factious clamour which it has been the fashion to represent it. After his successful treatment of the duties we have already mentioned, including the Repeal of the Salt-tax in 1730, Walpole next turned his attention to the land-tax, an impost peculiarly distasteful to the country gentlemen whom it was now his policy to conciliate. In 1731 he reduced it from two shillings in the pound to one shilling, involving a loss to the Revenue of 500,000*l.* In 1732, when the land-tax was again to be levied at the rate of only one shilling, it became necessary to find a substitute to make up the deficiency, and Walpole was obliged to reimpose the salt-tax, which only two years before he had himself condemned as burdensome and impolitic, and a great discouragement to our manufactures and fisheries. The salt-tax, however, only produced one-third of the sum wanted, and the remaining two-thirds it was now proposed to raise by changing the Customs' duties on wine and tobacco into an Excise duty. The principle has already been explained in our preceding remarks on the tea duty. And Walpole's contention was that the sums saved by the prevention of smuggling and other frauds would equal the amount required.

As far, however, as this particular calculation was concerned, Walpole appears to have been mistaken. When the question came to be examined in Parliament, it was asserted by the Opposition that the entire duties upon tobacco did not much exceed 200,000*l.* a year, and that the value of the smuggled tobacco seized by the revenue officers did not exceed 1400*l.* a year. The wine duties amounted to about half a million, and the value of the seizures to about 700*l.* a year. Thus the frauds discovered in both branches of the Revenue accounted for little more than 2,000*l.* a year; and in order to bear out the ministerial statement, the value of the duties, of which the Government was annually defrauded in these two departments, must have amounted to between 300,000*l.* and 400,000*l.* The Opposition, not without some show of reason, inquired whether this was likely to be the case. If anybody will take the trouble just to read for himself the articles in the 'Craftsman' upon the subject, he will find that many of them, so far from being mere empty declamation, are written in a thoroughly business-like style, with perfect knowledge of the subject, and with great closeness of reasoning. They may be right or wrong,

wrong, but they cannot be brushed on one side as mere froth and foam. To speak of them in that manner is simply ridiculous. When Mr. Morley wrote that the Excise Bill was a subject which the writers in the 'Craftsman' 'neither understood nor intended to understand,' he could not have read at least half-a-dozen of the papers which appeared between October 1732 and April 1733. Unfortunately they are mixed up with a great deal of high heroic bombast on the political aspects of the question, though even in this there is a meaning. When the Opposition speak of the Excise Bill as intended to reduce the country to slavery, it sounds like nonsense to ourselves. But what they meant was that, as in all the seaport boroughs, the Government possessed immense influence through the patronage of the Custom House; so if the influence were extended to the inland towns by means of the Excise, they would be simply irresistible; and if we would understand how the question presented itself to plain men of business at that time, we must not shrink from the trouble of separating the grain from the chaff. In No. 335, the 'Craftsman' writes with great good sense:—

'I am ready to allow that these complaints of fraud and smuggling are too just; but I cannot agree with the letter-writer concerning either the cause or the cure of these evils, which are not so much owing to the payment of duties on importation, and the allowance of drawbacks on exportation, as to the height of these duties themselves on all such foreign commodities as are wanted for consumption in this kingdom; for till the multiplicity of impositions and additional duties were laid on those commodities the practice of running goods was of no great consequence, as will appear by comparing the seizures made in former times with those of late years. If, therefore, the same duties are to be continued, or greater duties should be laid on the commodities consumed in this kingdom, an alteration in the method of collecting them will not prevent the clandestine running of goods; which can be effected only by the reduction of the duties to such a degree that it will not be the interest of any persons to engage in a traffic so hazardous to themselves, as well as prejudicial to the fair trader.'

The justice of this view was confirmed by the fact that the conversion of the tea-duty into an Excise duty only very partially affected smuggling, and that in a few years it was as bad as ever. A Parliamentary Committee in 1744 endorsed the 'Craftsman's' view, that it was the amount of the duty and not the manner of collecting it which determined the extent of smuggling.

Now, supposing that the Excise Bill did not answer the Minister's

Minister's expectations, and that some other tax was still required to make up the deficiency, then, said the Tory party, the precedent of the salt-tax would be followed; and some other article of general consumption, probably sugar, would be excised. There was, however, another source of opposition to the Excise Bill, which had far more to do with its overthrow than any nice arithmetical calculations. Walpole having already reduced the land-tax to one shilling in the pound, promised the country gentlemen the entire abolition of it in return for their support of the Excise Bill. Now the land-tax in 1733 was still based on the assessment of 1692, which, as might have been expected, was largely affected by political considerations. In those parts of England where the new Government was popular, the assessment was high. In those counties where the Jacobite feeling was predominant, it was proportionably low. Thus in the southern and eastern counties the landowners would be paying more than their share. In the northern and some of the western counties they would be paying less. If the land-tax were abolished, it appeared to the country gentlemen that at the first financial pinch it was sure to be revived, and then what would happen? Of course there would be a fresh valuation, and in that case it was pretty certain that the gentlemen of Northumberland, Lancashire, Cheshire, and many other counties besides, would find their assessment raised, and their last state worse than their first.

But there was more behind still. By the original Act of Parliament what was called the land-tax had been intended to embrace personal property as well as land. By the beginning of the reign of George II., however, personal property had slipped through the fingers of the law, and, owing to difficulties, analogous, it may be, to those which interfere with the assessment of personal property at the present day, it had escaped taxation altogether. Thus most of the residents in towns, including the whole trading and mercantile community, were interested in keeping matters as they were. Those who were now free feared that, if the Bill became law, they might ultimately be made to pay, and those who paid too little feared that, if a change took place, they might some day have to pay more. Every little shopkeeper in the kingdom, every merchant and manufacturer, large numbers of the professional classes, combined with nearly one-half of the landowners to defeat the Excise Bill on very practical and intelligible grounds. Selfish they might be, but they can hardly be considered stupid.

That the Excise Bill was a sound measure in itself, may readily be granted. The adverse figures which we have quoted above were probably much exaggerated; and if so large a saving had

had not been effected as the Government professed to anticipate, it would probably have been much larger than the Opposition were willing to allow. Though the conversion of the tea-tax to an Excise duty had done little to stop smuggling, it had done something to increase the revenue. But the cry was too loud. Walpole persevered as long as he could, and, when he found the case hopeless, retired with his customary prudence. We quite agree with Mr. Morley, that he was perfectly in the right. He quotes the defence which Sir Robert Peel puts into the mouth of Walpole as against Macaulay's condemnation of him: 'I, at least, tried the measure which I thought right. I did not abandon it till success was proved to be hopeless and opposition universal.' Exactly the defence of Lord Derby's abandonment of Protection in 1852, and Mr. Morley endorses it.

We have purposely given prominence to the Opposition case against Walpole for reasons that will presently be apparent. But we are sincerely of opinion that it has been rather too hastily condemned, and sneered at by many who 'neither understood nor intended to understand it.' It was necessary to flavour the argument with so strong an infusion of nonsense to suit the popular palate, that its real character and significance are often undistinguishable under the heady protests against slavery, oppression, and the inquisitorial tyranny of excisemen, with which the speeches and essays on that side of the question are loaded. But we must remember, that one of the leading opponents of the Bill was a man not given to tawdry rhetoric or the cant of patriotism, and, so far from being a heated partisan, that he refused to attend the Committee appointed in 1742 to inquire into Walpole's administration. This was Sir John Barnard, the member for the City of London, one of the highest financial authorities in the House of Commons, and the only man in that House of whom Walpole confessed he was afraid.

If the conduct of foreign affairs by Walpole was more open to censure than his domestic administration, there is this to be said, that it was less exclusively his own; and that such parts of it as were exclusively his own are deserving of all praise. He had opposed the Treaty of Utrecht tooth and nail; but as soon as he came into power he adopted at once the two cardinal principles of the Tory system, namely the French alliance and Free-trade, and remained faithful to both throughout his long career. The French Alliance is the key to his whole foreign policy, but it divided the Whig party, and so far proved a source of weakness. Mr. Morley glances at this division, and observes truly that it lasted to the end of the century. But he seems to have considered that Walpole

Walpole was the originator of a policy which 'would have made King William's Whigs turn in their graves,' whereas it was the last Ministry of Queen Anne who were the first to recognize its necessity, and who were roundly abused by the Whig party in consequence. Walpole appropriated this article of the Tory creed, which was of course professed by Shelburne and the younger Pitt. When the latter was acting upon these 'Walpolean maxims,' he was recurring to the earlier principles of Toryism. Those who like may call him a Whig, when he was acting like a Tory, and a Tory when he was acting like a Whig. But they cannot change the facts of history. It was when Pitt exchanged the foreign policy of Bolingbroke, Walpole, and Shelburne, for that of Sunderland and Carteret, that he was truly acting as a Whig. It can only have been by a slip of the pen that Mr. Morley classes Shelburne with the Sunderland Whigs, who preferred the German system; and Fox with the Walpole Whigs, who preferred the French. He says that this difference of opinion explains the quarrel between Fox and Shelburne. So it does. But not as Mr. Morley supposes. The two men undoubtedly did quarrel about the French Alliance. But it was because Shelburne was in favour of peace with France, and Fox in favour of war.

However, there is no doubt about the system which Walpole would have preferred had he been able to have his own way. But he was not. During the whole term of his administration, the King was pulling in one direction and the Minister in another. This divided policy produced its natural effect. England could not serve both France and Austria; and in trying to do so naturally satisfied neither. It was necessary to keep well with France for fear of the Pretender, and it was necessary to keep well with Austria for the sake of two German provinces, of which it was the darling object of the Elector of Hanover to be placed in formal possession. These had been handed over to Sweden by the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, wrested from her in 1712 by Frederick IV. of Denmark, and by him ceded to Hanover in 1715, on condition that the Elector paid him 150,000*l.* down, and joined in the coalition against Sweden. This was the beginning of troubles. As the Duchies of Bremen and Verden were fiefs of the Empire, the title of the new owner was not complete till he had received investiture from the Emperor of Germany; and to obtain this without paying the large fines which the Emperor demanded,* was for sixteen years the ruling motive of the English Court.

* Stanhope, 'History of England,' ii. 82.

Of

Of the long train of Continental entanglements, more or less costly, in which England was involved by it, the history must be sought elsewhere. But an outline of the principal facts may be given in a tolerably short compass, and is required for the purpose of this article. In the first place it was always necessary to keep the Emperor in good humour, and therefore to side with him in all his quarrels, whether they concerned us or not. In the second place, to secure the co-operation of the smaller States—Denmark, Sweden, Hesse, and several others—in the defence of his new acquisition, the King was from time to time compelled to subsidise them largely, besides taking their troops into his pay. When war broke out between Spain and Austria in 1718, we were dragged into the fray, and in April of that year a battle was fought between the English and Spanish fleets off the coast of Sicily, in which the latter were totally defeated. Spain was justly incensed, and to appease her George I. wrote a secret letter to Philip V. with his own hand, promising the restitution of Gibraltar. This letter was written in 1721, and had nothing to do with an earlier one written before the battle of Passaro, in which the same promise was made on condition that Spain abandoned her Sicilian expedition. The letter of 1721 was unconditional, and the only one with which Walpole was concerned, as in 1718 he was out of office. As the King, however, found himself unable to keep his word, Spain resolved to try other means, and in April 1725 a treaty of peace was signed with Austria—who did not hesitate to throw us over when it suited her purpose—consisting of four parts, two of which were secret, one binding the allies to demand the surrender of Gibraltar, the other pledging them, in case of the King's refusal, to adopt the cause of the Pretender. The terms of this agreement did not long remain a secret, and England's reply was the Treaty of Hanover, concluded in the following September, by which she secured the alliance of France and Prussia, besides other minor Powers, we need hardly say at the usual cost.

In reliance apparently on assistance from the Emperor, Spain now proceeded to open hostilities, and laid siege to Gibraltar. She also seized 'Prince Frederick,' an English ship belonging to the South Sea Company, in the West Indies. Much as we may sympathise with Walpole's peace policy, it is difficult to understand how he could avoid treating these demonstrations as a *casus belli*. But he did. In April 1726, Admiral Hosier, with seven ships of the line, was despatched to the West Indies with orders to blockade the port of Porto Bello, in which the Spanish treasure-ships had taken refuge, and to seize them,

them, if they attempted to escape. This the Spaniards were too wise to do, and the Admiral lay inactive within sight of them, till he himself and nearly half his officers and men had perished of disease. The object of the English Government was to prevent the Spanish galleons from arriving in Europe with the money which was required for helping the Pretender back to England. Walpole thought this might be managed without any open act of war. But when Spain was at war with England, it seems to have been idle to pretend that England was not at war with Spain: besides being a very doubtful question whether the blockade of a port is not just as much an act of war as the seizure of the ships inside it, provided that these are held as hostages only, to be restored if the dispute is settled. It would have been as easy to restore the captured vessels, as to release the imprisoned ones. At length, by the Treaty of Seville in 1729, and the Treaty of Vienna in 1731, by which George II. obtained the long-coveted investiture of the two Duchies, England was delivered from the toils; and the long train of troubles which followed from our engagements with the Emperor came to an end. But the price of the investiture was our guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction, which ten years afterwards involved us in fresh entanglements, ending in the inglorious war of the Austrian Succession, and adding thirty millions to our debt.

In looking back over the preceding ten years—that is to say, from April 1721, when Walpole's Ministry began, to March 1731, when the Treaty of Vienna was signed—we shall see that for the blunders and calamities most loudly complained of in the interval, Walpole was only partially responsible. He was not accountable in any way for the first of the two Gibraltar Letters, which was written in 1718; and though the second was written three months after his appointment to the Treasury, he had not yet obtained that position of paramount authority which we are accustomed to associate with the office of Prime Minister, and which makes him answerable for the action of his colleagues as well as for his own. Yet this did not justify him in denying, as he did in 1727, that any such letter had been written. He could hardly have been ignorant of its existence; and his knowledge of it was probably an additional reason why he shrank from making the siege of Gibraltar by the Spaniards a *casus belli*.

Again, he may be said to have been only partially responsible for the Treaty of Hanover, which was negociated by Townsend in 1725, and of which he strongly disapproved. At the same time he was now in a position to have protested with effect;

effect; and the same question arises which Lord Macaulay and Mr. Morley have raised, as to the final act of the Walpolean drama—the war, namely, of 1739: ought he not to have resigned rather than acquiesce in a system of foreign policy which he believed to be disastrous, but which as long as he remained in office he was obliged to support in the House of Commons? The answer is still the same. Walpole, say his apologists, had a mission: opinions may differ as to the merits of the supreme question then at issue. But Walpole had espoused one side of it with all the earnestness and vigour of which he was capable, and he had made up his mind that with this one great object he would allow nothing to interfere. Whatever was calculated to weaken the power and the influence necessary to the successful prosecution of it, must be carefully avoided. Whatever was calculated to secure and to cement that power and that influence, must be unshrinkingly adopted. If it was essential to his purpose to frame a kind of concordat with the King, by which the latter should be allowed to pursue his German policy at pleasure, it must be done.

'Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.'

We need not on this occasion re-open the whole controversy between this country and Spain on the subject of the right of search. It is enough to say that by the Treaty of Utrecht the right of Spain to regulate her own commerce with her American and West Indian possessions had been fully recognized; and that English commerce with Spanish America was limited to a single ship of 600 tons burden.* These treaty obligations were systematically neglected by the English, necessitating, of course, a strict exercise of the right of search by the Spaniards, in the course of which it was inevitable that collisions should occur, and violence of some kind be chargeable against both sides. The letter of the law, however, was clearly on the side of Spain, and Walpole did his best to bring the matter to a peaceful settlement. But one of those critical moments in the history of nations had now arisen, when the letter of the law no longer corresponds with facts, when treaty obligations have become an anachronism, and the stronger nation will no longer submit to the worn-out pretensions of the weaker. The question now was not really whether Jenkins had kept his ears or lost them, but whether Spain or England should be the leading Naval Power in the world. The quarrel was evidently one which would have to be

* Lecky, vol. i. p. 383.

fought

fought out between the two competitors sooner or later, if not then; and when war became inevitable, it would have been better to put forth our full strength and show who was master, at once. Walpole can hardly be blamed for trying in the first instance to settle the question by diplomacy. But the Convention between the two countries in 1739, convened for that purpose, and which was the cause of the celebrated Secession, proved a total failure. The reports brought home from the West Indies by the captains of English merchantmen, and other interested persons whose business it was to exaggerate their own losses and sufferings as much as possible, roused the English people to madness. Nobody stopped to inquire how far these alleged outrages were either true, credible, or even possible. Everything was swallowed in the heat of the moment. From one end of the kingdom to the other, nothing was heard of but the 'Spanish atrocities.' They were turned to exactly the same use as the memorable 'Bulgarian atrocities,' and had about as much foundation in fact. But Walpole was cowed by the clamour. And then he split upon the rock which has wrecked other administrations besides his own. He fell into the error so common to all peace Ministers when they find themselves engaged in war, of thinking that they save their consciences by taking only half measures. The disasters which marked the first year of the new war may be compared with the history of the Crimean war; they were of course all fathered upon Walpole; and the infuriated public now clamoured for his blood.

In defence of Walpole's accession to the war, we have indicated in a general way what there is to be said. He sincerely believed that peace with France was absolutely essential to the security of the Protestant succession, and that if he kept the conduct of the Spanish war in his own hands, he should be better able than anybody else to prevent it from extending to France. None knew better than Walpole the wide extent of the Jacobite conspiracy by which the new dynasty was threatened. For the sake of peace with the one Power from which the Jacobites had anything to hope, no sacrifice, moral or material, was too great. The prejudice which Walpole raised against himself by other acts of his administration has indisposed the world to place this construction on his conduct; nor do we ask our readers to believe that it covers the whole ground. Absolute singleness of purpose is very rare in the world; and it cannot be doubted that Walpole's zeal for the Hanoverian dynasty and Parliamentary government was largely blended with another very powerful sentiment, anxiety, namely, for himself.

It

It may be doubted, perhaps, after all whether the French alliance really *was* the true policy for this country, and whether the Hapsburgs were not likely to prove more useful friends to us than the Bourbons. France and Spain were now closely united, and both alike jealous of our naval and commercial empire. Between Austria and England no such jealousies could by any possibility arise. Austria was deeply interested in preserving the balance of power on the Continent. England was not less interested in preserving the balance of power on the sea. Thus while England and the Spanish Bourbons were rivals on one element, Austria and the French Bourbons were rivals on another. It was only from the Bourbons that England had anything to fear in the shape of assistance to the Stuarts. It was only from the Bourbons that Austria had anything to fear for the security of her Belgian provinces. The two Powers had every reason for coalescing against a common enemy. This was the view of English interests adopted by Carteret, whom Mr. Morley, surely without adequate reflection on the real meaning of his policy, calls 'rash and unsound,' and 'a marvel of levity and temerity.' It was very well for Bolingbroke to apply such epithets to a rival. He could remember what such an alliance had cost England in men and money thirty years before. His own hand had dissolved the Grand Alliance, because it was exceeding its prescribed limits, was being turned into the instrument of selfish personal ambitions, and was prolonging the war to effect the very object which it had been originally undertaken to defeat. Those who take this view of Bolingbroke's foreign policy from 1710 to 1713 are entitled, if they please, to condemn Carteret; but not those who think that the Whig policy was right, that the Grand Alliance, if begun for one object, might very well have been continued for another, and that the war should have been carried on till France was totally disabled. It was with this end in view that Carteret sought to revive the Grand Alliance: he wished to take up the Whig policy where it was dropped in 1711, and the main objection to it now was the same as it had been then, that we could not depend on our allies: that they took our money and did nothing in return, and used England merely as their tool. But there was nothing rash or unsound in Carteret's policy as such: and it is by no means certain that the opposite system was better suited to the interests of this country.

Walpole knew, however, that an Austrian alliance, though it might hold the French armies in check upon the Rhine and the Meuse, and be an effectual bar to any French invasón of England on a large scale, was incapable of preventing a Jacobite descent

descent upon the coast, backed up by French gold, arms, and ammunition, and perhaps a regiment or two of French infantry. This was *the* great danger against which *he* had to provide; and the possibility of its being realized seems to have haunted him night and day. If all stories are true, he even endeavoured to secure himself by making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, and opening communications with the Stuarts themselves. That something was told to James, as if it came from Walpole himself, seems certain. But it may either have been pure invention, or else the embellishment by some sanguine Jacobite of words uttered in private conversation, and never intended to go any further, signifying perhaps that, given such and such conditions, the Stuarts might have a chance of restoration. This is Mr. Morley's view. Lord Stanhope thinks that a direct overture was made, merely, however, for the sake of securing the Jacobite interest at the next general election. It does not seem to us that it is necessary to beat about the bush for an explanation of any correspondence which Walpole may have held with James. Whatever were the odds either for or against the return of the Stuarts in 1740, their chances were quite good enough to make it the part of a prudent man to be prepared for the event. Prudence of this kind was very much in fashion with English statesmen during the first thirty years of the Georgian era. And if Walpole really did what he was accused of doing, he would have been sinning in very good company. As the fact, if it was one, was not known till long afterwards, it had no effect on Walpole's popularity at the time.

It remains only to notice the charge that for twenty years he had been plundering the nation, and appropriating large sums of public money to his own use. For the purpose of the present article, what we want to know is, not so much what Walpole did, as what he was actually believed to have done. And this is what he was believed to have done by ninety-nine men out of every hundred, from Cornwall to Caithness, who ever thought about politics at all.

'He was roundly and constantly charged with sustaining a lavish private expenditure by peculation from public funds. The palace which he built for himself in Norfolk was matter for endless scandal. He planted gardens, people said, in places to which the very earth had to be transplanted in waggons. He set fountains flowing and cascades tumbling, where water was to be conveyed by long aqueducts and costly machines. He was a modern Sardanapalus, imitating the extravagance of Oriental monarchs at the expense of a free people, whom he was at once impoverishing and betraying. They described him as going down to his country seat loaded with the

the spoils of an unfortunate nation. He had purchased most of the county of Norfolk, and held at least one-half of the stock of the Bank of England. It was plainly hinted that, in view of a possible impeachment at some future day, he had made himself safe by investing one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in jewels and plate as an easily portable form of wealth. He had also secretly despatched four hundred thousand pounds in a single year to bankers at Amsterdam, Vienna, and Genoa, to be ready for him in case of untoward accidents. . . . For all this outlay his foes contended that the income of his estate and the known salary of his offices were inadequate. They assumed, therefore, that the requisite funds were acquired by the sale of honours, places, and pensions, and by the plunder of the secret service money.' (Morley, pp. 131–133.)

Whether Walpole was guilty of peculation or not it seems pretty clear that he was not driven to it by private necessities. The rental of the Houghton property was at least 6000*l.* a year. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, First Lord of the Treasury, and the holder of a patent place in the Customs, he drew 9,400*l.* a year. His wife brought him a considerable fortune; he made something substantial by his South Sea speculations. His family cost him nothing, and he died 50,000*l.* in debt. We cannot put down his annual income at much less than 20,000*l.*; and the half of this, if not less, would have amply sufficed for his ordinary expenditure. He spent 200,000*l.* on Houghton, and 14,000*l.* on his lodge in Richmond Park. His pictures cost him perhaps from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* Thus we have in round numbers some 250,000*l.* to account for. Now a saving of 10,000*l.* a year for twenty years, and the 50,000*l.* which he owed at his death, would exactly amount to that sum; and though of course there can be nothing like exactness in calculations of this nature, the figures are sufficient to show us that Walpole could not have been under much temptation to help himself from the public chest for his own domestic expenditure. If he really transmitted 400,000*l.* to Continental bankers as a fund to fall back upon in case of the worst, that of course is another question. The defence will not reach as far as that. He could not honestly have come by such a sum. But there is no proof that he ever did anything of the kind. The vast sums spent on electioneering, and on the work of corruption in general, very likely did come out of the secret service money. That was part of the system. That nothing was discovered by the committee of secrecy Mr. Hallam thinks of no importance. 'The obscurity natural to such transactions, and the guilty collusion of subordinate accomplices,' were quite enough to baffle inquiry.

The four particular causes, therefore, of the hatred with which

which he was pursued, and which stand out in bold relief above the rest, are the Porto Bello expedition in 1726, the Excise Bill of 1733, the Spanish atrocities of 1738, and the general belief that he had embezzled millions of the public money. Under these circumstances the question naturally suggests itself, how it was that he held his own so long. The borough system, of course, was a tower of strength to him. But it was not everything, and many of the principal borough-mongers were not his friends. The fact is that down to 1734 Walpole had with rare tact contrived to unite two interests in his favour, which are, as a rule, bitterly opposed to each other, and seldom to be found fighting under one flag. The clergy were generally Tories and sometimes Jacobites. But Walpole played their hatred of Dissent against their hatred of Whiggism, and disarmed their hostility, if he could not attract their loyalty. Like some other Whigs, he had learned the lesson which the trial of Sacheverel ought to have brought home to all. He saw, however little he might like it, that the Church of England held the key of the position. If she was able to keep out the Stuarts because of their attachment to Popery, she could be equally dangerous to the Whigs because of their alliance with Dissent. Walpole did not stick at trifles. He saw the necessity of appeasing the jealousy of the Church; and when Stanhope in 1719 proposed the repeal of the Schism Act and the Occasional Conformity Act, Walpole, who had been the foremost to denounce them as worthy only of Julian the Apostate, daringly came forward and voted for retaining both. He had his reward. The Church accepted Walpole's government on 'the best-bargain principle,' as Lord Beaconsfield used to call it; and though the clergy were never perhaps among his active supporters, they did not hound the people against him as they easily might have done. Bishop Gibson was his manager in Church matters, and his chief opponent who used all her influence in favour of the heterodox party was the Queen's favourite, Lady Sundon.

As the clergy had been gained by Walpole's vote in favour of the Schism Act, so the Dissenters were secured by promises of exactly the opposite character. The Test and Corporation Acts, and other disabilities as well, should all be repealed in good time. They must be patient with him, and he would pay them all. Relying on his good faith, they polled for him to a man in 1734, to be told immediately afterwards that they had only been duped, and that the good time was 'never' to arrive. Walpole's treatment of the Church, no less than his treatment of Dissent, are but further examples of his fixed determination to let nothing stand in the way of the one great end which he

had set before himself. Having bound up his own fortunes with those of a particular political interest, he henceforth regarded them as one, and believed, perhaps honestly, that they must stand or fall together. He foretold some time before his own retirement that, whenever that event should happen, a Jacobite insurrection would be the immediate consequence; and he knew well enough that, if the enterprise were conducted according to preconcerted plans, it would have no bad prospect of success. The double obligation thus entailed on him, the duty which he owed to his country and the duty which he owed to himself, may have seemed wide enough in his eyes to cover all delinquencies committed in discharge of it.

The defection of the Nonconformists told against Walpole in the long run. But they could not make their sting felt till the next general election, and in the meantime his power was not visibly or appreciably diminished. Sir William Wyndham, Sir John Barnard, Mr. Bromley, Lord Carteret, against whom Mr. Morley seems to have some special grudge, Lord Chesterfield, the Duke of Argyle, Lord Stair, men of whom any party might have been proud at any period of our history, all sincerely believed that England under Walpole was on the high road to ruin. The great majority of the people were of the same opinion. Yet as parties then stood, even after the election of 1734, the Ministerial position seemed impregnable. And now it is that we first begin to notice a new phrase in the political correspondence of the period, which was destined to exercise considerable influence in the immediate future, and to form the basis of one of the most famous political treatises in the English language. The Opposition consisted of three different sections: the discontented Whigs under Pulteney, the regular Tories under Sir William Wyndham, and the Jacobites under Mr. Shippen. And it appeared to many of the leading men among them that the only chance of overthrowing Walpole and his system was by fusing these three divisions into one united party with a common name and a common flag, and appealing to the great body of the people to restore the independence of the House of Commons. By this we suppose was meant the more rigid exclusion of placemen,* and the transference of borough members to the counties according to the resolution of Sir Francis Dashwood in 1745, and the plan proposed by Pitt himself in 1785. The new party was to be called 'the National party,' and was to be used for the destruction of the old party system which had been turned to such corrupt uses. It did seem perhaps at one

* See Hallam, chap. xvi.

time

time that such a scheme was feasible, and that the triple alliance of the malcontents, the Tories and the Jacobites, might come to realize Bolingbroke's expectations. Writing to Lord Polwarth, Pope's Lord Marchmont, in January 1740, Bolingbroke describes the Opposition as it was in 1734, when Polwarth first entered the House of Commons.

'There was on one side a Minister who troubled not himself to instil particular prejudices, or inspire a particular spirit, but bluntly offered to buy every one that was to be sold. There were on the other side a number of men coalited from the parties, that had subsisted formerly, who acknowledged the errors and excesses into which they had run, and whose union was so far from being a party union, that it was founded on the destruction of party, and could subsist on no principles but national principles, such as the Government was built upon, such as regarded the good of the whole, and not such as suited the humour, prejudice, or interest of any set of men.' ('Marchmont Papers,' ii. 203.)

Bolingbroke had always maintained that English parties ought properly to have terminated with the Revolution. Some Tories were still Jacobites, and some Whigs were still Republicans. But between the Tories who were not Jacobites and the Whigs who were not Republicans no real difference of opinion existed, and all superficial and nominal distinctions would soon have died away, if they had been left to themselves. For the sake of argument let us assume this description to be correct. Then came the accession of George I. and the Whig policy of proscription, in which, according to Bolingbroke, half our subsequent misfortunes had their origin. This mistake reanimated the party system, gave it a fresh start, and placed it on a fresh basis, from which all Bolingbroke's subsequent efforts to displace it were fruitless. An opportunity occurred during the administration of Lord Sunderland, who made some overtures to the Jacobites, which Bolingbroke, according to his own account, strongly urged them to accept. Sunderland has been accused of intriguing with the Stuarts, and if he did, he would have been no worse than other people. But if Bolingbroke's account is true, he only sought to conciliate the Jacobites by admitting them to the public service. They rejected his offers, and when Walpole succeeded Sunderland, the line was drawn tighter than before. If this statement can be depended on, the exclusive system, which came in with 1714, might have been abolished seven years afterwards. Stanhope we know to have been strongly opposed to it, and Bolingbroke seems always to have thought that the prime author of it was Walpole. This was one thing, then, which it would be the

aim of a 'National party' to demolish. To reverse the policy of proscription, and to place all parties on the footing they would have occupied at the accession of George I., had that policy never been adopted, was one of the main objects to which Bolingbroke endeavoured to persuade himself that the whole Opposition stood pledged.

Events, however, were very shortly to undeceive him. We have already mentioned the efforts made by Sir Robert Walpole to settle our differences with Spain by peaceful means, and the Convention of Madrid in January 1739. If we compare together the terms of this Convention with the alleged Spanish outrages which had raised such a tumult in the country, we shall easily understand that it might with some justice be pronounced inadequate to the occasion, and would afford as such an excellent handle to the Opposition. The two great grievances which the English wished to see redressed, were first the Right of Search, exercised no doubt with some rigour by the Spaniards, though our own countrymen were far from blameless; and secondly, the settlement of the frontiers of Georgia, where Spain was guilty of frequent encroachments. In the Convention of 1739 no mention was made of either; while the pecuniary settlement agreed upon, whatever its intrinsic merits, offered a fair field for rhetorical declamation. As soon as Parliament met, the Opposition batteries opened fire. An Address was moved in both Houses, thanking His Majesty for concluding the Convention. Carteret, Chesterfield, and the Duke of Argyle, all dissentient Whigs, were the chief speakers against it in the House of Lords, where it was carried only by seventy-one votes to fifty-eight. Pitt opposed it in the House of Commons in the lofty, if somewhat tumid, style which afterwards became habitual to him, and it was only carried by the small majority of twenty-eight. The leaders of the Opposition resolved to strike while the iron was hot; and on the Report of the Address being carried by a similar majority on the 9th of March, Sir William Wyndham rose in his place and declared that he and his friends would sit no more in that Parliament. This was the famous 'Secession' in which Pulteney, Wyndham, and about sixty of their followers, combined; but it only lasted for that one Session, as the declaration of war in the following October gave them an excuse for returning to their places.

It is doubtful, after all that has been written on the subject, whether Bolingbroke either suggested or approved of the secession. But he was equally convinced that, having once been begun, it was absolutely necessary to persevere with it; and he seems

seems even in the middle of the summer,* to have received some intimation that the seceders were only looking out for the first opportunity of returning. If there was to be a secession at all, Bolingbroke reasoned very justly that it ought to be unanimous, prolonged, and backed up by other measures calculated to make it an effective one; a secession of only sixty members, continued for only six months, and ending where it began, would be worse than useless. Bolingbroke seems to have thought that the Declaration of War was an insufficient reason for withdrawing the protest which had been entered against the servant of the House of Commons. In the letter we have already quoted, while it was still uncertain what course the seceders would adopt, Bolingbroke wrote:—

'Our patriots, for such they desire to be thought, and such I wish they were, made a declaration to the people of Britain, when they made the secession, that they could do no real service to their country till the independency of Parliament was restored. This formal appeal to the people included the engagement of every man, who concurred in it, to use his utmost endeavours, in concert with the people, that this independency might be effectually restored and secured. What room now will there be to entertain the least gleam of hope, if neither a sense of public good nor of private honour can render these men true to an engagement so solemn and important? It had been better for both not to take the step, than not to carry it forward. To declare the independency of Parliament lost, and to sit still, is to acquiesce under the loss, to admit this real, not imaginary, subversion of the British Constitution. On the event, therefore, of the present measure I fix my eyes. If the people will not stand by those who stand by them, or if they, who have undertaken the defence of the national cause, shrink from it, you are a subdued nation.' (Ibid. ii. 188, 189.)

What precedes supplies the key to this passage:—

'To confirm your Lordship, if you wanted to be confirmed in that principle, that as long as the spirit of Whiggism and Toryism is kept alive by knaves and fools, the pretence of supporting the present establishment by methods destructive of our constitution will remain, and that nothing can preserve this constitution but an union and coalition of men of different parties on a national bottom, which few of those in Opposition do really intend. This is the worst symptom I discover in our State's illness. Want of concert, activity, and steadiness, may proceed from genius, temper, and habit; but this must proceed from a vicious principle at heart. If a man tells you, that the measures you propose are absolutely necessary to save his country and yours from further ill consequences of maladministration

* 'Marchmont Papers,' ii. 189, May 22, 1739.

and

and from the loss of liberty, but that he cannot take them, or cannot appear to take them, because they would turn to the ruin of the Whigs, must you not conclude that such a man considers the interest of his country in subordination to that of a party, which is the character of this rankest faction, and prefers his credit in that party to all the duties of a good citizen.' (Ibid. p. 188.)

Bolingbroke had found out by this time how little the combination, in which he had seen the basis of his 'National party,' was to be relied upon. The 'man' here referred to is of course Pulteney, though what the further measures were which he declined to adopt for fear of injuring the Whig party has not fully been explained. One scheme approved of, both by Lord Stair and Lord Bolingbroke, though disapproved of by Chesterfield, and never carried any farther, was that all those counties, cities, and boroughs, whose members had voted against the Convention—the minority was 232—should send up addresses to their representatives, thanking them for their conduct, expressing abhorrence of the Convention, with a good deal more to the same effect, and ending by declaring their readiness to assist their members in restoring the independence of Parliament. 'Might you not,' says Bolingbroke to Lord Polwarth, 'return to the House thus backed and thus instructed, and then insist to do no business till a Place Bill was obtained?' Chesterfield, however, observed very truly that 'as to petitions and remonstrances from counties and boroughs, which was once thought of, it would have no effect or a bad one, since the corrupt influence which the Court exercises through the whole nation would procure as many, or even more, counter-petitions and counter-remonstrances, so that though the real sense of the whole nation is unquestionably on our side; yet, it would then appear to be at least divided, if not much against us.' * The Opposition could not agree on this or any other common plan of action. Mr. Shippen, the leader of the Jacobite Tories, had never loved the Coalition, and it appears, from a letter of Lord Chesterfield's, that many even of the patriots were playing a double game.

Thus the first open split between the Tories and the malcontent Whigs was in the year 1739, and arose from the Secession. The next was in 1741, when, on the 13th of October, Mr. Sandys brought forward his famous motion for presenting an Address to the King, begging that he would be pleased to dismiss Sir Robert Walpole from his councils. On this occasion Shippen and thirty other Tories, with an equal number of

* Stair, 'Annals,' ii. 251.

Whigs,

Whigs,* abstained from voting; but what is far more curious is, that in a letter to Lord Stair a few weeks afterwards, Lord Chesterfield declares that many even of those who supported the motion were glad of their own defeat:—

'Those whom you easily guess at, and who have for some time thought that back-stairs negociation was more likely to get 'em into the power for which they long for than honest opposition, rejoice even in their own defeat in this point, thinking that it will, as too surely it does, hurt the coalition of parties which they thought themselves encumbered with, and have been long labouring to destroy.'†

Who is pointed at here may be a little uncertain; but probably Pulteney and his patriots, whose subsequent conduct, after Walpole's resignation, is quite consistent with this hypothesis. The important points to remember are, first, that there were some leading members of the alliance who refused to concur in the measures recommended by their colleagues, for fear of injuring 'the Whigs:' and secondly, that some of those who were loudest in favour of Sandys's motion for the removal of Walpole, were secretly glad of its defeat. These two facts show clearly enough that the Whig contingent intended to remain Whig, and had no intention of merging their political identity in any new party that might be formed. In opposing Walpole they held themselves to be opposing one who had departed from true Whig principles, which they themselves had jealously preserved. They had no wish to associate too closely with the Tories, much less to intermingle with them in a National party. They would make use of them as valuable allies for turning out Sir Robert, and when that was done, the legitimate Whigs, to whom the Government belonged of right, would enjoy their own again. A few crumbs might be thrown to their late auxiliaries, but they could not possibly be so presumptuous as to expect anything more. The Patriots, in fact, had no idea of putting an end to party, or existing party divisions. They desired, on the contrary, to perpetuate the system, merely employing for their own purposes what Walpole had employed for his.

When the change took place, and it devolved on Pulteney to form a new administration, it was no longer possible to conceal what Chesterfield and Bolingbroke had long suspected. The Whigs at once seized upon the loaves and fishes for themselves, and the Tories were left out in the cold. They then discovered

* Smollett says sixty members of the Opposition abstained.

† Stair, 'Annals,' ii. 269.

that,

that, though they had formed the great majority of the late Opposition, they had simply been used as cat's-paws; and the Duke of Argyle gave expression to the general sentiment, when he said at a public meeting of the party assembled at the Fountain Tavern:—

'The choice of those already preferred having fallen upon the Whigs, is an ill-omen to the Tories. If these are not to be provided for, the happy effects of the Coalition will be destroyed, and the odious distinction of party be revived. It is therefore highly necessary to continue closely united, and to persevere with the same vehemence as ever, till the Tories obtain justice, and the administration is founded upon the broad bottom of both parties.' *

A Broad-bottom Ministry was the favourite phrase of the day, and we can see that the Opposition had some reason for clinging to it. The theory that parties ought to have come to an end at the Revolution was, from the political point of view of 1740, perfectly defensible. The Revolution of 1688 had been a joint settlement. William III. had employed Whigs and Tories indiscriminately. Marlborough and Godolphin strove to carry out the same system, and to some extent succeeded. Why should not George I. have done the same thing—why should he have been a party King any more than either of his predecessors? This was the question which the Tories very naturally asked themselves; and to say that it was impossible to confide in them because they were Jacobites is to argue in a circle. Had they been treated with confidence they would not have been Jacobites. Lord Shelburne is very strong on this point: and though he hated Lord Bolingbroke, quite confirms all that he says on this subject. Besides, the Tories in George I.'s reign were no more Jacobites than they had been in William III.'s. If their supposed sympathies did not prevent the one King from employing them, why should they have prevented the other? For a quarter of a century after the Revolution the Crown had extended its confidence to Whigs and Tories alike: and why after so long an interval was it necessary to make any change? This was a very intelligible position. It did not of course imply that there should not be different groups of men, entertaining different opinions on constitutional and other questions; but only that the Sovereign should be able, when it suited the public interests, to choose Ministers from all these various sections. That is to say, if a man were an expert financier, he was not to be excluded from the Exchequer because he was a Whig; or if he was an

* Stanhope's 'History of England,' iii. 111.

able

able diplomatist, he was not to be excluded from the Foreign Office because he was a Tory. This was the open party system as distinguished from the close party system, which Walpole was among the first to establish in this country, and which has virtually subsisted down to the present day. Its inconveniences have long been felt. But if the open system failed to re-establish itself in George II.'s reign, when everything was in its favour, and only a few years had elapsed since it was the recognized practice, how is it likely to succeed when these conditions are reversed, and when, with the prescription of a century and a half in favour of its rival, men have almost forgotten what it means?

We may learn from Cobbett what would have been the ingredients of a popular Tory party in the middle of the last century; and such a one might have had some right perhaps to call itself a National party, as Lord Beaconsfield has often called the Tories of our own time. But that is not what Bolingbroke was thinking of. He meant, he says, 'the destruction' of party; and the conduct of the Government by Ministers selected by the Crown without regard to their political connexions. We may understand by the outcry against Walpole for making himself Chief Minister something of what was contemplated by the advocates of a National party. It was that system of government by departments which George III. for a time actually succeeded in establishing. When each Minister was confined to the business of his own department, it did not matter nearly so much what he thought about politics in general. Such a method, of course, is not the necessary accompaniment of a National party. But, even without it, there are difficulties in the way of reducing the theory to practice, which are likely always to prove insuperable. In the first place, by a National party must be meant a party of such overwhelming strength as to be able to retain in its hands the control over public affairs for a long term of years. Thus the Opposition, if there was one, which is doubtful, would be virtually excluded from office for whole generations at a time. On the other hand, one effect of so comprehensive a connexion must be that great numbers of its own members desirous of taking a part in public life must necessarily be excluded also. Room could not be found for all. And it stands to reason, therefore, that to enable such a system to work in a satisfactory manner as the normal method of Parliamentary government would demand from the political classes a degree of forbearance, magnanimity, and moderation, such as neither history nor experience warrant us in expecting.

Party,

Party, as it now exists and has existed under the reigning dynasty, is a system arising naturally out of the claims of the English aristocracy to administer public affairs. In the absence of any wide difference of opinion or great national emergency, such as only occur at long intervals, and did not exist in 1741, it is simply a convenient arrangement for ensuring to each of the two great political connexions in turn a share in the government of the country, and of the good things which accompany it. Divided into two pretty evenly balanced parties, there is, alternately, enough for both, which would not be the case if one party was the whole nation and another only a small clique. In such a case the tendency of the larger party to break itself up into factions, one or more of which should coalesce with the minority and form a united party strong enough to bid for power, would be almost irresistible; so that by degrees the old divisions, if not the old distinctions of principle, would begin to reappear, and bring back again the old system with all its intrigues and insincerity.

No doubt if party could be obliterated altogether under a King like William III., or a Minister like Pitt or Bismarck, the country relying for the preservation of its liberties on the power of the press and public opinion, it might be an improvement on our present method. But we have first to catch our William, our Pitt, or our Bismarck. A wholly exceptional Sovereign, or a wholly exceptional Minister, or a governing class endowed with a wholly exceptional degree of public virtue—one of these three would be absolutely indispensable to such a system. The Whigs, it is clear, in 1741 were not going to lend themselves to any such visionary scheme. They would not look at it: and Bolingbroke had the mortification of finding his wares returned upon his hands after he had been led to believe that the Whigs were ready to become purchasers.

That they were able to act thus is the best proof that a National party was impossible. It cannot too often be repeated, that the popular feeling against Walpole for the last fifteen years had been at fever-heat, and that it was fed by a constant supply of fuel. If half of what the people believed of him was true, it was enough to have hurled any modern Minister from office. If the whole were true, it was enough to have sent Walpole to the Tower. The various mitigations of his different alleged enormities, such as we have here allowed, went for nothing in the eyes of his political opponents; on the nation at large they fell utterly unheeded; and the Patriots were regarded with reverence by the people as men engaged in a desperate struggle with some fell monster, who was devastating,

and

and battening on, their country. He was kept in office, they said, by Court favour, by the immense borough interest of a few grandees, and by the lavish exercise of bribery. What is more, the party system had not yet had time to root itself in public opinion, and still sat very loosely on the nation at large, by whom its relations to Parliamentary government were little understood. Whigs and Tories in the House of Commons seemed to have forgotten their ancient differences. Wyndham, Barnard, and Bromley, were working harmoniously with Pulteney, Lyttleton, and Pitt. If the scheme could not be floated with such a tide as this in its favour, when could it ever be? Yet, as we know, it utterly collapsed. Scarcely was the breath out of the body of Walpole's Cabinet before his successors began to quarrel over the booty, and tossed all these fine projects to the winds. Bolingbroke might have said with Mr. Gladstone, that he found himself 'the last man upon the sinking ship.'

What Bolingbroke either failed to see, or for a long term affected not to see, was that his Whig allies had nothing to gain by throwing themselves into the melting-pot and coming out again as only one ingredient of a National party. They were more sure of place and power by remaining as they were. The breach between the two sections would soon be closed. They had the Crown and the boroughs on their side. The future, as they thought, was theirs. Why share with the Tories what it was possible to keep for themselves, or form a general coalition which would have to provide for many, when they might remain members of a select party, who, with the same number of loaves and fishes, would have only to provide for a few? They were in a strongly entrenched position, where they could defy a mere numerical majority; and their game was clearly to stay there.

So ended this first famous attempt to organize a connexion, which, under the name of 'a National party,' should, as Bolingbroke said, virtually destroy party, and relieve Representative Government from the fetters which such a system imposes on it. A National party means either that or nothing, and notwithstanding the difficulties we have mentioned, the idea has never been lost sight of. George II. himself, in the midst of the party struggles which both preceded and followed the administration of Mr. Pelham, turned a wistful eye upon it. Through Pitt and Canning the torch was handed on; Sir Robert Peel at more than one stage of his career seems to have been half unconsciously inspired by it; and some vague glimmering of its meaning flickered across the brain of Cobden. Quite recently the phrase has been again heard; and unquestionably the

the almost intolerable evils which the party system has brought upon us during the last quarter of a century are enough to make men look in any direction for relief.* But for reasons which we have already assigned, and which need not be repeated, a project which failed in the reign of George II. will hardly succeed in the reign of Queen Victoria. It may be added that party organization, party divisions, and party sympathies and traditions, are all stronger instead of weaker than they were in the middle of the last century, and would require a more powerful agent to dissolve them. They have spread over the whole country, into every class in society, and are kept alive by the press and the platform in every little town and village. More than that, a National party, meaning practically no party, must necessarily be accompanied by personal government in some shape. In the middle of the last century, the revival of personal government would not have seemed nearly so strange as it would now; and we know that forty years after the failure of the Broad-bottom Administration, it was welcomed. Now, however, the bare suggestion of it would be either scouted with ridicule, or denounced as something monstrous and unnatural. Democracies, indeed, are not averse to Dictatorships; and we may be again approaching that bloodless revolution which, according to Lord Beaconsfield, was only prevented a hundred years ago by the French Revolution. But even supposing such an event possible, many things must happen before it casts its shadow before us; or five-sixths of the people, so long inured to faction, and steeped in party spirit, shall acquiesce contentedly in the government of any one man, be he King, Prime Minister, or President.

* See 'Difficulties of good Government:' 'Quarterly Review,' No. 332, p. 496.

ART. VIII.—1. *Report of Mr. Davenport upon the Trading Capabilities of the Country traversed by the Yunnan Mission: presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.* 1877.

2. *Travels and Researches in Western China.* By E. Colborne Baber. Royal Geographical Society: Supplementary Papers. London, 1882.

3. *China. Report for the Year* 1888 *on the Trade of Ichang.* Foreign Office, 1889.

4. *La Province Chinoise du Yunnan.* Par Émile Rocher, de l'Administration des Douanes Impériales de Chine. Paris, 1879.

5. *The River of Golden Sand, the Narrative of a Journey through China and Eastern Tibet to Burmah.* By Captain William Gill, Royal Engineers, with an Introductory Essay by Colonel Henry Yule, C.B., R.E. London, 1880.

6. *Address of Mr. Holt S. Hallet, C.E., F.R.B.S., M.R.H.S., upon Burmah, our Gate to the Markets of Western and Central China: delivered before the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce on the 26th May,* 1887. London, 1887.

7. *Through the Yangtse Gorges.* By Archibald John Little, F.R.G.S. London, 1888.

8. *China: Skizzen von Land* and *Leuten mit besonderer Berücksichtigung commerzieller Verhältnisse.* Von A. H. Exner. Leipzig, 1889.

9. *Three Years in Western China.* By Alexander Hosie. London, 1890.

10. *China. Imperial Maritime Customs. Returns of Trade and Trade Report for the Year* 1888. Published by order of the Inspector-General of Customs. Shanghai, 1889.

WESTERN China is no longer the *terra incognita* from which, until quite recently, rare travellers alone lifted the veil at long intervals, to be followed by relapses into absolute seclusion. Since the outbreak of the great Mahometan revolt in 1856, and the subsequent establishment of a Panthay Sultan in Tali-fu, up to the present day, public attention has been increasingly directed to this region, until now an extensive literature has grown up around it. Its latent resources and its actual trade not seldom form the theme of economists and news-writers, while the interest felt in the great Chinese race is now so general, that no apology is any longer needed for approaching what was once a recondite subject, and for presenting to the general reader fresh pictures of the varied regions that go to make up the Empire of China. If it cannot be

be said literally of a lady of fashion of our day, as was said in Juvenal's Rome,—

> 'Hæc eadem novit quid toto fiat in orbe,
> Quid *Seres* quid Thraces agant,'

at least the spirit of inquiry is abroad, and the metropolis of the modern world is as anxious for news from beyond the pale of European civilization, as it is dependent upon these outlying regions for the daily supply of its material wants. China alone rivals the wide British dominion in populousness and in the industry and activity of its inhabitants, and every step that brings us nearer together is deserving of careful record and attention. Progress in this direction is necessarily slow, but so far it has been persistent. We cannot force the ultra-conservatism of the Chinese with a rush; we must make up our minds to a long siege, and be content to sit down before the walls watching for every opportunity, and not failing to make the most of each one as it occurs. China holds geographically a position on the Eurasian Continent analogous to that of the United States on the American Continent, while in actual area and in the extent of her natural resources she even exceeds the possibilities of the Great Republic. But her resources lie largely undeveloped, and her means of intercommunication are still lamentably deficient. With continued peace, and a consequent growth of confidence in the goodwill and in the aims of the European nations that now touch her frontiers, and with whom she has only so recently become acquainted, we may expect many changes in advance in the coming generation. What has been done in this respect in the past generation is told us in the works the titles of which we have placed at the head of this article.

Of the eighteen provinces of China proper, Szechuen is the largest and the finest, and, until quite recently, was the province least known to Europeans. Marco Polo was the first traveller who gave any description of Western China to the outside world, but his memoirs lay practically dormant and discredited until resuscitated, only a few years back, in the admirable edition of his travels published by the late Colonel Yule. The story of the adventurous journey of the Abbé Huc and Father Gabet in 1844 across China to Lhassa was the next to tell us of the richness and beauty of this distant land. In 1861, Captain Blakiston, in his attempted expedition from Shanghai to Thibet, traversed the province of Szechuen as far west as Ping-shan, the head of navigation on the Upper Yangtse, and incidentally gave us a peep into the wealth and populous-

ness

ness of the West. The late T. T. Cooper followed a few years later over the same ground, and, though foiled in his endeavour to get beyond Bathang, he has left us an amusing picture of the people in his 'Pioneer in Pigtails and Petticoats.' The expedition of Margary in 1875 may, however, be said to mark the era of the real commencement of a practical interest in this region, and the rise of a sustained endeavour to render it available as a field for European enterprise. In that year the Indian Government, in a laudable anxiety to open up a trade route through Burmah to South-Western China, despatched an expedition, under Colonel Horace Browne, to proceed *viâ* Bhamo to Yunnan-fu. Margary, an officer in the British Consular service in China, was deputed to meet the expedition from the China side, and to act as its interpreter, and guide it across the frontier. He proceeded through the province of Yunnan in safety, and met Colonel Browne at his halt in the wild Kakhyen country, midway between Bhamo and Tali-fu, but on returning to China to announce the advent of the expedition, he was foully murdered at a place called Momein or Teng-yueh-chow, a town situated on the head waters of the Salween, some distance within the Yunnan frontier. The fact of his having been murdered by Chinese soldiers,—stabbed in the back without any quarrel or fracas,—coupled with that of the hostile attack by well-armed Kakhyens and Chinese on Colonel Browne's party on the following day, which was only saved from total destruction by the determined stand made by his Sikh guard, leaves little doubt that the Chinese Government instigated the opposition, leaving the local authorities to devise the means. This is an old story in our intercourse with the Chinese. The Central Government, driven into a corner, gives a reluctant assent to the general proposition, and then sets to work to defeat its consequences in detail. And in this case, as in many others, the tortuous policy has succeeded. Although Bhamo has since fallen into our possession by the conquest of Upper Burmah, and the British Indian frontier now marches coterminous with the Chinese, still no further steps to improve this route have yet been taken. The investigation into the facts of Margary's murder was undertaken by Messrs. Grosvenor and Baber, who, in accordance with the agreement entered into by our Minister in Pekin with the Chinese Government, were ordered to make inquiries on the spot. This expedition gave us further valuable knowledge of the country in their journals and in the Blue-books which resulted, while leaving little doubt that the murder was the result of an atrocious plot on the part of the Yunnan Viceroy. The demand of our Government for redress ended in a meeting

a meeting to discuss the matter, held in Chefoo, between Sir Thomas Wade and the trusted counsellor and envoy of the Chinese Government, Li Hung-chang. The representative of the British Government, fortified by the report of the Grosvenor Commission of Enquiry, originally demanded an examination into the conduct of the Yunnan Viceroy, Tsên yü-ying, in whose jurisdiction the murder had been committed, but he ultimately yielded to the representations of Li as to the impossibility of the Chinese Government putting a Viceroy on his trial, and accepted the compromise known as the Chefoo Convention. By this Convention, which was signed at Chefoo in the summer of 1876, the Chinese paid 10,000*l.* blood money to the relatives of the murdered consular agent, and agreed to open five new ports to foreign trade, of which Pakhoi on the west coast of Kwang-tung, Wenchow in Fokien, with Wuhu and Ichang on the Yangtse river, were opened unconditionally. Not one of these ports has, so far, justified by its trade the maintenance of the Consul which its opening to British residents has been held to necessitate. The last concession, and in our opinion the only valuable one of the whole, was the opening of Chungking *as soon as it should have been proved accessible to steamers.* This most unfortunate 'condition precedent' robbed the only real equivalent offered for our abandonment of the demand that Margary's murderers should be brought to trial, of half its value, while it opened the door to that endless quibbling in which Chinese diplomatists are past masters. Such as it was, the convention was signed. The fleet that had been sent north, threatening the Chinese with reprisals should they persist in their refusal to punish Margary's murderers, was withdrawn, and in due course the new ports were opened. So insignificant are the regions which they serve, that, so far, those four new ports combined only give occupation to five resident European merchants, and of these five three are Germans. Little attention was paid to Chungking, the 'condition precedent' being considered too onerous and too risky for any prudent merchant to run. In order to be allowed eventually to settle in the port, he must first build a steamer fit to navigate the rapids, then get permission for her to run, and if he succeeded in getting up to Chungking and back without mishap, he would still have to wait an indefinite time for the practical result. For thus ran the wording of this celebrated negatively-worded convention :—

'British merchants will not be allowed to reside in Chungking or to open establishments or warehouses there so long as no steamers have access to the port. When steamers have succeeded in ascending

ascending the river so far, further arrangements can be taken into consideration.'

But what if he lost his steamer in the first attempt? The Chinese might easily assert that this fact proved the river not to be navigable, and so endeavour to dispose of the question once for all. Even if backed up by a minister in Peking, of more energy and determination than falls to the share of the average official, he should succeed in obtaining permission to make a second, or a series of attempts, where was the man of business possessed of the inexhaustible resources that might be needed? In this way Chungking was forgotten, and the Convention generally regarded as one more of the many sham triumphs of a diplomacy content to rest on the practical successes of a past and more vigorous generation. At length, in 1883, a Shanghai merchant, Mr. Archibald Little, made a journey up to Chungking, subsequently described by him in glowing colours in 'Through the Yangtse Gorges,' and was so much impressed with the capabilities of the region that on his return he set to work to get it opened up. A preliminary application for permission for a steamer to run up, made at Mr. Little's request to the Tsung li Yamen by the then British Chargé-d'affaires in Peking, Mr. N. R. O'Connor, produced a favourable although somewhat indefinite reply. Mr. Little, however, felt so far encouraged to proceed that, failing to find the required support in China, he came to this country in 1885 in the hope of arousing public interest here. For, strange as it may seem, European residents in China are somewhat sceptical of the benefits derivable from new ports. They are not unnaturally wholly absorbed in their own special business, in which too, as a rule, all their available capital is engaged. A new port in their neighbourhood takes away business from many of the old-established firms at the existing ports, and often compels them in self-defence to incur the expense, risk, and labour of establishing a branch at the rival *entrepôt*. Although there is indisputable evidence that the general trade between Great Britain, her colonies, and China, besides the profits in the new carrying trade thereby opened up to British vessels, is largely increased by the admission of new regions to the gate of a privileged 'treaty port'; yet much of the produce, that formerly came to the old port, may now find its way to the new, while native buyers, if they find their wants supplied nearer home, will cease to make the more distant journey to the original mart. Hence the lack of enthusiasm in progress in China on the part of those supposed to be most interested, which is a surprise at first until we

remember how strong is the conservatism of vested interests, with their rooted antipathy to any change that may disturb them. But here in Britain the case stands differently: Manchester cares not whom she sells to, and the more marts are open to her wares, the more she rejoices; Glasgow, too, finds, in new ports, new routes for her steamers and new openings for her indefatigable citizens. And it was in these centres of our trade that Mr. Little found the main support of his scheme. He formed a small company, entitled the Upper Yangtse Steam Navigation Company, which in 1887 despatched from the Clyde their pioneer steamer the 'Kuling,' a sternwheeler designed to navigate the rapids above Ichang, and so open out the road to Chungking. But after his return to China his real difficulties commenced. The Tsung-li Yamên, or Chinese office for foreign affairs, whether they felt themselves entrapped into their original assent by Mr. O'Connor and so determined to back out of it at all hazards, or whether they really feared the resistance of the local authorities to the carrying out of the Chefoo Convention as far as Chungking was concerned, it is needless to decide. Suffice it to say, from the day of the arrival of the steamer in Ichang, February 1888, to the day of her sale to the Chinese Customs in December 1889, the Chinese authorities, both central and local, exerted every artifice for delay that a crafty people could devise, or a British minister, over anxious to stand well in their good graces, would submit to. Mr. Little was referred about from Peking to Ichang and back again without being able to get possession of the repeatedly promised permit to run. It was granted at last in Peking, subject to confirmation by the local officials, with whom it seemed that now nothing further remained to be done but to draw up simple rules for the navigation; for which ostensible purpose, certain 'Wei-yuen,' or deputies, were sent to meet and arrange with Mr. Little and the British Consul at Ichang in the early part of the year 1889, and there to hand him formally the hitherto intangible document, which, it was alleged in Peking, had already been despatched to Ichang for that purpose.

The Central Government had already exhausted their reasons why the steamer should not be allowed to go. Despatch after despatch had detailed to the British Minister the impediments that would inevitably be met with, and for which the Tsung-li Yamên protested in advance that they would not be held responsible. The dangers besetting the path of an explorer upon the 450 miles, which separate the haven of Ichang from his goal, Chungking, were depicted in most forbidding language. Not

Not alone the irate junkmen and trackers would sink the steamer by collisions, but the monkeys, on their precipices in the long gorges, would resent the intrusion of the strange apparition into their domain by hurling down rocks on her devoted decks. All these the Chinese Government expressed themselves powerless to control. Now that the 'Deputies,' or High Commissioners, had arrived in Ichang, professedly to make arrangements for the coming voyage of the 'Kuling,' they put forward the danger to the junks as the chief obstacle, and proposed all kinds of impossible rules, evidently with the sole object of procuring delay. In order to remove all pretext for further delay, Mr. Little offered to pay the value of all junks his steamer might run down, whether the steamer were in the right or in the wrong, and to enter into a bond giving security for the payment of such sums as might be adjudicated as due to the sufferers by collision both in life and property. This offer was telegraphed to Peking, but without result. The Chinese had determined the steamer should not go; and when one pretext after another was set aside, they finally avowed that the Government would not permit steamers and junks to navigate the river simultaneously. Their final condition was that two days in each month should be set aside for the steamer's exclusive use of the river, during which days the junks should be tied up to the bank. This preposterous clause would have made of the run to Chungking a three months' voyage at least. Though seriously put forward, it was, of course, never meant to be accepted seriously. In short, the proposal was so absurd that it had the desired effect of breaking off the negociations in Ichang, and thus, after three months wasted, the farce of the Ichang Convention, so called, came to an end. The British Minister in Peking, Sir John Walsham, refused to give the Chinese notice that after a certain date he should authorize the steamer to start, and that he looked to the authorities to see that she was not molested. This simple course, which would most certainly have been adopted a generation back, and which was strongly pressed upon the Minister, appeared not to be in accordance with modern diplomatic ideas, and the opportunity was lost. For the more our diplomatists get involved in correspondence with an astute people like the Chinese, the more hopeless does their position become. At last the Chinese proposed to secure themselves a respite by purchasing the *corpus delicti* of the diplomatic struggle, and so temporarily putting an end to it. This solution was eagerly seized upon on all sides. It conceded no principle; it was a purely private transaction, and it gave everybody a breathing time after a wrangle in

which all concerned were worn out. Thus the proverbial patience of the Chinese triumphed over the impatience of the barbarian, and the tortoise once more got the better of the hare. The legation officials in Peking were sick of the whole business after the *impasse* they had arrived at, and the shareholders in the steamer had reached the end of their resources. The abortive congress of Chinese and British officials, at Ichang, broke up in May 1889, and in December of that year the steamer 'Kuling' finally changed hands; the interval having been occupied in vain attempts, by the British Minister in Peking, to obtain a serious reply to his repeated request that the 'Kuling' should be allowed to run. Lord Salisbury, we are told, pressed the Chinese to fulfil the convention of 1876 with persistent vigour, and did not fail to urge our Minister in China to bring matters to a conclusion. But the Chinese are past masters in the diplomatic art, and instantly perceive how far an antagonist is likely to push matters. Having found that we are no longer likely, as in the old days, to push matters to extremes in case of refusal, they now, when an unpalatable concession is demanded, take refuge in a *non possumus* and in absolutely shameless procrastination. They have pursued this policy in the Thibetan Question so far successfully, and they did the same in this Upper Yangtse business. So, when the offer for the steamer was telegraphed to London to the owners, we hear that the Foreign Office, who were, of course, informed of the offer and consulted on the matter, decidedly approved of its being accepted, believing that negociations would go on more expeditiously with the steamer out of the way. And, in truth, no sooner was the steamer gone, than a counter-proposition appears to have been put forth by the Chinese—on the one hand, to open the port of Chungking at once, without waiting for the proof of the navigability of the river, which was the 'condition precedent' set forth in the ambiguous Chefoo Convention; while, on the other hand, access to the long-sought goal is denied to British steamers until the Chinese themselves have led the way. An immediate advantage, in the admission of foreign goods into Szechuen upon payment of one import duty in Shanghai, is conceded, while the implied right to run steamers forthwith through to Chungking is withdrawn. These terms having been accepted by our Government, it remains now to be seen how long it will be before Chinese steamers commence to run. In the meantime, the admission of Chungking to the rank of a 'Treaty Port' will, undoubtedly, lead to a considerable increase in the consumption of British manufactures in Szechuen and Western China, as a result of the abolition of all intervening transit dues from the coast; but for the

the further cheapening of the cost resulting from the substitution of steam- for man-power, we have still to wait. That this wait will not be long is the belief of those who know China best. The thin end of the wedge has been inserted, and, from this time on, we may expect to see the revivifying effect of foreign intercourse as potent in Western China as it has been on the Eastern seaboard. There, as in all regions where Chinese come under our rule or influence, wages advance, and the people are better housed and clad, while a general air of prosperous activity prevails. But away from this influence, alike in Peking, the capital in the far North, and in Yunnan, the province bordering on our Burmese possessions, stagnation and decay fill the traveller with pity and bewilderment.

All the travellers, whose names we have placed at the head of this article, are unanimous on two points: one, the richness of the resources and the natural wealth of Western China; the other, the rudimentary condition of its material development, and the (shall we say—consequent?) deep poverty of the greater number of its inhabitants. Taking Western, or rather South-western, China as consisting of the three provinces of Szechuen, Kueichow, and Yunnan, we find it comprises an area of 340,000 square miles, or about 20,000 square miles more than the combined area of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. Its aggregate population is estimated at about 80,000,000, or much the same number as find subsistence over the corresponding area in Europe. But in China the bulk of this population is concentrated in the fertile lowlands of Eastern Szechun, which province appears to be hopelessly congested with a population of sixty odd millions; while the two provinces of Kueichow and Yunnan are credited with barely twenty millions between them. The much-needed migration does go forward to a small extent; but it is hindered by the want of roads, and the reluctance of the Government to facilitate mining enterprise, except when organized as a purely official undertaking. Hence the settlement of these two provinces, which have been largely cleared of their original inhabitants during the past two decades, proceeds but slowly. The causes of these clearances were: the well-known Panthay rebellion in Yunnan, which resulted in the practical extermination of its Mussulman population; and the insubordination of the 'Miao-tse,' the aboriginal population of Kueichow, which has led to their being mostly killed off from the northern half of the province; scattered remnants having alone escaped to the more inaccessible regions in the south. These interesting and by no means uncivilized peoples seem, like their Mahometan fellow-subjects in Yunnan, to have been goaded

goaded into rebellion by the exactions and breaches of faith practised upon them by the provincial officials. These men whose aim, with a few honourable exceptions, is simply to pass their three years' term of office in peace and quietness, while amassing as much wealth as can be squeezed out of their district in this limited period, are merciless in the face of any opposition on the part of the people. Held responsible for results, and at a distance which takes months for a despatch to the Central Government to cover, the means are their own affair; and as a local Viceroy had, until quite recently, but a very limited amount of physical force at his back, he felt obliged to maintain his prestige by severity, and to crush ruthlessly disaffection in the bud—a policy usually successful. But the present instances formed exceptions to the rule; and the knowledge that no quarter would be given, compelled the unfortunate Mahometans to fight out the struggle to the bitter end. The final catastrophe was the surrender of Ta-li-fu, then the Panthay capital, and consequent extermination of its inhabitants, men, women and children alike, by the sword, and by drowning in its lovely lake. General 'Yang,' who commanded the Imperial forces at the time, was said to have amassed six million taels—about a million and a quarter sterling—for his own share of the plunder; and we well remember meeting the ruffian, who was returning home by the 'Messageries' coasting steamer with six wives, laid out on the cabin table, being shampooed by two of them. Consul Rocher, who is now the French representative at Mengtse, in Yunnan (a town adjoining the Tonquin border), and who was formerly for many years in the Chinese Customs service, gives a graphic account of this terrible massacre. M. Rocher was sent to deliver in Yunnan the arms of precision, and the European cannon which alone enabled the mandarins to prevail in the end. He thus describes the outbreak of the conflict in 1856:—

'This new massacre of St. Bartholomew, so anxiously looked for by the anti-Mahommedan coalition, was at length carried out on the 19th of May, 1856—at least, this was the beginning. Bands of marauders, levied and subsidised by the mandarins, entered upon the campaign, supported by a number of the populace attracted by the prospect of plunder. Notwithstanding that the Mahommedans had been forewarned, few of them took any precautions: they had allowed themselves to be lulled into a false sense of security, in the belief that their friends and neighbours of the day before could not possibly become, all of a sudden and with no apparent motive, their murderers the day after. Meanwhile the people, worked up by the authorities and egged on by promises of booty, became lost to all sense of duty, and threw themselves upon innocent families with that savage

savage fanaticism of which one sees but too many instances in wars of religion in all countries. In regions where their numbers were few, the Mahommedans were cut down without mercy; in other places, where resistance was attempted, they succumbed to numbers, and the remnant, utterly without resources, set fire to their homes and fled. Old men and children, incapacitated from flight, found no mercy at the hands of their executioners, and the young women whose lives were spared were only reserved to be the victims of worse brutalities.'

And its termination in 1873:—

'The Fu-tai (Governor of the Province) made use of the pretext of celebrating the deliverance of the city (Ta-li) to invite all the Mussulman chiefs to a grand banquet; those who had openly fought against the capitulation suspected a trap, while the prime movers in the surrender, who had been loaded with honours by the Imperial authorities, looked upon the invitation as nothing more than an obligatory ceremony. Yang yü-ko, the Imperial Commander-in-Chief, alleged illness as an excuse for not being present, and sent one of his lieutenants in his place. The invited guests duly made their appearance, and were cordially received by the Governor; but when the time came for adjourning to the dining-hall, they were seized by soldiers posted in readiness at the doors, and in less than a minute seventeen heads rolled on the floor. Thereupon the Governor ordered a salute of six guns, the preconcerted signal for the commencement of the massacre in the town. It was the eleventh day of the occupation. What followed is indescribable. The soldiers pitilessly set themselves to massacre their hosts, whose hospitality they were enjoying; and the population, who had flattered themselves that all fighting was over, found themselves taken by surprise, and never attempted any resistance. After three days of this inhuman butchery, the city of Ta-li and its environs presented a heartrending spectacle: out of 50,000 inhabitants, over 30,000 had perished in these ill-fated days, the survivors being totally dispersed. To show that there was nothing more to be feared from the rebellion, at the termination of the massacre the Governor despatched to the capital twenty-four large hampers, making twelve mule-loads, of human ears, sewn together in pairs. This trophy of the capture of Ta-li-fu was there exposed to the public gaze, along with the seventeen heads of the murdered chiefs.'

This final scene reminds us of the analogous piece of treachery perpetrated by Li Hung-chang, the present Viceroy of Chilhi, when, in 1863, the Taiping Wangs, having surrendered their strong fortress of Soochow upon the personal promise of Gordon, that their lives should be spared, were invited by Li to a feast where they were all ruthlessly massacred, Li posing in popular estimation as the hero of the rebellion from that time forth. It is difficult to imagine the ordinarily quiet, effeminate-looking

nate-looking Chinaman capable of the savage atrocities which he seems to revel in when once his blood is roused.

Mr. Davenport also tells us of Yunnan:—

'I have already described the fearful depopulation of this province, and which invariably accompanies a civil war in this country. The Imperialist soldiers seem to be seized with a kind of frenzy after an action, when nothing less than the destruction of all destructible property, and the slaughter of old men, women and children, will suffice to satisfy their "intense hatred and animosity," to use the exculpatory language of their commanders. During a short rebellion, such as visited the neighbouring province of Szechuen, the great bulk of the people are enabled, especially in a mountainous district, to seek shelter from the soldiery, and a few years after the termination of the struggle the gap in the population is filled up. In Yunnan, however, the war lasted for eighteen years, many towns were taken and retaken upwards of ten times, while during this long period the people who had taken refuge in the mountains, being unable to cultivate the irrigated bottom lands, died of starvation or its accompanying diseases. . .

'At the census of 1812, the population was estimated at 5,561,320, and the following forty years of peace probably brought the numbers up to 8,000,000. The decrease from 8,000,000 to 1,000,000 will astonish none who have had the opportunity of seeing the country on the sea-board before and after it was devastated by the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion. As to recovery, the very few officials in the province who seemed to take an interest in the matter were of opinion that the only possible means was to institute a compulsory immigration of the surplus population of Szechuen, under the management of the Chinese Government. The Chinese are very willing emigrants, even in opposition to the laws of their Empire, to any country under foreign rule where labour is well paid for, and their lives and property, as a general rule, fairly protected; but inside the Great Wall they are very unwilling to change their habitat. In Yunnan, in particular, beside the usual dread of the authorities and the supposed ferocity of the natives of a strange province, they complain that, owing to want of roads and feasible transportation, rice and everything else they could produce would be of no appreciable value.'

Messrs. Davenport, Hosie, and Rocher, all describe the vast extent of terraced hills and of irrigation works, now abandoned, that cover the whole face of the province as well as the seemingly ubiquitous mines of gold, silver, lead, iron, tin, zinc and copper, besides jade, amber, sapphires, lapis-lazuli, turquoises and agates. Mr. Davenport winds up by saying, 'In short, a volume would be required to point out all the mineral wealth of this richly-endowed province.'

The province of Szechuen, literally 'Four streams,' or, as the ideographic

ideographic characters may be freely rendered, 'encompassed by streams,' is well named. Szechuen is a grand natural basin, watered through a thousand channels by the perennial streams that flow from the lofty Thibetan mountains on its western frontier. Artificially increased and regulated in the plain of Chêng-tu, which thus rejoices in the most perfect system of irrigation in China, one group of these streams goes to form the Min-Kiang, or left fork of the great Yangtse river, which after uniting with the Kin-sha-kiang (Gold-dust river) from farther west washes the walls of Chungking in a mighty stream 800 yards wide, with a deep and rapid current. Other streams from the north unite in the navigable Kia-ling Kiang, which joins the Yangtse at Chungking, the two streams being here divided by the rocky peninsula on which this celebrated city stands. Rain falls almost daily in this favoured province, and the land being high the floods which curse the Yangtse's lower course are here unknown, though navigation is not seldom arrested for a time by the conversion of the Szechuen streams into raging torrents by the summer rains. The climate is damp and warm, eminently beneficial to vegetation, but less healthy for man than the drier regions to the north and south. A belt of cloud and fog envelopes the province during a great portion of the year, through which the sun's rays pierce intermittently, but with great force. Yunnan, which enjoys a bright and more bracing climate, although in a lower latitude, means literally 'south of the clouds,' thus indicating the misty character of the northern province. Yunnan, though lying between the 22nd and 28th parallels, is, owing to the average elevation of its valleys being some 5000 feet above the sea, less oppressive, and at the same time less favourable to vegetation than the hothouse atmosphere of Szechuen, situated between the 28th and 33rd parallels of latitude, but on an average level of about 1000 feet only above the sea. And the vegetation of Szechuen sets off the picturesque rocky outline of its scenery to perfection. Outside the plain of Chêngtu, every stream and streamlet has worn its way through the soft red sandstone, and thus the rolling plateau of Eastern Szechuen is cut up by innumerable glens, each one of which, with its clothing of ferns and wild flowers on the ruddy background of rock, presents a succession of pictures for a landscape painter. Where the transverse ranges of limestone, which break through the sandstone in parallel ridges of about 2000 feet altitude, trending generally N.E. and S.W., are cut through by the larger navigable rivers, we find true gorges with vertical cliffs and deep abyss-like bottoms. All the products of the sub-tropical regions here flourish to perfection with the exception of

of cotton, which is always at its best in plains by the sea. In addition to the staples of rice and wheat (this latter now largely supplanted by the poppy) the land is gay with crops of beans, barley, maize, buckwheat, pulse, sorghum, ground-nuts, rape, the sugar cane, hemp, potatoes (sweet and ordinary), the tobacco plant, and the mulberry. A scientific rotation of crops, and the conscientious returning to the soil of the residue of all that is taken from it, explains the exceptional fertility. No sooner is one crop maturing than preparations are made for another, the new crop being often planted in the rows between the ripe crop yet unreaped. Groves of trees, evergreen and deciduous, surround the farmsteads which are here scattered all over the country at 100 or 200 yards' distance from each other, and are not so much grouped in villages for mutual protection as in the less favoured regions in the outer world beyond the mountains. Unlike the Japanese, in this utilitarian land a thrifty people grow trees for profit rather than ornament, and except the banyans (Hoang-ko) round the numerous shrines and sheltering the interminable succession of tea and rest-houses which line the chief highways, the groves have all an industrial value. The bamboo, which is to the sub-tropical regions what the palm family is to the inhabitants of the tropics,—food, shelter and raiment,—frames every village prospect with its graceful feathery verdure. On the higher slopes stand glorious woods of walnut and chestnut, while the bottoms are lined with the bright green mulberry and the delicately tinted tallow tree. The wood-oil tree and the varnish-tree yield valuable products in universal demand for home consumption, and furnishing a surplus for export as well. Sericulture is universal in Szechuen, and all but the very poor dress in silk. Every household breeds its silkworms, which are fed not alone on the mulberry leaf but also on the leaves of the oak and of the *Cudrania triloba:* the women even go so far as to hatch the eggs in their bosoms. The district of Ya-chow supplies Thibet with the greater part of its brick tea, the quantity sent by the road of Ta-chien lu being valued at about 200,000*l.* annually. Another most interesting produce of these parts, and which has been carefully examined into and minutely described by Mr. Hosie in his reports to the Foreign Office, is the insect wax—the *Pai-la* or white wax of commerce. The insect producing this wax is bred in a valley situated 5000 feet above sea-level among the mountains in the south-west corner of Szechuen, which drive the Yangtse to make its great southern bend, in latitude 28°. The larvæ of this insect (*Coccus Pai-la* of Wedgewood) are here found on the large-leaved privet (*Ligustrum lucidum*) living in pea-shaped

pea-shaped excrescences or scales: these are easily detachable, and in the end of April they are gathered from the trees and collected in the town of Teh-chang, situated in latitude 27° 24′, on the right bank of the Anning river.

Mr. Hosie in his book, which will always be a valuable compendium for reference on the subject, goes on to tell us:—

'To this town (Teh-ch'ang) porters from Chia-ting annually resort in great numbers—in former years they are said to have numbered as many as 10,000—to carry the scales across the mountains to Chia-ting. The scales are made up into paper packets, each weighing about sixteen ounces, and a load usually consists of about sixty packets. Great care has to be taken in the transit of the scales. The porters between the Chien-ch'ang valley and Chia-ting travel only during the night, for at the season of transit the temperature is already high during the day, and would tend to the rapid development of the insects and their escape from the scales. At their resting-places, the porters open and spread out the packets in cool places. Notwithstanding all these precautions, however, each packet, on arrival at Chia-ting, is found to be more than an ounce lighter than when it started from Chien-ch'ang. In years of plenty, a pound of scales laid down in Chia-ting costs about half-a-crown; but in years of scarcity, such as last year, when only a thousand loads are said to have reached Chia-ting from Chien-ch'ang, the price is doubled.

'In favourable years, a pound of Chien-ch'ang scales is calculated to produce from four to five pounds of wax; in bad years, little more than a pound may be expected, so that, taken as a whole, white-wax culture has in it a considerable element of risk.

'West from the right bank of the Min river, on which the city of Chia-ting lies, stretches a plain to the foot of the sacred O-mei range of mountains. This plain, which runs south to the left bank of the Ta-tu river, which forms the northern boundary of the Chien-ch'ang valley farther west, is an immense rice-field, being well watered by streams from the western mountains. Almost every plot of ground on this plain, as well as the bases of the mountains, are thickly edged with stumps, varying from three or four feet to a dozen feet in height, with numerous sprouts rising from their gnarled heads. These stumps resemble, at a distance, our own pollard willows. The leaves spring in pairs from the branches. They are light green, ovate, pointed, serrated, and deciduous. In June 1884, when I visited this part of the country, some of the trees were bearing bunches apparently of fruit in small pods; but as no flowering specimens were then procurable, there still exists a little uncertainty as to this tree. I am informed, however, that it is, in all probability, the *Fraxinus Chinensis*, a species of ash. The tree is known to the Chinese as the *Pai-la shu*, or "white-wax tree."

'The wax first appears as a white coating on the under sides of the boughs and twigs, and resembles very much sulphate of quinine, or

or a covering of snow. It gradually spreads over the whole branch, and attains, after three months, a thickness of about a quarter of an inch.'

Mr. Hosie does not fully explain why the tree which produces the insect, and the tree upon which the insect deposits its wax, should not be cultivated in closer proximity. No other people but the Chinese would incur the labour and risk of transporting insects a distance of 200 miles on men's backs, and by night, for such an object. The melting-point of this insect wax being 160° Fahrenheit while the animal tallow melts at 95°, explains the great value placed upon this production in a land where (the treaty ports always excepted) gas and electric lighting are unknown. The Chinese 'dips,' with their clumsy rush wicks, give little light, but they have one virtue, that they will burn in the open air without guttering, and it requires a gale to extinguish them. This virtue is due to their outer coating of insect wax, and accounts for its former value of 500*l.* per ton. Of late years, however, the competition of cheap petroleum from America has largely reduced the consumption of candles in China; and where these were formerly burnt in every house, their use is now mainly confined to the handy varnished-paper lanterns, which the condition of Chinese streets renders absolutely indispensable to all, rich or poor, who venture out after dusk. The price of insect wax has now fallen to 200*l.* per ton, and the import into Shanghai from Szechuen last year was only 500 tons, valued at 100,000*l.*

Fences are rare in China, and so valuable is the land in Szechuen that each farmer plants his ground close up to his neighbour's boundary, with no intervening division. The roads were all narrow enough when originally laid out, but we have seen, in places away from the main arteries of commerce, raised footpaths between the paddy fields cut down by the greed of the cultivators of the land adjoining to a width of five or six inches: and a considerable traffic was going on along these paths, even not excluding an occasional sedan chair. To protect their crops from the ravages of the passing pack animals, the farmers along the borders of the roads scatter feathers in amongst the growing plants. The Chinese agriculturist neglects nothing: of the poppy, which now apparently replaces all other winter crops, Mr. Little tells us:—

'If it were forbidden to collect the drug, his winter crop of poppy would still pay the farmer by its other products, such as the oil produced from the seed; the lye, used in dyeing, produced from the ash of the stalk, and the heavy crop of leaves which goes to feed the pigs, which every Chinaman keeps. Nor, with the Chinese system

system of applying all the town manure to the fields, does the crop exhaust the ground or render the summer crop of maize any less prolific.'

We see that the Chinaman has long ago forestalled us in his attention to by-products, which in this country have only begun to be properly cared for quite recently. Britain would support double its present population upon our actual resources, if every inhabitant were as thrifty as are the Chinese, both rich and poor, and its agriculturists as well informed in their own special department and as minutely painstaking.

A very fine tobacco grows largely in Szechuen, where alone it is smoked in cigar form. The Ramie fibre is widely cultivated for the manufacture of grass-cloth, that indispensable material of the well-to-do Chinaman's elegant and appropriate summer clothing, and the *Fatsia papyrifera* is planted for its pith, out of which deft Chinese fingers cut the thin sheets miscalled rice paper. Dye plants are less widely sown than formerly: the brilliant yet, at the same time, soothing colours of nature—safflower, indigo, madder—are giving place to the glaring products of chemical ingenuity. Aniline dyes are fast ruining Oriental art, and it is a question whether all the good we have given to Asia by our intercourse is not counterbalanced by the destruction of the old artistic feeling, which permeates all its productions, the commonest household utensil as well as the finest fabric, and the most precious 'curio' of China and Japan.

Pisciculture has from time immemorial occupied the Chinese, and most successful they are in entrapping the spawn in the rivers in spring-time and transporting it to inland fish-ponds. In Hupeh in the month of May row upon row of fine meshed fishing nets stretched on small square bamboo frames are seen floating in the muddy stream of the Yangtse in which the ova collect: these are afterwards taken out and placed in large earthenware jars, and as soon as the shoals of minute young fish appear, they are transported to inland towns and villages for deposition in the local fish-ponds. On their long journey by land and water, often extending over several weeks, the fishlets are fed from time to time with yolk of egg. We have seen many of the final homes of these fish far away in the hill country, hundreds of miles from the river of their birth. In the enclosed courtyard, which forms the entrance of every decent house in China, a square stone-walled basin is let into the ground, atrium fashion, and in this the fish disport themselves ready to the hand of the cook, whose cheerful workshop frequently forms one side of the entrance yard. A small conduit of clear running water from the neighbouring mountain stream is

is conveyed into the basin under the enclosing wall at one corner and makes its exit by another. A small village is often composed of a double row of such houses, each with its private reservoir served from the common stream. In Szechuen even the shallow stagnant water of the paddy-fields is utilized for pisciculture, and the land not only produces the Chinese staff of life, rice, but the staple next in importance in their diet, fish. In the early spring, reeds and rank grass are cut from the hill-sides, made up into bundles, then strung on bamboos and laid down in the shallow water in the Yangtse weighted with stones. Here the fish spawn and the ova adhere to the grass and reeds, which are then taken up and sown. The grass is afterwards scattered in the terraced fields, running water being carried down from field to field by small cuts in the dividing earth banks, each of which can be readily plugged with mud, and the circulation arrested or re-opened as occasion requires.

Salt, produced from brine evaporated over natural fire wells, silk, opium, and drugs, form the staple exports to the East. Mr. Little tells us of the 'inexhaustible supply of drugs, huge junk-loads of which are despatched from Chungking throughout the season, to enrich the drug stores and destroy the stomachs of their customers, the dyspeptic well-to-do classes:' and of the principal street of Chungking he tells us, 'The whole air is redolent with the heavy fragance of Chinese medicines, a *mélange* apparently of rhubarb, liquorice-root, orris-root, lovage (*Radix levistici*), and musk.' The Chinese, wisely or unwisely, imbibe their medicines in the form of *tisanes*, and a prescription made up at one of the chemists' shops requires a special porter to transport it. The movement of drugs in bulk, many valuable, some purely fanciful, is a conspicuous feature in the goods traffic from the West, and a large proportion of the freights in the river steamers trading to Ichang is derived from the cumbrous bales in which they are packed for transport.

Of the opium cultivation, in speaking of the endless stretch of country now devoted to this enervating drug, he tells us, writing of his journey in the month of April: 'The whole Pong valley was beautifully cultivated, exclusively with poppy; the brilliant dark green of the plant, sprinkled with the white flowers, giving the hills the appearance in the distance of being covered with rich pasture, from which the sun had not yet dissipated the morning dews.'

The value of the opium produced in Western China is (no statistics being available) generally believed to be fully equal to that of the foreign import from Persia and India, say 8,000,000*l.*; the quantity of native-grown, which fetches only two-thirds

two-thirds of the price of imported, being thus half as much again as its foreign rival. Even this sum of 16,000,000*l.*, spent on a drug which, in the opinion of many Chinese patriots, as well as in the opinion of the bulk of our European missionaries, is steadily and stealthily undermining the manhood of the nation, is but a flea-bite compared with the expenditure upon intoxicating liquors in this country of 120,000,000*l.* On the other hand, China, with its four hundred millions of inhabitants, possesses probably less accumulated wealth than do Britain's forty millions.

The Chinaman's wants are fewer, and he leads a more contented life. Yet, in their way, the Chinese are great traders, and the interchange of products carried on by Szechuen with the neighbouring provinces is estimated at something like 27,000,000*l.* Of this amount only a very trifling percentage passes through the Imperial Maritime Custom House situated at Ichang, the toll-gate of the Upper Yangtse. The value given in the 'returns' for the year 1888 is 1,250,000*l.* This covers all the goods landed at and shipped from Ichang in steamers. An equal value probably passes Ichang in junks. Deducting this, as well as the value of the salt and opium (the greater part of which is carried by bye-paths overland to avoid the tax stations), from the above total, we find a trade of some 15,000,000*l.* being carried on by other routes. The principal of these are the combined land and water route from Southern Szechuen, by way of the Yuan river and the Tung-ting lake, and the Northern land route to the Han river, which debouches at Hankow. There is farther an overland trade between Yunnan and Burmah, *viâ* Ta-li and Bhamo, estimated at about 500,000*l.* in annual value. The French last year succeeded in running a stern-wheeler, or *monorue*, as they have dubbed this class of vessel, through their new Tonquin territory by the Red river to Laokai, on the Southern Yunnan border. This is the shortest by far of any of the outlets of Western China to the seaboard, but the navigation, owing to the smallness of the stream and the greater fall in its bed, is far more difficult and dangerous than that of the Upper Yangtse. It is estimated that, notwithstanding the difficulties of transit, one-fifth of the woollen goods imported from Great Britain into North China, *viâ* Shanghai, go on to Szechuen, as well as one-tenth of the cottons, the figures being (1888):—

	£
Total import of woollens into Shanghai. .	1,500,000
Of which for Szechuen	300,000
Import into Shanghai of cottons . . .	12,000,000
Of which for Szechuen	1,200,000

It

It must be remembered that the bulk of the cotton clothing of the people of Western China is made from imported raw cotton spun and woven by the women of the family. Cotton being little grown in the West, it has to be imported from the outside, and, as a consequence, all the roads converging on Yunnan and Szechuen are covered with cotton in the season. We have seen the rocks on the rapids of the Yangtse strewn with cotton, and on the land roads, strings of porters struggling along under the huge unpressed bales, like ants under their eggs in the breeding season. Mr. Holt Hallett tells us that a quantity goes over from Zimmé, in Siam, at a cost of carriage of one shilling per ton per mile, while raw cotton is the main staple of the imports from Burmah. In the woollen trade, the heavy Russian cloths take a great part: these are also imported overland, and, owing to their good quality and total freedom from shoddy or other admixture of fibres, are in large general demand, notwithstanding their very high cost.

Mr. Exner gives an interesting account of the working of the salt monopoly—a curious mean between the farming of the revenue so prevalent in old times in Europe and our modern European methods of indirect taxation:—

'The salt trade of China is of special interest for us, seeing that it is in the first place a monopoly of the Chinese Government, and at the same time, in its working, a rare and interesting instance of the carrying into effect of some of the Socialist ideas now prevalent in Europe. One of the leading theories of certain political Socialists, viz. that traders' profits should be regulated by the Government, is here exhibited in practice. China is, for the purposes of salt distribution, divided into, I believe, seven districts, each of which has its special centre of production. Salt may only be sold in the district in which it is produced. Any salt sold in another district is regarded as smuggled and liable to be seized. The salt must be sold at a price fixed by the State, which for this purpose has in each district great centres of distribution, where it is then sold by the State at a correspondingly high price to so-called salt merchants. No one can be a salt merchant without having a warrant from the Imperial Salt Commissioner, and this warrant not only enables the possessor to buy salt for an indefinite time, but it can be sold again, or, what is more usual, bequeathed as an heirloom. These warrants have a high value, and although differing in the different districts can on an average be sold for from 3000 to 4000 pounds sterling. This license enables the salt merchant to buy about 250 tons of salt and to sell this amount at any market he pleases in the district. But he cannot sell it to any one he chooses. As he got possession of the salt through Government, so must he also dispose of it through the Government. To this end he must deliver it to the District Salt Inspector in a Salt Customs Building. There are several

several of these buildings in every place of any importance. The Salt Inspector then sells the salt at a proportionately higher price fixed by Government and in the order of its arrival. After it is all sold the merchant gets back his warrant, and the money for his salt, custom dues and other official expenses having been deducted therefrom. His profit in each transaction is therefore absolutely fixed, consisting only of the difference of the price fixed by Government for buying and selling, minus customs and other expenses. It varies from year to year, depending upon the merchant's sagacity in choosing the best market, and thus getting back his warrant more quickly, so as to be able to go back and buy another 250 tons.'

The salt merchant's profit thus depends upon the speed with which he can turn over his warrant and recoup himself his outlay. It is not often that a warrant is turned over more than once in a year. One sees tier upon tier of junks lying for months waiting to load at the salt depôts, and again waiting their turn to discharge when, after many weeks' toilsome tracking, they have at last reached their destinations.

Mr. Baber, in his inimitable account of his journeys in Western Szechuen, speaking of the country between Chungking the commercial and Chêng-tu the political capital, states that the agriculture of this district,

'favoured by the comparative level, and by the exceptional possibility of irrigation from the river and its tributaries, is successful above the average, particularly in sugar. . . The whole country is dotted over with cottages at a short distance from one another, picturesque and frequently spacious edifices composed of a strong timber frame filled up in the interstices with walls of stone below and mud above. . . . Baron von Richthofen, in drawing attention to this broadcast distribution of habitations, remarks that, "people can live in this state of isolation and separation only when they expect peace, and profound peace is indeed the impression which Szechuen prominently conveys." Richthofen goes on to say of this part of the country:—"There are few regions in China that, if equal areas are compared, can rival with the plain of Chêng-tu as regards wealth and prosperity, density of population and productive power, fertility of climate and perfection of natural irrigation; and there is probably no other where at the present time refinement and civilisation are so generally diffused among the population." Baber goes on to tell us, "Another characteristic of the purely farm life as distinguished from village life, of the agricultural population is the markets (ch'ang). . . . These gatherings are the centres of news, gossip, official announcements, festivals, theatrical shows and public and family meetings." Farther West he tells us, "Gold is found in nuggets occasionally of large size in the border country." At the turn where the highway to Ta-chien lu leaves the Tung, gold borings driven into the rock may be seen on the further bank. . . .

The gold was offered me for sale in the shape of pills of clay, full of minute scales of the precious metal. Quite lately gold has been discovered close to Ta-chien lu (on the Thibetan frontier) and the rush of diggers has caused a good deal of embarrassment to the authorities.'

The present inhabitants of Szechuen are nearly all descended from immigrant families, chiefly from Hupeh and Kiangsi, dating from the sixteenth century. The original population was almost entirely exterminated by the wars with which the province was ravaged upon the accession of the reigning Manchu dynasty; hence, as might be expected, no distinction is observable between the Szechuenese and the inhabitants of the more easterly provinces. Of the aboriginal inhabitants absolutely nothing is known. Striking evidence of their existence is displayed in the cave buildings cut out of the sandstone cliffs that line the rivers, roomy dwellings, highly ornamented. The peoples who executed these works are known to the Chinese as Man-tse, which means 'barbarians,' a term sufficient to destroy all interest in them in the eyes of a native archæologist. Mr. Baber says of them :—

'A persistent and plodding exploration of these interesting monuments will have to precede the formation of any trustworthy opinion respecting their design and their designers. The caves are of many kinds, and may have served many uses. They may have been tombs, houses, granaries, places of refuge, easily defended storehouses, shrines, memorials, and even sentry boxes, according to their disposition and situation. The local Chinaman, a person of few thoughts, and fewer doubts, protests that they are the caves of the Mantze and considers all further inquiry ridiculous and fatiguing. His archæological speculations have not been greatly overstepped by my own theory which I offer with diffidence,—that these excavations are of unknown date, and have been undertaken, for unexplained purposes, by a people of doubtful identity.'

This vast and magnificent country of Western China is now at last opened up: its commercial metropolis, Chungking, has been made a Treaty Port. This great advance was quietly effected by the negotiation with the Chinese Government, through our Minister at the Court of Peking, Sir John Walsham, of an additional article to Sir Thomas Wade's treaty of 1876. A clause to this effect, supplementary to the original Chefoo Convention, the article of which we have quoted above, was signed at Peking on March 31st last. In the words of the 'Times' correspondent wired from Peking on the 3rd of April: 'Direct intercourse is thus established with a large, wealthy, and prosperous province, and British steam enterprise inland is guaranteed

guaranteed as soon as Chinese steamers ply. This success is now achieved where the Chefoo agreement failed. This considerate negotiation promotes friendliness, and a large, healthy, and natural trade will develop, and, with the help of improved appliances, expand, the good will of both people and Government being assured, instead of their opposition.'

The comments made upon this news, which was published in the 'Times' of April 5th, as well by the provincial as by the metropolitan press, hardly appreciate the full value of this advance. They seem to say, 'What is the use of an open port if you are not allowed to go there?' It is true that British steamers have to wait for Chinese to lead the way, and that thus steam communication with the new port appears to be indefinitely postponed, and that so far the astute Chinaman may be assumed to have scored a point against us. But the fact remains, that the long disputed haven of Chungking is actually 'open,' and it is needful to know what this phrase means in order to be able to appreciate the full value of the concession made to us. An 'open' or 'treaty' port is one at which foreign goods are admitted upon payment of one *ad valorem* duty of 5 per cent., and at which native Chinese produce is exported on the same terms. In the case of an inland port like Chungking, which is situated 1500 miles distant from the seaboard, all its foreign imports must necessarily pass through Shanghai for transshipment from the ocean to river steamers. Such goods, by paying duty at the Customs in Shanghai, will be free from all further tax, and can now be conveyed by steamer and junk to their destination unmolested by the numerous inland custom-houses (li-Kin) and the local octroi (lo-ti-chuan). Farther, after his goods have been thus safely landed in the new treaty port, the foreign merchant there can forward them on his own or on native account to more remote inland marts in communication with Chungking on payment of an additional transit tax of 2½ per cent. only, again clearing all the local custom-houses *en route*. In this way centres like Yunnan-fu and Tali-fu in Yunnan, Kuei-yang, the metropolis of Koei-chow, Chêngtu, the State capital, and Ta-chien lu, the great trading mart on the Thibetan frontier, will be effectively reached by the foreign trader with his cotton and woollen piece goods, in exchange for which he will be empowered to take back the native productions of the country upon the same easy terms. Besides being thus placed in connection with the different entrepôts of the Great South West, the foreign merchant established in Chungking is further, by the Kia-ling river which debouches at that port, placed in direct relation with

the less known provinces of Shen-si and Kan-su in the North-West.

It is pardonable that press-men and others in this country should have difficulty in appreciating the full advantage of adding a twentieth to the nineteen treaty ports already open in China. No one who has not visited them on the spot, and travelled in the interior as well, can know what the full meaning of the magic words 'open port' really is. The open ports are oases of light and activity, in a waste of darkness and stagnation. The dark ages of Europe seem to be reproduced in many of the remoter regions of China. All our modern ideas of progress and the possibility of improving their lot, seem non-existent in the official as well as in the popular mind. A literary mandarin, who has worn out his eyesight in studying for the many examinations he has passed through, will ask you calmly if the same sun shines in your country, and whether it is true that your men-at-arms are only invincible as long as they maintain their upright position. Even the wise Li Hung-Chang, generally and rightly considered to be the most enlightened statesman that China possesses, once alleged in our hearing, that it was useless for us to attempt to navigate the Upper Yangtse, for the reason that the great Yü, when opening out the channel of the gorges, neglected to remove the rocks. This great Chinese artificer, who was kept so hard at his engineering labours, draining the marshes and embanking the rivers, that for years he never returned home, and during that time on three occasions he passed by the door of his house without going in, retired from his labours B.C. 2278. His Excellency implied that the great Yü had evidently intended no steamers should run there. Doubtless, there is a leaven at work in our presence in China, which will in time leaven the mass, and the more points of contact, in the shape of treaty ports are created, the quicker will be the advance, but to the outward eye only a small radius round each port has been so far affected. It is true that the electric wire now unites in its bonds all the chief cities of the eighteen provinces, but its use, except always at the treaty ports, is almost always entirely confined to the carriage of official despatches. As usual in all officially conducted enterprises in China (and the Chinese Government acknowledges no union of capitalists for large enterprises apart from official management), little encouragement is given to the general public. In the case of the telegraph, the charges are high, averaging about one shilling a word, more or less, according to distance. This tariff is, with a thrifty people like the Chinese, quite prohibitive as far as social

social messages are concerned; and for business purposes its use is confined to the few wealthy merchants in the larger towns, and by them it is used very sparingly. In the less important places it is not open to the public at all, although the needful stations and operators are to be found there. At one such station, in the town of Shin-tan in Hupeh, we once tried to send a message. After much inquiry we at last found our way to the Tienpao chü, or 'lightning despatch office,' and were shown to an old out-of-the-way two-storied Chinese dwelling-house. Climbing up an inconveniently steep ladder we reached the upper story, which consisted of a roomy loft, with a rickety loose plank floor and no ceiling beneath the uncemented tile roof. The apartment had every appearance of not having been swept or garnished since the day it was constructed. As our eyes gradually grew accustomed to the dim light admitted through the small paper windows, we perceived in one corner a curtained trestle bedstead illuminated by a diminutive opium-smoker's lamp, in another corner a telegraphic signalling instrument with a silk cover to protect it from the dirt, and a couple of the usual stiff-backed wooden Chinese chairs. A few clothes-trunks and a tumble-down wardrobe completed the furniture. As we entered, a man of thirty, handsomely dressed in silk, arose from the bed and welcomed us to a seat. He received us with great effusion and, to our surprise, seemed really pleased to see his haunt invaded by a barbarian. A lad of eighteen or less, also gaily dressed in silks, produced the hospitable tea, and conversation commenced. The manager could not accept my message without a card from the Taotai, or Governor, who resided forty miles distant and with which he advised me to provide myself on a future occasion. The lad, who turned out to be an operator trained in Shanghai, had merely to report on the condition of the wires, which he did daily by telegraphing to the next station the English words 'all right.' The rest of the English he once knew he appeared to have forgotten. As to the elder man, the manager, a sociable Soochow man, he talked of himself as an exile among savages with no society, no occupation, and no amusements: he thoroughly enjoyed a visit from one who came from the civilization of Shanghai, and seemed deeply to regret our departure. He particularly lamented his hard lot, in that having bought two thousand English words of a native teacher of English in Shanghai, at a cost of two dollars per hundred (so he expressed himself), he had now only use for two words, and had almost entirely forgotten the remaining nineteen hundred and ninety-eight. This amount of English, so expensively

expensively acquired, should have been the means of his securing a better appointment than forty pounds a year in a remote inland town. We have given prominence to this incident as it is characteristic of the enormous gulf that separates China at the treaty ports, from China uncontaminated by our presence, in all that makes up the movement, intellectual and material, of our modern progressive civilization. The Electric Telegraph was forced upon the Chinese by the acutely felt need of the Government in the North to communicate with their troops who were fighting the French in the South, two thousand miles away in Tonquin. A Danish Company, the Great Northern Telegraph Company of Copenhagen, were the fortunate contractors, and the network of wires, embracing all the eighteen provinces, was erected by them with marvellous despatch, and handed over to native operators, some trained by themselves, some trained in America—to work.

Thus China moves, and so far wars have been her chief instigators in the path of that material progress which it is now generally conceded must accompany, if not precede, moral progress; and that there is room for and sharp need of progress in China, the perusal of every work of travel in that country cannot fail to convince the most conservative. Even those who take Ruskin literally, and sympathise with the old Chinese statesman's ideal of every man on his plot of ground, growing the food for his family and the raw material for his clothing, which is spun and woven by the women of the house, must admit the failure of the present system. The inequalities of fortune, and the inequitable distribution of the necessities and comforts of life, are all too glaring in our European cities and in our country villages; but the poorest workman or workwoman here looks well fed in comparison with the crowds of shrivelled, half-starved wretches by which one is surrounded nearly everywhere in inland China. The ravages of the most horrible diseases, which medical science has practically stamped out of Europe, are patent on all sides, and on fête-days and festivals we have seen the country roads thronged with, literally, thousands of the most cruelly repulsive specimens of rotting humanity. In the environs of the larger treaty ports we find the labourers' wages tripled, and the value of the farmers' produce quadrupled. The people are better fed, and large numbers of the sick are treated in our hospitals, so that scenes like the above are seldom seen there. Under existing conditions large regions in China, and notably the rich and fertile province of Szechuen, which has formed the main theme of

of our present review, are vastly over-populated, and large numbers exist there in a condition of permanent semi-starvation in consequence. But resources capable of maintaining in comparative comfort a far larger population exist here as elsewhere in China. The mineral wealth, notably coal, only requires the application of Western methods, to become a large source of revenue to the State, and of employment to the surplus inhabitants. Above all, however, means of communication are the first necessity. With no roads but narrow mountain footpaths, every impediment stands in the way of migration from the congested districts of Szechuen to the sparsely peopled valleys of Yunnan and Kweichow; and even when once there the immigrant farmer, owing to the difficulties of intercommunication, finds no outlet for his surplus produce, which, on the other hand, is so sadly wanted for the masses in the great cities. A 'treaty port' established in this region means a new centre of activity, higher wages, and vastly increased employment for the labouring classes: to the surrounding country it means an increased outlet for their productions, and a steady rise in values. To the 'officials and gentry' it means a concrete example of the gains to be derived from Western methods of progress as opposed to the stagnation involved in fixing their ideals in the past. To the missionary it means a fair field and no favour, and to the medical missionary an additional sphere of work amongst the indigent sick. To the people generally our settlements yield a specimen of order and cleanliness in a wilderness of dirt and discomfort, which they do nothing to alleviate until stimulated by our contact. As Mr. F. H. Balfour, an old resident in China, in his article in the 'Asiatic Quarterly Review,' in January, speaking of the Model Missionary, most truly tells us, 'He lives in some dirty, crowded town, far away in the interior, where his modest Chinese house, running round a well-kept garden, and presided over by a notable English or American housewife, is not only *an oasis of cleanliness in a desert of dirt and stench*, but a reproach and an example to the sordid dwellings of his neighbours.' Chinese cities boast no municipalities and practically no police: each man does what is right in his own eyes, and it is open to one and all to befoul the roadways at their own sweet will, while the greed of the shopkeepers is for ever narrowing the crowded alley-ways that, with the one exception of the capital (and this has its own peculiar amenities), do duty for streets. Our 'settlements,' with their broad tree-lined avenues, magnificent quays, and garden-encircled houses, are greatly admired by the natives. At Hankow, 600 miles up the Yangtse, the common term in use among the Chinese for the

the British settlement, which is built on the site of an old swamp which has been filled up and raised by the enterprise of the residents, until its level is now higher than that of the Chinese town adjoining, is 'Hwa-lo,' or 'Flowery Pavilions.' Such oases are not without their influence and examples, and in the native cities at the treaty ports a marked, though very slow, advance in the direction of order and cleanliness is distinctly noticeable. Streets have been repaved, and the black slush underlying the broad stone slabs, which has a peculiarity of squirting up under the trousers of the unwary European as he treads on what the Chinese elegantly term, 'swimming stones,' has in many cases been dug out and removed. In Hanyang, the prefectural city adjoining Hankow, from which it is separated by the deep but narrow 'Han' river, a tree-lined 'bund,' solidly built up with blocks of red sand-stone has been laid out. At some of the more recently opened ports, such as Wuhu and Ichang, which were thrown open to British trade by the Chefoo Convention of 1876, the privilege of a separate area for 'foreigners' to reside in appears not to have been insisted upon. In the case of Ichang, the unwise abandonment, under Sir Thomas Wade, of the concession originally marked out for a foreign settlement, has undoubtedly been the cause of much sickness, and some deaths, among the few Europeans who have as yet resorted to that port, and, owing to the difficulty of obtaining a decent site to reside in, has deterred more than one would-be settler from adventuring there. Let us hope, that in the newly-opened port of Chung-king, in Szechuen, wiser counsels may prevail, and that the right of British residents there will not be construed merely into the right of renting (at an exorbitant rent) a Chinese house with its pestilential surroundings. At the time the older 'treaty ports' were opened, it was looked upon as a *sine quâ non* that British subjects should be encouraged to resort to them by having every possible facility for settlement offered them. Such facilities include the power to live under the conditions that health, under a sub-tropical sun and damp, rainy climate, demands: these are not obtainable in ports where the foreign residents are scattered about amidst Chinese surroundings. The foreign settlements are regarded with no friendly eye by the Chinese official; and, apparently, it is in the vain endeavour to please this class that our Ministers in China have ceased to insist upon what was, till quite lately, regarded as the necessary concomitant of a 'treaty port.' The climate *per se* undoubtedly is healthy, as Pliny describes it—'coeli jucunda salubrisque temperies leniumque ventorum commodissimus flatus'; but, as far

far as unseasoned Europeans are concerned, it is not giving the climate a fair chance, when it is only to be enjoyed in the midst of Chinese humanity; while 'gentle favourable winds,' when tempered with the breath of Chinese cities, decidedly lose their virtue.

Few now living are likely to see railways permeating and developing this grand region of the earth's surface. These three Western provinces are so cut off by precipitous ravines, steep mountain ridges, and deep, wide rivers, that the outlay necessary to make roads for the iron horse is quite beyond the means of the Chinese people or their Government as at present constituted. Ordinary roads barely exist in China, and, without the aid of Western capital and science, railroads will never penetrate those distant regions. So far, only one railway exists in China—a short line of eighty miles, connecting the coal mines of Kaiping, on the Manchurian border, with the shipping port of Tientsin—finally completed and opened to traffic in 1888. This line runs through a marshy, thinly-populated country, but which has the advantage of being immediately under the jurisdiction of the powerful Viceroy of Chihli, Li-Hung-chang. Yet even his influence failed in prolonging the line eighty miles farther to its natural terminus, Peking. This line was built with native capital, but with imported English rails, and the rolling-stock was also imported, mainly from England. But, now it has been decreed that future lines are to be built by Chinese, of Chinese materials, and with Chinese capital exclusively (the Hukwang Viceroy, Chang chih-tung, within whose jurisdiction lies the recently authorized line from Hankow to Peking, is now engaged with two German mining experts, searching for suitable coal and iron ore with which to commence operations), the progress of future railways will be slow indeed. And in a country like South-Western China, even were foreign capital to be invited to construct the roads, they could hardly prove remunerative, as long as free exploration of the mineral resources of the region is prohibited. The Chinese have neither the capital, the knowledge, nor the energy, to develop their mines seriously; and the Government will not allow the small native companies, that here and there attempt mining in a most primitive old world manner, to avail themselves of foreign assistance. With the restless European pressing in upon them on all sides: with Russia occupying the best part of Manchuria on the north, with France holding Tonquin in the south, with the British Indian frontier touching them in the west, the Chinese can hardly remain long as they are. Either they will be absorbed gradually by

by their more enterprising neighbours—a process which we believe to be a matter of indifference to the great mass of the people who care little who governs them as long as they have equitable rulers able to keep order; or, like Turkey, they may rub on as they are on sufferance, owing to the mutual jealousy of their enemies. The latter seems the more likely prospect; and, eventually, the time must come when Western modes of thought will have taken hold, and the present archaic system of education be reformed in accordance with modern requirements. We shall then see what a race like the Chinese, endowed with exceptional industry, perseverance, *and patience*, and with no lack of brain power, is capable of. But, unless another convulsion like the Taiping rebellion should occur (and this is by no means an impossibility), throwing over tradition bodily, as did the 'First Emperor,' B.C. 220, it will be a long time yet before China takes that place in the world to which her numbers, resources, and high civilization, justly entitle her.

ART. IX.—1. *Animal Magnetism.* By Alfred Binet and Charles Féré. 1888.
2. *Le Somnambulisme provoqué.* Par H. Braunis. 1890.
3. *De la Suggestion et du Somnambulisme.* Par Prof. Liégeois. 1889.
4. *Des Émotions dans l'État d'Hypnotisme.* Par J. Luys. 1890.
5. *De la Suggestion.* Par Dr. Bernheim. 1889.
6. *Congrès International de l'Hypnotisme — Comptes Rendus.* 1890.

NO discovery within the region of medical science has passed through so chequered a career as Mesmerism. Over and over again for more than a hundred years it has been taken up with passionate interest and earnest appeals for consideration, to be only flung aside and trampled under foot. It has been killed, buried, and its epitaph authoritatively pronounced in the name of science, not once, but half-a-dozen times; and again it has emerged with renewed vitality. To-day it is once more alive and challenging the attention of the medical world, under the name of Hypnotism, by the mouth of those who have a right to claim a hearing, and who will certainly receive it. One fact alone is sufficient to show the change which has passed over scientific opinion within the last few years. In 1872 the 'Dictionnaire Encyclopédique des Sciences Médicales,' the most complete and authoritative work of the kind in existence, published

published a very long article on 'Mesmerisme' from the pen of the late Dr. Déchambre, which concluded with the statement that there is no such thing. In 1889 a subsequent volume of the same publication contained an article on 'Hypnotisme,'—which, as the author Dr. Paul Richer observes, is one and the same thing—practically apologizing for the previous article, admitting the reality of that which Dr. Déchambre so laboriously disproved, and treating the despised mesmerism as an established fact, having its proper and legitimate place in medical science.

We may here remark that of all the very numerous names the thing has borne 'mesmerism' seems by far the best. It has all the advantages of universality attaching to Greek or Latin words, without their pedantry and awkwardness, while it commits us to no theory and makes no pretence of explaining or defining the nature of a phenomenon, which we do not understand and cannot explain or define. Scientific men seem to object to it because it is a popular term and therefore beneath their dignity, though they allow Galvanism and Darwinism; or because it is associated with public performances. But the term 'Hypnotism,' which is their favourite one to-day, is open to much more real objection. It involves the theory that the mesmeric condition is one of sleep, which is not in accordance with the facts, and so leads sometimes to an awkward contradiction in terms. 'Il y a hypnose sans sommeil,' says Professor Bernheim, and quite truly. The word was founded on imperfect knowledge, and its air of scientific accuracy is deceptive. 'Animal magnetism' again involves an unproved or unprovable theory, while 'artificial somnambulism' and 'suggestion' only cover a limited portion of the ground. Other terms, such as 'electro-biology,' 'phreno-magnetism,' and so forth, condemn themselves. When the nature of the thing is really understood we may find a satisfactory name for it; but meanwhile it is only just that, like Galvanism and Darwinism, it should bear the name of the man to whom we owe it.

The history of mesmerism falls conveniently into three epochs, marked by the names of three men who have taken a leading part in studying and practising it. The first epoch is that of Mesmer, the second that of Braid, and the third that of Charcot. Friedrich Anton Mesmer was born in 1733 at a small town (the name of which is differently stated), in Baden on the Rhine near the lake of Constance. He studied natural philosophy and medicine at Vienna, and in due course took his doctor's degree. The air was at this time filled with transcendental speculations concerning

concerning the system of the universe and man's place in it. The theories of Gassner in Switzerland, of St. Germain in France, and of Swedenborg in Scandinavia, had attracted much attention, and Mesmer undoubtedly felt their influence. 'More physicist than physician,' as he has been called, he was early engaged in studying the heavenly bodies and the properties of metals together with their supposed influence on man. His first work was published in 1766 and was entitled 'De Planetarum inflexu.' The influence which the sun and moon exercise upon the earth in producing tides and seasons, he conceived to be extended to man, and especially to his nervous system. In following up this idea, he hit upon the notion of testing it by means of magnets, which were then supposed to possess strange and important properties. His first experiments were made in the years 1773, 1774, on a young woman twenty-nine years of age, named Oesterline. She suffered from fits accompanied by severe pains in the teeth and ears, and followed by delirium, mania, vomiting, and syncope; she was in short a well-marked case of what is now called hystero-epilepsy. Mesmer took three magnetized metal plates and applied them to the patient's limbs. She at once experienced pains and other peculiar sensations, and a sort of crisis supervened. This result was quite in accordance with modern experience in similar cases. Mesmer continued his treatment, but soon discarded the metal plates, finding that he could produce similar effects by simply stroking the patient's limbs. Her health improved, the attacks became less frequent and less severe. Here there was a confirmation of his speculations, and he argued as follows:—A needle is placed in harmonious relation with the system of the universe by being magnetized, for then it fulfils an orderly function and points always in one direction; by an analogous property the human body is placed in harmonious relation with the universe around it, and this property is 'animal magnetism.' Further, health consists in the harmony of the organs and their orderly performance of function, disease in disorder; and as harmony and order are restored to a needle by magnetism, so are they restored (and with them health) to the disordered body by animal magnetism. Hence we have an universal curative agent capable of restoring lost or disordered functions of all kinds. It acts upon us by means of an universal all-pervading fluid which places all objects in contact with each other.

It is necessary to give this brief outline of Mesmer's primary theories, because they preceded and gave rise to his practice, and he himself laid more stress upon them than upon the facts which

which supported them. This was one reason why he obtained so little credit with his professional brethren. The scientific men found his theories absurd, and did not take much trouble to investigate the alleged facts, whereas the laymen did exactly the opposite. They witnessed and experienced the facts, and were convinced of their reality, as all who have since taken the trouble to do the same have been convinced. All the phenomena of mesmerism were not of course developed immediately. Many of the most important were overlooked for a long time; but it is perfectly clear that they were produced, and by proceedings very similar to those in use to-day. His usual method was to seat himself opposite the patient with knees touching, the patient regarding him fixedly. Then with his finger he touched that part of the body where the mischief lay. Only the sick were operated on. Of his earlier patients he only gives full details in three or four cases. The disorders successfully treated were paralysis, amenorrhœa, hæmatemesis, colics, infantile convulsions, spitting of blood, ophthalmia. With the exception of the last, these are all disorders such as are now fully recognized to be susceptible to mesmeric treatment, and ophthalmia was curiously enough one of the things in which Braid subsequently obtained some of his most striking successes.

Filled with his theory and convinced, as was natural, of its importance to medicine he offered it to the Faculty at Vienna, but was met with disdain. Almost the only scientific men who took any interest in it were the Jesuit Father Hell, Professor of Astronomy, and M. Ingenhousze; and their interest was bitterly hostile. The one maintained that the alleged new treatment was something else invented by himself, and the other that it was nothing at all, an imposture. Disappointed and annoyed, Mesmer left Vienna in 1778, and betook himself to Paris. Here he soon obtained patients and began to create a great stir. In 1779 he published his first account of Animal Magnetism. He had now elaborated his theory into twenty-seven propositions, which are, however, of a purely abstract character and largely unintelligible. So the Paris Faculty of Medicine judged, and would have nothing to do with them or their author. One exception there was, Dr. d'Eslon, physician to the Comte d'Artois, the King's brother. He was convinced that there was something in the alleged discovery, and in 1780 read a paper to that effect before the Faculty of Medicine. The only answer vouchsafed was a most severe snubbing. Meantime Mesmer's fame and practice increased to a prodigious extent among the laity. To accommodate his numerous patients he invented the *baquet*. This

This was a circular oaken tub, containing bottles filled with magnetized water and arranged in two radiating layers. The patients sat round and held in their hands iron rods which emerged through holes in the lid of the tub. We know now that the rapt attention and concentration of mind were chiefly instrumental in producing the results obtained, but Mesmer still clung to his theory of the magnetic nature of the phenomena. Subsequently, however, he explained that this *baquet* was only adopted as a convenience for lack of accommodation, and was by no means essential. The effect on the patients took the form of different 'crises,' as he called them, convulsions, trance, and somnambulism. Among the diseases treated, in addition to those mentioned above, were rheumatism and deaf-mutism. It is a mistake to suppose that Mesmer claimed to cure everything; on the contrary he expressly says that his method does not pretend to do any good in cases of organic disease. Some of his modern followers are less modest.

In 1784 two commissions were ordered by the King to investigate the matter, one consisting of five members of the 'Académie Royale des Sciences,' together with four physicians, and the other nominated by the 'Société Royale de Médecine.' Both reported unfavourably, to the effect that the phenomena were due to the imagination only, and were either useless or dangerous. But it is noteworthy that one of the most distinguished members of the medical commission, De Jussieu, refused to sign, on the ground that 'some of the facts were entirely independent of the imagination.' In 1785 Mesmer quitted Paris, and after travelling through Europe finally settled at Mersburg, in Switzerland, where he died in 1815.

Meantime his system continued to be extensively practised in France by D'Eslon and other pupils. Among these the most remarkable was M. Chastelet, Marquis de Puységur. This gentleman's researches were embodied in four or five pamphlets, published between 1784 and 1811, which are exceptionally interesting, because they contain a clear and careful record of actual experiences free for the most part from theoretical speculations, and because they are transparently honest. His motives were purely humane and absolutely free from suspicion; he had indeed nothing to gain by trickery. A sort of accident led him to take up the practice. The daughter of his steward at Busancy, his country seat, had a tooth-ache one day, and it occurred to him to try what he had seen Mesmer do. He accordingly mesmerized the girl, and succeeded in relieving her of her tooth-ache. Other cases followed, the report spread, and he soon had a crowd of sufferers from the neighbourhood.

The

The *baquet* was replaced by the village elm, round which the patients stood in a circle, but this was presently given up as unnecessary. The fixing of the gaze, pointing and touching with the finger, were sufficient. The Marquis relates in detail a number of cures effected and attested by ample documentary evidence. One of the most striking was a case of deafness occurring in a young man named Joly. The authenticity of the case and its cure is attested by Joly's father, the mayor and inhabitants of Dormans, where he lived. One of the chief points of the mesmeric state to which De Puységur directed his attention was the peculiar somnambulistic condition into which patients sometimes fell. It occurred to him first in the case of a young labourer on his estate, named Victor, who was suffering from an attack of acute pleuro-pneumonia. On being mesmerized Victor, who appears to have been a remarkably susceptible subject, fell asleep in his master's arms and awoke some time afterwards much refreshed. Further experience with Victor revealed most of the somnambulistic phenomena, since familiarized by numerous observers; the quickening of the senses and of the intelligence, the curious behaviour of the memory, the subordination of the will and the susceptibility to suggestion :—

'Quand il est en crise (i.e. mesmerized) je ne connois rien de plus profond, de plus prudent et de plus clairvoyant. . . . Ce n'est plus un paysan niais, sachant à peine répondre une phrase, c'est un être qui je ne sais pas nommer: je n'ai pas besoin de lui parler: je pense devant lui et il m'entend, me repond. Vient-il quelqu'un dans sa chambre? Il le voit *si je veux*, lui parle, lui dit les choses que je veux qu'il lui dire. J'arrête ses idées, ses phrases au milieu d'un mot et je change son idée totalement.'

Further he recognized distinctions of states :—

'Cette femme s'endormoit quand je la touchois, mais n'entroit pas dans l'état de somnambulisme.'

Here is the foundation of the hypnotic researches of Braid and of the Nancy doctors in the present day; but it is quite a mistake to suppose that these phenomena were unknown to Mesmer, and that De Puységur was the real discoverer of modern mesmerism. The latter himself makes this clear:—'It is to him (Mesmer) alone I owe my feeble lights, my fortunate attempts.' And speaking to an assemblage of Mesmer's pupils he says:—'We shall never be anything but turners of the handle; it is M. Mesmer who has put it in our hands; he who has the best arm will turn the quickest.' Moreover, among Mesmer's writings is a little-known *Mémoire*, in which he 'attempts

'attempts to explain more completely the equally diverse and surprising phenomena of the state called somnambulism. This it is that produces the marvellous apparitions, ecstasies, and inexplicable visions, which are the sources of so many errors and absurd opinions.' 'How is it,' he asks, 'that *l'homme endormi* is able to receive the impression of another's will?' And he develops a very ingenious theory upon the whole subject curiously anticipating the remarks of Braid upon the relations between artificial and natural sleep, and those of modern hypnotists upon the different degrees of the hypnotic state. He speaks of the 'telescopic' arrangement of artificial sleep, the effect varying as the means of adjusting it. Where Mesmer was at fault was in lack of systematic observation and collation of actual phenomena. He seems to have had no notion of doing this; he was entirely occupied with theories on the one hand, and with therapeutical results on the other. But this was due rather to the age in which he lived than to himself; and it is to the credit of the older mesmerizers that they had only the *cure of the patient* in view, and did not consider themselves justified in experimenting indefinitely with their subjects for the sole purpose of assuaging their thirst for knowledge. They were less scientific but more humane.

The French revolution dispersed the mesmerists, and the practice dropped out of sight for some years. De Puységur was thrown into prison; but when better times returned he renewed his propaganda with great vigour, and was followed by Dr. Pététin of Lyons, and others. Provincial societies were started to carry on the practice, and mesmerism began to flourish greatly in Germany, Russia, and Scandinavia. The Berlin Academy of Science proposed a prize essay on the subject, which was won by Dr. Wohlfart. Before long it became necessary to restrict the practice to medical men. In 1820 the Hôtel Dieu was opened to mesmerism in the wards of Husson—the experiments were carried out under the direction of Dupotet. Perhaps the earliest recorded case of *post-hypnotic suggestion* occurred here. Dupotet was accustomed to mesmerize a young woman named Samson. One day he tried the experiment of remaining in his room at the usual hour of mesmerizing; but Samson, having the idea in her mind that she ought to go off then, did so of her own accord. The performances were, however, interdicted, and the scene shifted to La Salpêtrière, where Charcot practises the same thing to-day. In 1825 a commission of inquiry was nominated by the Académie de Médecine. It sat for six years, and in 1831 issued a report known as Husson's report, which was on the whole extremely favourable

able. The commissioners were of opinion that while the effects were *nil* in some cases and slight in others, and were sometimes produced by ennui or imagination, yet that

'a certain number of well-established physiological and therapeutical phenomena appeared to depend on magnetism alone, and were never produced without its application. The real effects are very various; agitation, calmness, quickened respiration and circulation, slight convulsive movements, numbness, heaviness, somnolency, and in a small number of cases somnambulism. During this state (of which they indisputably prove the existence) occur clairvoyance, intuition, internal prevision, and insensibility. We can not only act upon the magnetized person, but even place him in a complete state of somnambulism and bring him out of it without his knowledge, out of his sight, at a certain distance and with doors intervening. The action at a distance does not appear capable of being exerted with success, except upon persons who have been already magnetized.'

This report, which in some respects goes far beyond modern 'discoveries' in hypnotism, was never printed; two commissioners refused to sign, on the ground of not having witnessed the experiments. In 1837 the Académie took advantage of the occurrence of some operations under mesmeric anæsthesia to appoint another commission. The second report was entirely adverse:—'no satisfactory proof had been given of the existence of a particular state called the state of magnetic somnambulism,' or of the other alleged phenomena. The experiments on which it was founded were, however, very limited, and according to Husson it ought to have been called 'Report of Experiments made on two Somnambulists.' As he said, the negative results did not disprove the previous positive ones. Nevertheless, the blow was a heavy one, and practically closed the first epoch in the history of mesmerism. In France it was killed so far as the medical profession were concerned, and did not really revive for nearly forty years.

In England mesmerism had never attracted very much attention. Maineduc, a pupil of Mesmer's, lectured at Bristol in 1778. Perkins, and his 'metallic tractors,' had a short vogue. Dr. Chenevix, in 1828, performed experiments in hospitals before eminent members of the profession, but they passed without notice. In 1837, Dupotet came over and created some stir. Dr. Elliotson, of University College Hospital, became a convert. Many experiments were performed on patients and students, but some of the subjects, particularly two girls of the name of Okey, were not considered free from suspicion of trickery, and Dr. Elliotson fell into discredit. With Braid, however, mesmerism started on a new career, and received a new

name. He was a Manchester surgeon, who attended in 1841 the conversazioni of Lafontaine, a professional mesmerist, and readily perceived that all the phenomena were not the result of trickery. Some experiments of his own, made at home, were successful, and he soon became an expert practitioner. His method of proceeding was to take any bright object, and hold it from about eight to fifteen inches from the eyes, at such a position above the forehead as to produce a strain on the eyes and eyelids, while the patient maintained a steady fixed stare at the object. This was the important point—'the continued fixation of the mental and visual eye.' As, however, the experiment succeeded with the blind, he considered it 'not so much the optic as the sentient, motor and sympathetic nerves, and the mind, through which the impression is made,' thereby curiously and unconsciously echoing Mesmer's theory of an 'inner sense' consisting of the whole nervous system taken together without the nerves of special sense. The first result produced is a condition resembling sleep: hence the term *neuro-hypnotism*, or nervous sleep, which from its scientific appearance has taken the fancy of the medical world ever since. Braid's earlier conclusions are summarized thus in nine propositions:—(1) By fixing the mental and visual eye the nervous system is thrown into a new condition accompanied by somnolence. (2) At first there is high excitement of all organs of sense except sight, followed by torpor. (3) In this condition we can direct and concentrate nervous energy. (4) We can excite or depress the force and frequency of the heart's action, and the state of the circulation locally and generally. (5) We can regulate and control muscular tone. (6) We can produce rapid and important changes in capillary circulation and in the secretions and excretions of the body. (7) This power can be beneficially directed to the treatment of disease. (8) It can be used for moderating and preventing pain in operation. (9) We can excite certain bodily and mental manifestations by manipulating the cranium and the face. With the exception of the last, which involves phrenology, these propositions are concerned with demonstrable physiological und therapeutical effects, and cover almost the whole ground of recent hypnotic research in the same direction. The mesmeric phenomena are viewed for nearly the first time from a fairly scientific point of view, or at least they are expressed in terms of science, and at once assume an orderly and rational aspect.

The cases successfully treated by Braid were blindness (partial), deaf and dumbness, neuralgia, paralysis of different forms, rheumatism, headache (epileptiform), epilepsy, deformities

ties due to muscular weakness and contraction, pain and palpitation of the heart, dyspepsia, spasms. He also succeeded in restoring the sense of smell, and in extracting teeth, as well as performing some other operations, under hypnotic anæsthesia. With the exception of the last two points, it will be observed that his clinical experiences were precisely similar to those of Mesmer. Later, however, he extended his speculations and developed the theory of 'suggestion.' Hypnotism acts subjectively not objectively, he found; and the *expectant idea in the mind of the patient* is the real agent.

'Inasmuch as words spoken or other sensible impressions made on the body of an individual by a second party act as suggestions of thought and action to the person impressed—whatever influence such suggestions and impressions are capable of producing during the ordinary waking condition, should naturally be expected to act with correspondingly greater effect during the *nervous sleep*, when the attention is so much more concentrated.'

Again—

'The active and concentrated state of mind engendered excites the sleeper to speak or exhibit physical manifestations of the suggestion received through words audibly uttered or ideas previously existing in his mind or excited by sensible impressions made by touches or passes of the operator, which . . . thereby direct his current of thought.' 'Definite physical changes could be excited and regulated and controlled at will—according to the suggestion of another person.'

Thus, for instance, coloured water was made to act as an emetic. Moreover, he found that suggestion was possible without hypnotism by mere concentration of mind and expectancy; but he was constrained to admit that the expectant idea was not the *only* thing, as in one case after succeeding once it failed a second time, and only succeeded eventually on the patient being hypnotized in addition.

The above is a fair summary of Braid's contributions to mesmerism. He investigated and collected the physiological phenomena in a systematic way, he developed suggestion, and invented the word Hypnotism. It passed with but little notice here. The British Association refused his offer to read a paper on it in 1842: but ten years later one was read before the Edinburgh Royal Medical Society, and very favourably received. The profession at large, however, paid no regard to the subject: it was considered to be connected with the spiritualistic frauds rife at the time, and so gradually dropped. To-day Braid's 'Neurypnology' (dreadful word!) is almost a text-book on the Continent.

Mention ought here to be made of Dr. Esdaile, a Scotch surgeon in India, and a contemporary of Braid's, who was at this time, but quite independently, making use of mesmerism for the performance of surgical operations to an extent unapproached either before or since. The introduction of chloroform, however, in 1846, superseded this method of inducing anæsthesia, and robbed mesmerism of the most striking benefit it has afforded or is likely to afford mankind. Esdaile seems to have been a superior man. His book is very interesting, and much better written than Braid's; and there is no sort of question as to the accuracy of his facts. Among other things, he gives some curious information with regard to the practice of mesmerism from time immemorial in the East; for instance, the Jar-phoonk of Upper India, a system of treatment practised by the Indian conjurers, or Jadoo-walla, by stroking and breathing on the limbs or body.

We have said that mesmerism was practically killed in France about 1840, so far as the medical profession was concerned. Here and there it was taken up again, by Liébeault of Nancy, for instance, in 1860, and even earlier by Dr. Azam of Bordeaux. The latter attracted the attention of two or three distinguished men, but little or no notice was taken of the matter by the profession in general. In the year 1877, however, Dr. Charcot, who is not only the head of the profession in France, but perhaps the most distinguished physician living, was nominated with two eminent colleagues to investigate Dr. Burq's treatment of hysteria by means of metal discs—metallotherapy, as it is called. He was convinced of the reality of the phenomena and began experiments in his own wards at La Salpêtrière. He soon stumbled on the hypnotic or mesmeric condition, precisely as Mesmer had done in the course of precisely similar experiments. In short Charcot re-discovered mesmerism exactly 100 years after the original discoverer, and his name worked wonders. Others had preceded him, notably Dr. Richet, but now the attention of many of the leading Paris physicians was arrested and an extensive series of experiments inaugurated. In 1880 Dr. Bernheim of Nancy began his researches. Dr. Liébeault, a general practitioner in the same town, had been a consistent mesmerizer for twenty years, and had published a book on the subject in 1866, but without recognition on the part of his eminent colleagues. Now, however, that the practice was sanctioned by a great name, they came to sit at his feet, and thus arose the celebrated school of Nancy, which includes the names of Bernheim, Beaunis, professor of physiology, Liébeault, and Liégeois, professor of law.

law. In 1880 also Professor Heidenhain of Breslau, the eminent physiologist, took advantage of the visit of Hansen, a well-known professional mesmerizer, to study the phenomena from a scientific point of view. His researches were published in a volume, in which he fully admits and establishes most of the leading facts of mesmerism and propounds his well-known theory that they are due to 'inhibition' of the higher centres in the brain, caused by rhythmical stimulation of the senses. From this time, when mesmerism may be considered to have been fairly taken under the wing of science, up to the present its interest and popularity has grown steadily and rapidly among the medical profession. In 1889 an International Hypnotic Congress was held in Paris, at which were present representatives from every European country, from Canada and the United States, from Mexico, Brazil, Peru, and Haiti. Among the honorary presidents were Charcot, Brown-Séquard, Brouardel, Richet, and Lombroso. The president was Dr. Dumontpallier, and the secretary Dr. Bérillon. These are honourable, even illustrious names, and proceedings that go forth to the world under their auspices have all the authority that science can give.

To give anything like a full account of all the work done during this third epoch in the history of mesmerism would be impossible in a limited space. We will endeavour to summarize the leading points dealt with and the leading facts established.

Methods of inducing the hypnotic or mesmeric state.—These are almost as numerous as the persons employing them. Every operator has his own method. The most usual means are the following:—fixing the gaze on some object: gentle monotonous stimulation of any of the senses, as by rubbing the ball of the thumb or brushing the hair or repeating a word: sudden and intense noise or light: pressing the eyelids: the simple word of command—Go to sleep: 'passes' made by the hand: the mere statement that the subject is going to sleep. Finally some subjects pass into the state spontaneously. To bring them out again it is only necessary to blow lightly on the face, or say, Wake up! If left to themselves, subjects eventually return to the normal state sooner or later.

Susceptibility.—The Paris practitioners hold that susceptible persons are always to some extent neuropaths, and generally hysterical; and that only the hysterical are capable of the profounder degrees of the condition. But it is to be remarked that they do not experiment on any one else, and negative results in no case disprove positive ones; moreover universal experience

experience seems to be against them. At Nancy on the other hand it is held that everybody is susceptible, though by no means equally. Some subjects are very refractory and require daily attempts to be made for months before an effect is made; but they succumb in the end. Five degrees are recognized there, viz.:—(1) sleepiness; (2) light sleep; (3) deep sleep; (4) very deep sleep; (5) somnambulism (Mesmer's 'telescopic' arrangement); and the actual figures showing percentage of subjects susceptible to these degrees are as follows. Out of 753 cases of Dr. Liébeault in the year 1884, there were susceptible to

Degree	(1)	10·0 per cent.
„	(2)	18·9 „
„	(3)	35·9 „
„	(4)	8·2 „
„	(5)	18·7 „
Not affected	.. .. ..	7·9 „

and out of 1014 cases of Dr. Bernheim there were susceptible to

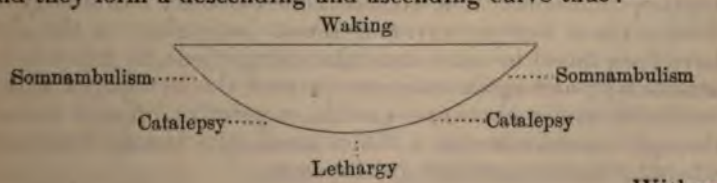
Degree	(1)	3·2 per cent.
„	(2)	9·8 „
„	(3)	45·3 „
„	(4)	22·8 „
„	(5)	18·9 „
Not affected	.. .. ..	2·6 „

Men and women are about equally susceptible, children particularly so; not a single failure occurred under fourteen years of age. Susceptibility decreases after middle-age. The insane are very refractory. Hospital patients are, according to Bernheim, much better subjects than other townsfolk, which seems to corroborate the opinion held in Paris, that the best subjects are those suffering from some disorder. The quality or qualities which make individuals good or bad subjects have never been thoroughly investigated. Mental acuteness does not seem to be a barrier. The very excitable and the very apathetic are bad subjects. It is supposed that the strong-minded (whatever may be meant by that) are difficult to influence; but such a theory is necessarily hard to prove. The English are apparently less susceptible than most continental peoples. Repeated hypnotization renders subjects more and more susceptible, so that eventually the least thing is sufficient to throw them into the profoundest stage. A very interesting and obscure point, suggested by the figures given above, is the value of the personal factor of the operator. The difference

difference in the results obtained by Liébeault and Bernheim, tend to show that some operators are more powerful or at least more successful than others. In what the difference consists we do not know and cannot even guess, but it is clear that there is a personal factor.

Another point of the greatest importance is the question of resistance. Can people be influenced against their will? There is no doubt, that at all times complete acquiescence on the part of the subject renders the operation proportionately easy, and that most people cannot be influenced for the first time if they resolutely set themselves against it; but after repeated hypnotization the power of resistance becomes less and less, until in some cases it is absolutely nil. Professor Beaunis speaks very strongly on this point:—'A certain number are absolutely in the power of him who hypnotizes them often; resistance on their part is wholly impossible.' But more; it is possible also to influence certain subjects for the first time against their will and in spite of every resistance. We have ourselves seen it done upon a personal friend, a gentleman of ordinary intelligence and by no means a neuropath. He was fixed on a sudden by the operator's gaze at a distance of twenty or thirty feet, and though resisting with all his might and assisted to resist by the encouragement of those about him, after a very painful struggle, lasting fully ten minutes, he succumbed to the influence, rushed to the operator's feet, and then fell into the usual state of unconscious obedience. It was a scene not easily forgotten.

Effects produced.—While at Nancy, as we have seen, five states are recognized, in Paris they only see three, described by Charcot in this order:—Catalepsy, Lethargy, and Somnambulism. Subjects may be sent direct into any of these states or may be made to pass from one to another. It is claimed that these states are accurately distinguished by certain well-marked physiological phenomena, and an ingenious theory has been developed, according to which they stand in a certain definite order of approximation to the natural waking state. Somnambulism is the nearest to waking, then catalepsy, then lethargy, in which there is most complete abeyance of all the functions; and they form a descending and ascending curve thus:—



Without

Without regarding this division as altogether fanciful, we may say that it is artificial or at least premature; and it is not denied by those who maintain it, that a great many intermediate stages occur. In all probability the apparent differences between the Paris and the Nancy schools in this particular are not very important. The evidence of every writer on the subject from Mesmer onwards tends to show that patients are very variously affected, but that the different states into which they are thrown always partake of the nature of inertness, muscular spasm, somnolence or somnambulism. We shall proceed therefore to the separate phenomena without reference to the stage in which they occur, but merely grouping them under two heads, (1) physiological, (2) psychological, premising that they are by no means all producible in the same patient or in the same state.

Physiological phenomena. Muscular excitability: stroking, pressing or touching the muscles causes them to contract. The application of a magnet held at a little distance produces the same effect but with more energy. In this condition the muscles possess double the power that they do in the waking state, as measured by the dynamometer. Moreover there is no tremor as when muscles are voluntarily subjected to great strain, and the relaxation takes place smoothly and regularly. The strength of the contraction is proportionate to the strength of the stimulus. If the stimulus be continued, after a time the opposite set of muscles begins to contract; the spasm is 'transferred,' for instance, from the muscles which bend the fingers or the arm to those which straighten them. The application of a magnet to contracted muscles also produces the same transference. Complete rigidity of the whole body may be produced. The nerves and tendons may be acted on in the same way and produce the same result.

Excitability of the Senses.—The observations of Braid on the heightening of the senses are confirmed. He found that the ticking of a watch heard at three feet distance in the waking state became audible at thirty-five feet in the hypnotic, that the scent of a rose could be traced through the air at a distance of forty-five feet, and that objects could be felt without actual contact, sometimes at a considerable distance. Similarly in Paris a ray of light or waves of sound impinging on the skin have been found to cause muscular contractions, so great is the sensibility; and again subjects can read the newspaper with a layer of cotton-wool over the eyelids, or perceive different colours through a wooden screen. When one faculty is heightened, the others are correspondingly in abeyance.

Circulation.—

Circulation.—It has been ascertained by actual experiment with exact instruments that the blood-vessels undergo certain regular changes, contracting in the cataleptic and dilating in the lethargic state. This phenomenon is purely physical and wholly independent of the action of the mind. Further, by directing attention to the heart's action, it can be modified at pleasure; so, too, the local capillary circulation. Reddening and even blistering of the skin can be thus induced; and it is probable that many of the actual therapeutical results are obtained in this way. This—namely, modification of the local circulation—was in fact the means by which Braid successfully treated rheumatism and some affections of the eye.

Secretion and Excretion.—The action of the glands and glandular organs can be modified at pleasure, doubtless through altering the blood-supply as just mentioned. Recent experiments show that certain regular changes, probably secondary to those of the circulation, take place in the secretions; a fact which proves that the condition is not a purely subjective one, as some observers maintain, but a real pathological state.

Respiration may be quickened, rendered slower, or suspended. *Anæsthesia and paralysis*, partial or complete, may be produced.

Psychological Phenomena.—These are chiefly manifestations of the power of 'suggestions.' Suggestions may be conveyed through any of the senses; for instance, through the muscular sense by placing a limb in such a position as to suggest an act. The subject spontaneously completes the act so suggested. Again, through the sense of sight; he will imitate and complete movements indicated before him. Through sight and touch combined: give him an umbrella, he will open it; give him a knife and a piece of bread, he will cut the bread; give him knitting needles, and he will knit. Through the sense of hearing; music often produces the most extraordinary effect. The subject will render in action with the utmost liveliness and accuracy the emotions expressed by the music. A lively dance tune is instantly reflected in his expression and movements, his face beams with pleasure and vivacity, he dances; then, if the music passes suddenly without stopping into a religious theme, he instantly falls on his knees with eyes and hands raised to heaven. The curious phenomenon called *écholalie* comes under this head. By placing one hand on the forehead and the other on the neck, the patient is transformed into a 'veritable phonograph,' giving back with perfect exactness every sound uttered by the operator. Powers are thus conferred which the subject does not naturally possess, such as the ability to sing and pronounce foreign languages. Suggestions may also be conveyed

veyed from the mind of the operator to that of the subject by means of touch; that is to say, the touch may be the medium of purely mental communication. The idea in one mind passes by contact into another. Or it may so pass even at a distance and out of sight. The easiest way of conveying suggestions, however, is of course by verbal utterance.

Among the most striking phenomena thus produced are *Hallucinations.* Subjects may be made to see or hear anything whatever by simply saying that they do so. The operator merely says, 'There are some children,' and to the subject they are there. Or it may be a wounded man, a friend, animals, serpents, the devil, angels, paradise—sights of all kinds, agreeable and disagreeable. The reality of the illusion is shown by the behaviour of the subject, who exhibits the emotions and the conduct corresponding to each hallucination, with a spirit and naturalness beyond all acting. Thus one woman on being made to see children will exhibit the greatest pleasure and proceed to play with them, another will look displeased and order them to go away. The suggestion made sets the mind in action, and it then follows up the given idea in its own way. Say that there is a stream of water running down the floor, the subject voluntarily steps over it; or that there is an enormous fire in the grate, he takes his coat off. Illusions of the mind may be produced in precisely similar manner. On being told that he is somebody else, a beggar-woman, a general, an archbishop, the subject instantly assumes the character and acts it to the life. Words, pronunciation, gesture, bearing, all correspond exactly to the character. One of the most remarkable and interesting effects is the production of *unilateral hallucination.* The subject is made to see a different sight with each eye, and the expression on each side of the face corresponds with the thing seen by the eye on the same side. This is of great physiological interest, proving as it does the independence of the two cerebral hemispheres.

Suggestions to act are carried out with the same readiness, although they may involve absurd or criminal situations. 'L'hypnotique est donc dans ce sens le sujet de l'expérimentateur et sa responsibilité morale est nulle.' A common experiment of this kind with the French hypnotizers is to make their subject commit an imaginary murder, though it is difficult to see how the indefinite and purposeless repetition of such an experiment can be justified. X. (a good subject) is told that a friend of hers has been killed by a man present, who is pointed out to her. Her eyes blaze with fury. 'Kill him. See, here is some poison. Go and give it him.' She pours it out (plain water)

water) and presents it to the supposed murderer, pretending with great art that it is something good. He drinks it and pretends to die. To her it is real. She believes she has poisoned him and exhibits all the emotions appropriate to the occasion. An experiment of a like nature, carried out by Dr. Bernheim, curiously exhibits the relation between suggestion and the natural play of the mind. A. is hypnotized and told that there is a man standing over against the door, who has grossly insulted him. A paper-knife is put into his hand, and he is told to go and kill him. He at once steps to the door and drives the paper knife into it, then remains fixed to the spot with haggard eye and trembling in every limb. They pretend to arrest him and bring him before the *juge*. 'What have you done?'—'I have killed a man.'—'Why did you do it?'—'Because he insulted me.'—'But you don't kill people because they insult you.'—'M. Bernheim told me to do it.'—'No,' interrupts Bernheim, 'I did not. You did it of your own accord.' Now comes the curious point. On being further taken before an imaginary *procurateur*, and again interrogated, A. returns the same answers to a certain point, but on being asked, 'Why did you do it?' he replies, 'I don't know.'—'Did any one—did M. Bernheim tell you to do it?'—'No. *I did it of my own accord.*' Suggestion is paramount so far as it goes, but when it stops short the subject's own mind acts, yielding again, however, before a fresh suggestion. The above case illustrates another curious point, and that is the truthfulness of hypnotics; they cannot lie. The rule is nearly absolute, but not quite; Pitres had a case in which a hypnotized woman lied obstinately on being asked what she had done.

The following experiments, conducted by Professor Beaunis, again illustrate two interesting points, namely, the degree to which hypnotics retain their individuality, and their capacity to resist suggestions. Mdlle. A. E., who by the way seems to be a sort of common property among the Nancy hypnotizers in a way which is neither to her credit nor to theirs, was hypnotized, and told after a time to go into another room, steal a silver spoon, and hide it in a friend's pocket. At first she resisted the suggestion, but presently she quietly got up and went out. Those present heard her go into the other room and take a spoon. On her return she was asked what she had done. 'I have stolen a spoon.'—'What have you done with it?'—'Thrown it away. I couldn't keep a stolen spoon.'—'Did you not put it in So-and-so's pocket?'—'Oh no! I couldn't do that.' Madame H. A., who was present, did not think she could be made to do the

the same: so the experiment was tried. Not only did she steal the spoon, but concealed it afterwards.

Post-hypnotic suggestion.—Any of the hypnotic phenomena may be produced in certain subjects afterwards in the waking state at a given suggested time. 'Revenant à eux, les sujets exécutent l'ordre donné à l'heure dite au jour prescrit.' If asked why they do it, they say they don't know, but sometimes allege specific reasons to justify an act which they believe to be spontaneous, but which has really been imposed by the will of another. The subject, says Dr. Liébeault, 'marche au but avec la fatalité d'un pierre qui tombe.' M. Liégeois believes that the fact constitutes a serious public danger, inasmuch as the power might very well be utilized by an unscrupulous person for the committal of crime in such a way as to secure absolute immunity for the real criminal. Two cases are recorded, in one of which a suggestion was realized 172 days afterwards, and in the other at a no less interval than 365 days. The first case was one of hallucination, and was practised by Dr. Beaunis on the above-mentioned Mdlle. A. E. He said to her when hypnotized, 'At 10 o'clock in the morning of New Year's-day you will see me appear in your room. I shall wish you a happy New Year, and disappear again.' It was then July. On waking, the lady remembered nothing, and no more was said. At the given date Beaunis happened to be in Paris, but at 10 o'clock the lady, being then busy in her room, heard a knock at the door, and said, 'Come in!' To her astonishment Beaunis entered, dressed in *his summer clothes*, wished her a happy New Year, and retired. She looked out of the window, but did not see him leave the house. Soon after she went downstairs and told her friends that Beaunis had paid her a visit, nor could she ever be persuaded that he had not actually been there in person. This experiment throws light on many cases of so-called apparitions. The other instance, in which suggestions were realized after the lapse of a whole year, was of a similar nature, but much more complicated, involving a series of acts as well as several hallucinations.

The power of post-hypnotic suggestion has been much used of late for the treatment of dipso-mania and allied disorders. The patient is told that drink or morphia, or whatever it may be, is distasteful, and will remain so. Remarkably good results are said to have been attained.

Memory.—As a rule, the subject on awaking remembers nothing of what has passed in the hypnotic state, but remembers again on being re-hypnotized. This faculty, however, is also under the control of suggestion. Subjects will remember if told

told to do so, and at a given time. In the hypnotic state on the other hand they remember what happened to them when awake, unless they are told to forget. The memory, like the senses, seems to be altogether in a more active state under hypnotism. Not only do subjects remember events of the waking condition, but remember them with far greater vividness and accuracy than they otherwise would. A patient of Dr. Luys once repeated a lecture of his that she had heard several months before, not only with the utmost accuracy but reproducing the very tones of his voice, using every gesture and adapting in a remarkable way her words to her subject. A year afterwards she had still the same capacity and could always perform the feat on being hypnotized, but in the waking state she could never repeat a single word and remembered almost nothing about it.

Rapport.—Professor Beaunis bears out the opinions of the older mesmerizers and the popular belief, that there exists a peculiar relation between the operator and his subject. The latter hears his hypnotizer speak and only him, taking no notice of others; he can recognize him *by the touch only*, as well as by the other senses, and obeys movements thus indicated by him. For instance if the operator (unseen) raises the subject's arm, the latter keeps it raised; but if another person does the same, it falls again. The operator can, however, at pleasure place the subject *en rapport* with another person. According to Beaunis, this *rapport* consists in the subject having his mind concentrated on the operator, as a mother's is on her child, enabling her to hear its least cry, and divine its needs to the exclusion of everything else, and even when asleep. Thus a mother will awake at the smallest cry of her child, though she will sleep soundly through any other noise. But how the hypnotized subject's mind comes to be concentrated to this remarkable degree upon the hypnotizer is another and a most obscure question.

Intellectual power.—No very great attention has been paid to this point, but apparently modern experiment corroborates the older belief in the quickening of the intellect. The mind is inactive during artificial sleep, says Beaunis, but only conditionally; it becomes active at suggestion and works rapidly and with great precision. Indeed the instances given above under the head of hallucinations show that the intelligence, the imagination, and the emotions are, like the senses and the memory, heightened to an extraordinary degree. Hospital patients, drawn from inferior classes, throw themselves into characters suggested and present them in action with a power

power and truthfulness beyond not only their own waking capacity, but that of the most intelligent and cultivated persons.

The influence of magnets.—We have briefly referred to the action of magnets on the muscles in speaking of the physiological phenomena, but they possess other properties which hardly come under that head. They have the power of attracting hypnotized subjects. Thus, if a good-sized magnet is placed at some little distance from the subject and behind a screen so that he cannot see it, after a time he will get up and go towards it. If now another magnet be placed at an equal distance behind him, he will stop and remain as it were balanced between the two. By withdrawing one or other he can be drawn backwards or forwards. Further, he can be charged with magnetism by placing near him a large magnet with five ends. If it be suddenly removed and hidden in another room, he is impelled to follow it with such force that he will fling aside all obstacles in his way and tracking it step by step will walk straight up to it. 'Once he sights it, he either remains in dumb contemplation of it in front of its two poles, or else lays his hands on both of the poles with a kind of profound satisfaction.' These experiments with magnets are very exhausting.

It will be seen from the above summary of the leading points dealt with by modern hypnotizers, that they have multiplied, enlarged, and systematized previous knowledge, but have discovered almost nothing absolutely new. Any claim to the contrary is founded on imperfect acquaintance with the work of the older mesmerizers. That claim is generally made to rest upon 'suggestion' which is supposed to be a new discovery, but we have seen that the existence of this power was already recognized by Mesmer and De Puységur, and that Braid went thoroughly into it—not in his 'Neurypnology,' but in a somewhat rare pamphlet published in 1853. Another proof of his acquaintance with suggestion is contained in a letter written to him by Professor Gregory in 1852 on the subject of his paper read before the Edinburgh Medical Society. In that letter Gregory avows his full belief in 'the extraordinary or incredible effects of suggestion on persons in the somnambulistic state.' Further Teste, writing before Braid, says, 'A somnambulist no longer sees, no longer hears, no longer acts, but through his magnetizer. I have succeeded in rendering a somnambulist alternately vain, lying, a gourmand, and a sensualist. We may modify at pleasure the intellectual disposition, extinguishing this thought and substituting another.'

Even

Even posthypnotic suggestion, the darling triumph of Nancy, was known. The following occurs in Dr. Radclyffe Hall's papers on Mesmerism in the 'Lancet' of 1845 :—

'It is undoubtedly true that the mesmerizer has the power of impressing some things upon the memory of his patient in such a manner as that the latter shall retain them on awaking. He can also fix the exact time of remembrance, and not until the very moment fixed upon arrives shall the patient remember the circumstance in question.' 'A mesmerizer can always so strengthen the virtuous tendencies developed by his patient in sleep-walking, as to prolong them into the waking state.'

The real advantage that the modern hypnotizer has lies in his point of view, an advantage gained by half a century's fruitful scientific research. He is able to catalogue the phenomena and to allot to each its true physiological significance as he never was able to before. The exact work, for instance, done in determining the changes in the muscles, the circulation, and secretions, forms a decidedly valuable addition to our knowledge of this mysterious subject, and investigations of this kind may eventually lead to a true theory of its nature; but sensational experiments in suggestion are neither new nor instructive. On the other hand, the most strange and inexplicable of all the alleged phenomena of mesmerism have not been touched at all, so far as we are aware, by modern investigators. These are clairvoyance, intuition, and pressensation, or the capacity on the part of a subject to pronounce upon the nature of his own illness and that of others and to foretell their course. With regard to clairvoyance we do not propose to trouble the reader with any of the numerous well-authenticated anecdotes on record relating to this faculty; but to those who are inclined to dismiss the question with a smile of superior knowledge we would offer one or two considerations. The learned and intelligent commission nominated in 1825 by the French Académie de Médecine, after an exhaustive investigation lasting six years, came to the conclusion that the existence of these faculties was *proved*. Professor Gregory again, in the letter to Braid already mentioned, enters into a long disquisition to prove that not only suggestion but 'clairvoyance and the other higher phenomena of the mesmerists are equally true and producible by hypnotic means.' This will show that at least there have not wanted acute and competent observers who have given in their adhesion on this point. Then since the other phenomena recorded by mesmerizers have now been proved to be literally true, there is *à priori* ground for supposing that they were not mistaken with regard to clairvoyance also.

Finally,

Finally, if the senses can be so heightened as in the cases already cited from Braid and the clinique of La Salpêtrière, it requires no great stretch of imagination to suppose them carried still further until they become comparable to those inexplicable faculties which we call instinct in animals, that for instance by which animals—cats, dogs, and sheep—can find their way home sometimes over hundreds of miles of unknown country.

Concerning the faculty of pressensation, it is worth while to say a little more. The early mesmerists made a great point of the power of some patients to diagnose the condition of another. Dr. Puységur's patient Joly, mentioned above, possessed the faculty to an unusual degree. He was an educated man, of good position, and could express himself intelligibly:

'C'est une sensation véritable que j'éprouve dans un endroit correspondant à la partie qui souffre chez celui que je touche: ma main va naturellement se porter à l'endroit de son mal, et je ne peux pas plus m'y tromper que je ne pourrois le faire en portant ma main où je souffrirois moi-même.'

Now, the following experiment has been carried out by Charcot at La Salpêtrière. A young girl suffering from hysterical hemiplegia (paralysis of one side) came up one day from the country. She was placed in a chair behind a screen and a hypnotic patient sent for from the wards. The latter was placed on the other side of the screen and hypnotized. Neither of the patients was aware of the other's presence. At the end of a minute the hypnotized patient was found to have acquired the other's hemiplegia. The experiment was repeated every day, and in four days the new comer was relieved of her trouble, which had lasted over a year. The same experiment was tried in many cases, and always succeeded, although in some of them the affections imitated were of a very complex character, such as paralysis of half the tongue. With these facts in view the alleged experiences of the older mesmerists appear by no means impossible.

Therapeutics.—It cannot be truly said that the modern mesmerists have added much to the usefulness of the practice as applied to the relief of disease. Great difference of opinion seems to exist among them on this point. The Parisian practitioners hold that its applicability is limited to certain nervous disorders, and that beyond calming patients and staving off attacks of hysteria, it is of little use. They further consider that it may be decidedly harmful in developing or aggravating hysteria and in acting generally as an agitator of the nervous system. On the other hand, the Nancy physicians regularly use hypnotism in all their cases, even in those of acute fever.

It

It at least gives the patient the benefit of sleep, they say. In fact they claim a far more extended applicability than Mesmer himself; for they treat chronic organic disease where there is degeneration of tissue by hypnotism. Dr. Bernheim, indeed, whose medical horizon has since 1880 been gradually overspread by the word 'suggestion,' seems to think that all treatment is a form of the same thing. Certainly such measures as electricity, water-cure, massage, suspension, and metallotherapy, he believes to be nothing but suggestion in disguise. This is absurd. No doubt they act mainly in the same way as suggestion does; namely, by influencing the local blood-supply, but not by any means through suggestion. It is not likely that the large promises now being freely made will be carried out. To speak of 'proceeding on rigidly scientific lines' is to talk solemn nonsense. No treatment is anything but empirical, and treatment by suggestion the most empirical of all. Previous manipulators, who were quite as skilful and as well acquainted with the power they wielded as Dr. Bernheim, failed nevertheless to make very much mark with actual results, except Esdaile and his anæsthesia. In fact the weakness of mesmerism, that which has caused it to come to grief so often, is its therapeutic inutility, just as its strength, that which has caused it always to rise again, lies in the reality of its phenomena. There are obvious difficulties in the way of its medical application. There is the personal factor, a quite unknown quantity. Every patient is not susceptible, and every doctor does not possess the power. Then the results are very uncertain; nearly everything that can be done, can be done by other more certain means. Other effects are only temporary. The dipso-maniac or morphino-maniac, who is 'cured by suggestion,' does not remain permanently cured, but has to come again and again to be hypnotized. And is the state of the confirmed hypnotic very much better than that of the other? It is only exchanging one servitude for another. Lastly, the condition is not free from danger—the danger of a disorganized nervous system and of an abandoned self-control. Most thinking persons will hesitate before they run the risk of submitting themselves to an influence, which may end in the surrender of their free-will to another, the annihilation of their very identity.

There are two classes of cases, however, in which hypnotism may perhaps be found very beneficial. Those are the insane, and children who have become vicious, or who suffer from certain functional troubles. Mesmer himself suggested that the treatment is particularly suitable for the insane; but it has not been

been tried much until recently. Dr. Forel of Zürich, Dr. Voisin, and others, claim to have had very encouraging results in certain forms of insanity, though Dr. Percy Smith's attempts at Bethlehem Hospital have not yet met with much success. Insanity is a thing so completely beyond all ordinary therapeutic measures that any additional method of treatment is welcome. Similarly certain vices and disorders of childhood are extremely difficult to deal with, and Dr. Bérillon has made out a good case for the use of hypnotism here. For the rest, we can only expect that hypnotism will be employed here and there in exceptional cases as an additional means, to be handled with the greatest discretion, when others have failed. It is not a remedy that can or ought ever to come into general use. If modern investigations make anything clear, it is that the real value of hypnotism lies in its efficiency as a method of research. We possess no such powerful instrument for searching out the mysteries of the physiology and pathology of the nervous system and of the mind. It has been truly called a method of 'moral vivisection;' but whether any one is justified in practising such moral vivisection is very much open to doubt.

In conclusion, if any ask, What after all is mesmerism? we can only say that its real nature remains a mystery. None of the modern theories cover all the ground, nor would they explain the essence of the thing even if they did. Certainly it is not merely a form of hysteria, as they say in Paris; and even if it were, we do not know, cannot even guess, what hysteria itself is. Equally certain it is not all subjective, all due to suggestion, and therefore a mere extension of the ordinary influence which one mind has over another, as they say at Nancy. That does not explain the influencing of patients behind their backs, without their knowledge, as was done by Esdaile in open court and since by Liégeois. Nor is it compatible with the definite physiological effects upon the muscles, the circulation, and the secretions, which have been proved to take place; nor with the mesmerizing of the lower animals, of birds, snakes, and crabs, which is an established fact. Besides, the ordinary influence of one mind over another is always greatest between strangers: witness the case of lunatics and children; the more familiar people are, the less influence they have, whereas in hypnotism the exact opposite obtains—influence is proportionate to familiarity. And even if this theory of suggestion being everything were tenable, we should still ask:—What is this condition in which the influence of another's mind is increased to such an extraordinary degree? Heidenhain's physiological theory that it is due

inhibition' of the higher centres in the cerebral cortex
t help us much. What is inhibition, and how is it
ied? There can be little doubt that the actual mechan-
which the phenomena are brought about is the modifi-
f the circulation in the brain. We may suppose that
rdinary state there is a central organ which holds the
between the others and prevents any being specially
nt. In the hypnotic state this is thrown out of gear
v or other, and then, on attention being drawn to a
ar organ, the blood rushes thither, and a condition of
ous over-activity ensues; hence the heightening of the
nd other faculties, which seems so marvellous. All the
s, as it were, concentrated in one spot. But that leaves
as much in the dark as before about the real nature
tate in which this happens, and how it is induced.
ly theory which attempts to go to the root of the matter
ner's own, and it may be that some day, when our
lge is extended, that theory, though couched in the
nd fanciful language of the last century, will be
o contain the germ of a true idea. There is nothing
tly absurd in supposing that living creatures possess a
analogous to magnetism, by virtue of which they may
react on each other; and there is not a little in the most
xperiments, particularly those with magnets, which go
ay towards proving it. At least Science has learnt a
rom her discomfiture in the past, and will not be so
deny the existence of a thing simply because it cannot
'De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem
o' may be a good maxim in law, but is a bad one in

ART. X.—1. *The New York City Ring.* By Samuel J. Tilden. New York, 1873.
2. *The History of Tammany: New York Star.* 1883, 1884.
3. *Machine Politics, and Money in Elections in New York City.* By William M. Ivins. New York, 1887.
4. *The American Commonwealth.* By James Bryce, M.P. London and New York, 1888.
5. *New York City Daily Journals,* 1870–1890.

'ERIN'S Isle,—Manhattan.' So says 'Life,' a shrewd New York observer of men and things. If the definition be accurate, we have the whole purpose of this article in three words; possibly, before we finish, we may be in a position to show whether the definition is accurate or not. It is necessary, however, to state, for the benefit of strangers, that Manhattan is the aboriginal name of the Island which, until a few years ago, was co-extensive with the City and County of New York.

It is a somewhat difficult task for an outsider to determine what an American means by the term 'Home Rule.' There is Federal Home Rule at Washington; 'government of the people by the people, and for the people;' there is State Home Rule in each State; municipal Home Rule in the large cities. The Federal Government is jealously excluded from all interference with State rights; and the municipalities claim, within certain limits, complete autonomy in the management of local affairs. The limits of each autonomy are clearly defined; and, theoretically at all events, American Home Rule means, as defined by the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, when Mayor of New York in 1888, that 'America should be governed by Americans,' with the American flag 'as the symbol of Home Rule and of the sovereignty of the people.'

But in New York the American flag fails as an acknowledged symbol of Home Rule. One-third of the inhabitants are, as we shall show, of Irish birth or of Irish descent;* and this third part of the population has so dominated the remainder, that the 'Irish flag,' whatever that may be, is raised as the peculiar local symbol of Home Rule in Manhattan. The Irish are in fact and evidence the rulers there; and they supply fully twice their due proportion of the city aldermen and magistrates, policemen, criminals, and paupers. They can turn Municipal, State, and even Federal elections. They hold not only the balance of power, but actually rule New York;

* See page 279.

and

and since, more than once, the Presidential election has turned on the vote of New York City and State, in ruling New York they practically rule the country.

At home the Irish have never found a government to suit them. Laws proscribing evil-doers, and protecting those who are amenable to social and political authority, have hitherto been specially obnoxious to the Irish character. The people do, no doubt, prefer a varying element of illegality, and submit best to a despotism. But since anarchy has now been vigorously expelled, and individual despotism has become impossible, the Irish accept, when they have opportunity, the despotism of a mob. Such despotism they denominate 'Home Rule,' and legal statesmanship, enforcing equitable order, is by them, in their disorder, called 'coercion.'

In one quarter of the world, however, it appears that Irishmen are satisfied, and find Home Rule according to their mind. In New York City they seem quite at home; and if we take a little pains to see how New York has been ruled of late by Irishmen and their associated sympathisers, we may understand what blessings for Belfast, and Cork, and Dublin, would result from, and accompany, Home Rule in Ireland.

It becomes then a matter of interest to discover how the Irish so 'oppressed' and so 'coerced' at home behave abroad when they have power and opportunity to rule. It might, however, be presumptuous in an Englishman to decide this question. Let Americans answer; the reader bearing constantly in mind that two-thirds of the influence and character revealed are Irish.

Speaking of the loss to New York of the 'World's Fair,' 'America' (March 6, 1890) attributes this to 'corrupt politics;' while 'Life,' of the same date, pronounces New York City 'singularly incapable of carrying out such a project successfully' on account of its 'political rottenness.' The Aldermen are especially corrupt; it is impossible to get any authorization of work with 'money' in it passed through the Board without first satisfying their itching palms. The granting of a charter for a railroad in Broadway was a few years ago a notable illustration of this fact; public opinion was so outraged that the corrupt members were indicted. Some of them saved themselves by 'skipping' to Canada; some were tried and convicted, and are now suffering for their misdeeds in State prisons. In the trials of others the juries disagreed: their re-trials were conveniently postponed; and now the witnesses, whose evidence is necessary to conviction, suffer a grievous lapse of memory. Thus the trials of the Aldermen for bribery have been,

been, in more than one instance, the merest farce; the last case has been dismissed; and, according to the 'New York Times,' 'it is not by any means certain that the result will be effectively exemplary. . . . Aldermen, belonging, as a rule, to the ignorant and dangerous classes, have short memories, and a tale of a conviction for bribery five years old will have very little deterrent effect upon them compared with the attractive effect of untraceable bank-notes in large denominations. . . . The real remedy is to see that it is not worth anybody's while to bribe them; and this means the taking from the Aldermen the power to dispose of valuable franchises' ('concessions') 'at their own discretion.' Indeed, the Aldermen have already lost the confirmation of the Mayor's appointments to heads of Departments, which has been taken from them by the Legislature, because they would only confirm the appointments of men whom they thought would be serviceable to themselves. They now retain only the power of granting franchises, of authorization of street opening and nomenclature, and some minor legislative powers. 'No European city,' says Mr. Bryce, in his 'American Commonwealth,' 'has witnessed scandals approaching those of New York.'

In 1885, Mr. William M. Ivins was private secretary to Mayor Grace, by whom he was appointed City Chamberlain; and he is, therefore, in a position to speak with authority; which must be our excuse for quoting him somewhat at length. Referring to 'assessments,'—that is, money paid by candidates to 'guarantee the result' of their elections,—he gives as the total in an average year, at the lowest estimate $211,200, or 40,240*l.* Regarding the ultimate consequence of this jobbery, he adds:—

'The existing system amounts to an almost complete exclusion from official public life of all men who are not enabled to pay, if not a sum equal to the entire salary of the office they seek, at least a very large percentage of it. The poor man, or the moderately well-to-do man, is thus at once cut off from all political ambition, because the only key to success is wealth or machine power. The ablest lawyer at our Bar could not secure a nomination for a judgeship unless he were able to pay an assessment of from $10,000 to $20,000 (2000*l.* to 4000*l.*); while a mere political lawyer, if he have the means of paying his assessment and stands well with the party leaders, can without great difficulty secure a nomination, and even an election, to an office for which he has no peculiar qualifications.'

So well has Mr. Ivins exposed jobbery in New York, that a recent declaration of the present Counsel to the Corporation, that the city is entitled to all fees collected by the Chamberlain, whose

whose compensation is limited to a salary of $25,000 a year, is considered by some to be due to a desire by those now in control to make things unpleasant for ex-Chamberlain Ivins.

Nor is Mr. Ivins by any means the only witness to the jobbery prevalent under municipal Home Rule in New York. The story is repeated in page after page of Mr. Tilden's pamphlet. He says that 'they stripped every legislative power and every executive power, and all the powers of government from us, and vested them in half-a-dozen men for a period of from four to eight years, who held, and were to hold, supreme dominion over the people of this city.' The 'New York Times' explains that 'the Ring can fight the tax-payers through officers paid out of the public Treasury, and can, at the people's expense, retain the services of thousands of men for the sole purpose of cheating the people out of their rights.'

But the Irish Home Rule government of New York is open not only to the imputation of jobbery and corruption, but to the charge of inefficiency; which is particularly noticeable in that most important and, at the same time, most self-asserting department, the cleaning and general care of the public streets. In a city where not even the commonest street-cleaner can be employed except as the result of a political 'job,' and in return for a 'consideration,' in the form of an 'assessment,' a promise of votes, or a 'pull,' *Anglicè* 'influence,'—it is hardly to be wondered at that day after day complaints appear in the papers concerning the fearful state of the streets. The 'Tribune' makes the reason sufficiently plain:—

'The difficulty in the Street Cleaning Department is political: the official charged with that duty is never allowed to hire men as he sees fit, or to discharge men who are not efficient, or to select the most competent men of either party for associates and subordinates, or to pay such wages as a free and open market may fix. He must listen to the whispers of political leaders and managers who want this or that man put on the pay-roll. He must select subordinates who will consent to sacrifice their own reputations by trying to clean streets with a political machine.' (March 2, 1890.)

'In America,' says Mr. Bryce, 'in Canada as well as in the United States, people do not talk of "politicians," but "the politicians," because the word indicates a class with well-defined characteristics.' For the existence of such a class there must be valid and sufficient reasons. The principal of these are, first, the frequent elections for every kind of office, Federal, State, Judicial, and Municipal, with the consequent drudgery, almost continual, of electioneering labours; secondly, the utter indifference of the majority of the better classes and of the business men

men to political questions, to say nothing of the immense difficulty, as Mr. Ivins shows, of contending against the professional politicians; thirdly, and perhaps principally, the presence in New York of immense masses of ignorant voters, immigrants, mostly Irish of the 'Home Rule' class and their immediate descendants, who have to be continually 'kept up to the mark' by the agents of the different political parties.

Such being the case, we naturally conclude that there must be some powerful inducement to account for the existence of a class of men who live by 'politics,' and by nothing else. These inducements are, as Mr. Bryce shows, only too adequate. 'Politics,' he tells us, 'has become a gainful profession,' so it is no wonder that men are always to be found willing to enter into it. There are, in New York City, 9,955 subordinate places on the pay rolls; every one of which is 'political.' Besides these there are the officers appointed by law for each election, of whom there are 4872, divided between the two parties, not including those employed by the parties themselves as watchers, ticket-distributors, and so forth. Altogether there are, says Mr. Ivins, on an average, '54 men in each of 812 election districts —over 20 per cent. of all the voters—who actually receive money in one form or other for their election day services—in a word, are under pay.'

'All this, however,' he adds, 'does not necessarily imply individual corruption on the part of the leaders. It makes corruption easy, but it does not necessitate it. The condition of the law presupposed some machinery or other not provided for by law, but the Machines (electoral associations) have grown stronger than the law. The ultimate result is, that one-fifth of our electors are under pay of parties or candidates on election-day; that offices are not unfrequently put up at auction to the highest bidder; that public spirit is rendered both hopeless and helpless; and that the members of the Machines alone, and not the people, truly enjoy the benefits of the electoral franchise.'

A hopeful prospect for the Irish who anticipate Home Rule.

The 'evolution' of the 'professional politician' is a curious one. New York City and State, in common with many other parts of the Union, have adopted Universal Suffrage, 'one man, one vote,' as the basis of the franchise. The only qualification required in New York City is registration in the district to which the voter belongs: the only legally disqualifying causes are failure to register, or the being an inmate of a prison or an almshouse. What sort of men are, on this principle, able to vote, and of what practical value the franchise is to them, the following may serve to show:—

'In

'In one "2-cent (penny) Restaurant"—tramps' den—I once, on the occasion of a police raid, counted forty-two "customers." The room was hardly five steps across, and indescribably foul. . . . But if they have nothing else to call their own, even tramps have a "pull"—about election-time, at all events. They have votes, and votes that are for sale cheap for cash. The sergeant who locked the dreary crowd up predicted that the men at least would not stay long on the Island [meaning Blackwell's Island, where the Penitentiary is situated]. More than once—he said it as if it were the most natural thing in the world—he had sent up one tramp twice in twenty-four hours for six months at a time.' ('How the Other Half Lives,' by Jacob A. Riis; 'Scribner's Magazine,' December 1889.)

How characteristically Irish all this sounds!

In a matter of this sort, we cannot do better than let Americans speak for themselves; and James Parton, in a pamphlet, 'How New York is Governed,' says that 'in the wards and districts inhabited chiefly by ignorant foreigners and vicious natives, the case [of good government] is hopeless. Printed matter cannot reach them. They are untrained in the duties of citizenship. . . . What honest men print they will not read; what honest men say they will not hear.' And Mr. Bryce testifies to the same effect: 'The immigrants vote . . . after three or four years' residence at most, and often less, but they are not fit for the suffrage . . . Incompetent to give an intelligent vote, but soon finding that their vote has a value, they fall into the hands of the party organizations, whose officers enrol them in their lists, and undertake to bring them to the polls.'

From this substratum of universal suffrage the ordinary 'politician' is evolved. The lowest grade is the 'ward-heeler,' or hanger-on of the political head of the city ward in which he resides. The Irish immigrant is content, at first, with such 'jobs' as street-cleaning, carting ashes, or working on public buildings. If he can control two carts, he becomes a 'contractor,' and a comparatively important person. If he collects enough money to open a liquor-saloon, he is a little great man, as we shall see later; if he gets an appointment in the Police Force, he becomes at once a highly useful election agent. Mr. Ivins says, on this subject:—

'Not only does our army of policemen contribute to the election expenses of the several Machines, but they have it within their power to become the mightiest of electioneering agents, and to compel great classes into voting as they wish. . . . The community thought that the law entitling them to watchers at the canvass of the vote after the close of the polls would secure them an honest count, but the Board of Police appoint the canvassers and poll-clerks whom the machinists select, and the intelligent and ingenious policeman, if a partisan,

a partisan, need never long want an excuse for ejecting the official watchers from the room, as more than one reputable but misguided man who has volunteered to serve as such can testify.'

Some of the police are even said to possess interests in some branch or other of the liquor trade; which must render them unfit for their civic duties in inverse ratio to their efficiency as 'politicians' with a twofold 'pull.' To obviate this, a Bill has, while we are writing, almost unanimously passed the Legislature at Albany [March 13, 1890], prohibiting police officials from being engaged in any way in the liquor traffic. That it should have been found necessary to suggest such a law speaks volumes; whether it will be enforced is another question. Statesmen at Albany, and Aldermen in New York, are not eager to do anything which would offend powerful voters.

From keeper of the liquor-saloon the future statesman develops into a 'ward politician.' Mr. Bryce has given us an excellent description of this particular class:—

'The humbler type is known as the "ward-politician," because the city ward is the chief sphere of its activity. . . . A statesman of this type usually begins as a saloon- or bar-keeper. . . . They have no comprehension of political questions, or zeal for political principles; politics means to them merely a scramble for places. . . . "Politician" is a term of reproach . . . among the better class of citizens over the whole Union.'

The summit of the ward-politician's ambition is to become an Alderman. That this is by no means impossible to a successful liquor-dealer is demonstrated by the fact that, in the present year out of a Board of twenty-six Aldermen, ten, or about forty per cent., are of that profession; the liquor dealers being generally Irish. And the 'New York World' speaks of 'only ten liquor dealers,' as if the number were remarkably small!

The Alderman's dream is to become a member of the State Legislature, either as Assemblyman or Senator; and by dint of 'politics' and 'assessments' he not infrequently succeeds in transforming his dream into a paying reality. But to effect this transformation, or evolution of the 'ward-heeler' into the Alderman or State Senator, a well-organized and powerful agency is needed; and this is readily found in the aptly-named 'Machine.' In fact, without the Machine, such a process would be practically impossible. We have already alluded several times to the Machine; but a few words of explanation respecting its constitution are necessary for the English

English reader. There are as many Machines in the City as there are political parties; the present number consisting of the Tammany, which is Democratic, the County Democracy, and the Republicans.

'The Machine organization, then, takes some such form as this: a County Committee, consisting of so many members from each of the several Assembly Districts, who in their several localities make up the Assembly District Committees; an executive Committee of the County Committee, made up of the leaders of each Assembly District and a few of their most influential lieutenants and friends; a sub-committee of this executive committee, consisting of the Assembly District leaders, about twenty-four in number, who in their turn are governed by those who employ them for political service and pay them out of the public fund. By such a Machine the politicians really control the city, for they know that the very laws conspire in their favour. The politicians begin by making it impossible for any man who earns his living outside of politics to keep up with them; and then the law steps in and calls for the election of so many persons, that it is practically impossible for the voter to learn anything about the candidates, or to determine wisely for whom he should vote, much less to put any one in nomination with the hope of election. He usually falls back upon his party nominee, and so the Machine is justified and kept in power by the votes of the very people whom it has practically deprived of political equality.' (Ivins.)

New York City, and County—for the two are almost identical—are divided into twenty-four Assembly Districts, in which members of the Assembly are elected; and these Assembly Districts are again divided into 812 election districts, composed of some 300 voters each. No American would think of presenting himself for election without being 'nominated' by his party. This is done, in effect, by the party chiefs, though professedly by the 'primaries,' which are meetings of all the duly registered voters of each party in each election district. From the primaries, delegates are chosen to attend the Assembly District organizations; these again choose some of their number to attend the County Convention of their party; and these last are, in their turn, duly represented in the State Convention. There is throughout a perfect semblance of popular suffrage; of the reality Mr. Ivins tells us: 'The Machine is governed directly from the centre, and is a close corporation. The Assembly District organizations receive their policy, even in matters purely local, from the central authority. . . . All power actually rests with one or perhaps half-a-dozen individuals, who are absolute.'

Not only is the Machine a 'close corporation,' but it is one in

in which party feeling and patriotism become meaningless words; and politics and money are everything. Money is absolutely necessary for its support; money raised by 'assessments' from rich candidates, sometimes by means such as these:—

'The Machine can practically put up the offices at auction to the highest bidder, and impose such assessments as they see fit. If the natural expenses of the campaign are heavy, so much the better for the Machine, and so much the worse for the people. The Machine can raise the money; the advocates of an independent and honest movement cannot. And yet in the long-run the people pay these expenses. They are unwilling to contribute to secure good government, but in effect they contribute to perpetuate the bad; for those who pay the assessments to run the Machine get the money from the people by way of salary, and eventually it all comes into the tax budget. But the average ratepayer is politically torpid, or timid and shortsighted.' (Ivins.)

The duties of an Assembly District leader of the Machine are manifold, and are thus described by Mr. Ivins:—

'If he wishes a strong following in his district, he must be at the service day and night of his neighbours, who, in return for the services rendered them, are willing to attend primaries or vote at elections. A young man is arrested for fast driving: the district leader must visit a police-justice and intercede for him. An old man wants to keep an apple-stand on a frequented corner: the district leader must see his Alderman and have a special ordinance passed over the Mayor's veto. A city ordinance has been violated, and the violator reported by the police to the Corporation Attorney: the district leader must see the Corporation Attorney and have the complaint pigeon-holed; or, if he fail in this, he must see the Justice and have it dismissed when it is called for trial. If a labourer who can serve him is out of work, he must find something for him to do on the streets, or on the aqueduct, or in the parks. If a builder, employing a number of men, or a lot-owner, who is putting up a house, wants four or five feet of the city's property, free of cost, on which to build a "swell front" or a bay-window, the leader must see that the application runs through the Board, with or without the Mayor's consent. If a Corporation wants to dig a vault under the street to its very centre, he must lend a hand to put the matter through. If a liquor dealer is arrested for selling without a license, he must leave no stone unturned to secure his escape unpunished. Finally, if a poor devil is in want of a dollar, he must let him have it. He must attend all political meetings, go to club picnics, attend church fairs, not permit himself to be forgotten in the liquor stores and other places of frequent resort, and must hold himself generally in readiness to do whatever is required of him by the superior chiefs.'

He

He has under him a number of captains, generally one in each of the election districts.

'Each of these captains has some sort of place for himself, or his son, or his nephew, and has some sort of control over the voters of two or three thickly populated houses. If he is enterprising, he buys a horse and cart and hires a driver, and then has them employed in the service of the city, in street repairs, in removing ashes and sweepings, or in sprinkling the streets. If he is enabled to put two or three carts to work, he is peculiarly fortunate, is sure of an income, can enjoy his leisure, and devote himself to demonstrating the honesty, capacity, and superior democracy or republicanism of his employers, besides doing all manner of neighbourly offices for those who may need them. He obeys his Assembly District leader, whoever he may be, respecting the office rather than the man. Whenever the central caucus or the boss desires it, they can re-organize the Assembly District, and select a new leader, to whom all the captains must report, or surrender their livings. They consequently succumb, and give the most perfect demonstration of the "cohesive power of public blunder," or, as Demosthenes called it, the "cement of office." There is no patronage, however, that a District leader desires so much and seeks so eagerly as places on the police force. As a patrolman his friend can, in an unobtrusive and quiet way, render him and the party valuable service. A roundsman is more desirable still, while a sergeant or captain is a real power if he takes any interest in politics—and some of them do.'

The Machine, says Mr. Ivins, suffices for all things, even for the support of a powerful newspaper organ.

'Nothing,' he adds, 'could excel the simplicity of the device by which a certain daily paper in this city was at a critical time kept alive as a distributor of news, as a defender of the "bosses," and at the same time made self-supporting, and even enabled to pay a dividend on its stock, the majority of which was held by those very bosses. There are a good many liquor dealers in New York; they are numbered by thousands, and are all required to have licenses. These licenses are given by the Board of Excise. This Board, being agreed on party policy, had only to demand of every liquor dealer the production of his receipt for one or more subscriptions to the daily organ before granting a license; and the circulation of the paper was assured, and in those very places, the liquor stores and political exchanges, where it would do most good. And this is no fanciful case, but matter of party history.'

Besides being close corporations in which money is everything, and organizations devoted to party politics, the action of the Machines sometimes results in a very curious fusion of parties. Not only are there no really distinctive principles in either Republican or Democrats, so that they 'exist practically

cally for the sake of filling certain offices' (Bryce), but there are, as a prominent politician once remarked, 'no politics in politics.'

'The Democratic leader either finds a place for the friends of the Republican leader, with whom he is co-operating, or, when the Republican leader is in power, it is the latter who finds places for his friends and coadjutors; for the professional or caste feeling is very strong, and the politicians of all parties recognize their ultimate community of interests at all times.' (Ivins.)

Unless indeed a quarrel should arise over the division of the spoils, or over the keeping of certain terms of agreement; when there ensues an edifying spectacle of the methods of party politics. An investigation is held, and, when politicians fall out, honest men come by their due. Such a case has recently occurred in the dispute between the Republican 'boss' and Tammany Hall; and, as the 'New York Times' remarks, the exposure of abuses seems to depend on the personal spite of the party leaders.

Not only do the Machines raise money by assessments, but, having first made it impossible for any outsiders to contend against them, they have taken upon themselves the entire charge of providing all election officers—except the United States Marshals—and all necessary machinery, ballot papers, &c. Consequently they appropriate to themselves whatever funds are granted by the State for election expenses, polling clerks, and so on. This fund amounts to a minimum of $290,000 [58,000*l.*], paid to the officers of the law; or as Mr. Ivins says:—

'This fund of $290,000 is practically used, if not to purchase, at least to assure and guarantee the vote of at least ten persons for each election district. The election districts will average about 300 voters, so that 3 per cent. of the voters are employed in or about the elections in accordance with the provisions of law as officers of the law, and the election leader sees that they are the first men to vote, and to vote right.'

The expenses of the different Machines are, of course, enormous. The total amount of money spent in New York City at an election, including assessments of candidates, legal expenses, &c., is estimated at $700,000 [140,000*l.*]. New York City has a population of under two millions; the total cost of the election of 1886 for the whole United Kingdom was 624,086*l.*

We have seen that the 'professional politician,' whether Irish 'ward-heeler,' or 'party boss,' does not care very much for political

political principles, except as part of his 'business'; still there are party organizations, and party divisions in plenty. New York City is Democratic, while in the Legislature the Republicans have a majority under a Democratic Governor. Philadelphia is Republican. There is not much to choose between the two parties in either State. At the time of the 'Ring' power—1870, 1871—the Republican Senators were as much responsible for the condition of affairs as were the Democrats themselves. The Ring's money was the full extent of the patriotism of Republican Senators, and so long as the Senators were well supplied with cash their consciences were as elastic as rubber.*

The 'New York Star' is Democratic, and so may fairly be suspected of party bias; let us see what a Republican paper has to say about the matter: 'The passage of the new charter and of the election law, the latter by far the more substantial reform of the two, could not have been secured without the help of the Republicans in the Legislature, and hence the credit is as much theirs as it is that of the Tweed Democracy.'† This is the election law which gave New York City to be governed by the Ring 'like a conquered province' for four or eight years.

Nor are 'politics' very different in New York to-day; since the spoilsmen of both parties are ready, at any election, to sacrifice a candidate for one office in order to secure the election of a candidate for some other office. Politics are a trade, just as they are in Ireland, though in a different form; and it is a common practice for the Machine politicians to come to an understanding regarding what is technically known as the 'trading of votes.' The effect of this vote-trading was very clearly illustrated in the results of the election for President in New York State in 1888. At that election, Mr. Cleveland, the Democratic candidate for President, was defeated by 14,373 votes; and, as New York was the State on which the election turned, he failed in his re-election to the Presidency; while Mr. Hill, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was elected by 19,171—the votes for both being cast at the same time, and at the same polling-booths. As there were no other Democratic candidates for the respective positions, it is evident that the difference between the two results was due to the fact that not less than 16,000 or 17,000 Democratic spoilsmen, followers of Mr. Hill, voted for Mr. Harrison, the Republican candidate for President, in exchange for a like number of votes of Republican spoilsmen cast for

* 'New York Star:' 'History of Tammany,' ch. xxi., 1883–84.
† 'New York Times,' April 13, 1870.

Mr. Hill. If the correct number of traded votes could be ascertained, it would undoubtedly be much in advance of these figures; as it is well known that a small army of Independents voted for Mr. Cleveland for President, and against Mr. Hill for Governor. An honest vote would have elected Mr. Cleveland by a majority of about 2500 (more than double the majority he had in the State in 1884), while Mr. Hill would also have secured his election by a like majority. This action, by which a popular candidate is sometimes sacrificed to promote the success of a nominee of the same party for a different office, voted for at the same time, is, not inappropriately, termed 'knifing.'

The majority of the same classes are Democratic in New York, and Republican in Philadelphia; not from any political convictions, but simply because a certain scum, of Irish immigrants and others, always goes with the dominant party. The intellectual status of the Democratic party would not seem to be a very lofty one, whether in the Board of Aldermen, or in the State Legislature. The subjoined story, which is literally true, will give a fair idea of their mental capacity. 'After swans had been introduced into the lakes in Central Park, the Board of Aldermen were requested to authorize the placing on the same waters of several gondolas, and the charging of a fee to persons wishing to use them. When the subject was under discussion, one city Solon remarked that the purchase of a number of gondolas was a useless expenditure, and suggested that they should obtain only a pair, and trust to the course of nature for the increase.' That was many years ago; let us see what the 'New York World' (Dec. 22, 1889), a Democratic paper, has to tell us about the Aldermen of to-day:—

'There ought to be some statutory or other effective restraint placed upon the recklessness with which Boards of Aldermen ignorantly trifle with street names in this city. The name of a street is a historic record. It is given in the first place in memory of some event or in honour of some distinguished person. It is perpetuated as a record of the sentiment which first conferred it. But ignorant Aldermen have discovered that they have a legal right to change street names at will, and are disposed to exercise the power as their prejudices or whims suggest. New York had a street named after the best friend America had in England in Revolutionary times, the Earl of Chatham. The thoroughfare had borne the honoured name for a century, but because the keeper of a liquor shop thought the change might help his business, Chatham Street was converted into Park Row, though it is not a row and touches no park. Another New York street bears the name of the great philanthropist Howard. But because Howard happens to have been an Englishman, and some

of

of the Aldermen hate Englishmen, the Board has decided to change the name to "Harry Howard," in honour of a living man conspicuous as a hurrah fireman in the old days of the volunteer organization.'

A parody of the municipality of Dublin.

Nor is the intellectual status of the New York representatives of the Democratic party, whether at Albany or at Washington, of a very exalted kind. Referring to the 'World's Fair' debate in Washington, the 'New York Commercial Advertiser' (Feb. 1, 1890), Independent, says:—

'New York City has reason to be ashamed of the part which her representatives are taking—or rather, not taking—in the great fight now going on in Congress. . . . New York City, with nearly two million people, represented exclusively by Democrats, has not a single man in Congress with the capacities of a leader. . . . Instead of having a delegation at Washington conspicuous for intellectual strength, it has one conspicuous for intellectual weakness.'

Reference has already been made, in passing, to the notorious 'Tammany' or 'Tweed Ring.' History of twenty years ago is ancient history to many people; but, as the Tammany Ring is a perfect example of a political Machine, and at the same time of that fusion of parties of which we have spoken, we shall briefly allude to it. 'The very definition of a "Ring,"' says Mr. Tilden,

'is that it encircles enough influential men in the organization of each party to control the action of both party machines; men who in public push to extremes the abstract ideas of their respective parties, while they secretly join their hands in schemes for personal power and profit.'

There are several histories of the Tammany Ring to which the curious observer of the darker side of human nature under the beneficent rule of Irish Democracy might refer; but it is sufficient for our present purpose to quote the following trustworthy summary of this gigantic fraud:—

'The Tammany Ring was a political organization, which had contrived to get the whole of New York City into its power. Its chief depredations were committed between 1868 and 1871. It controlled the State Legislature, the police, and every department or functionary of the law; several of the judges on the bench were its servile instruments, and issued decrees at its command; it secured the management of the election "machine," and "ran" it at its own free will and pleasure; a large part of the press was absolutely at its disposal. In the course of three years it had paid to eleven newspapers the sum of $2,329,482 (about 466,000*l.*) nominally for advertisements, most of which were never even published, or never seen. Not only the City government, but the lion's share of the

State government also, had fallen into the hands of "Boss" Tweed and his confederates. Millions of dollars were stolen by the conspirators by means of "street openings," "improvements," new pavements, and other frauds. The Ring took from the public treasury a sum amounting to over 1,500,000*l.* for furnishing and "repairing" a new Court-house. The charges for plastering alone came to about 366,000*l.* For carpets, warrants were drawn for 120,000*l.*, although there were scarcely any carpets in the building. The floors were either bare, or covered with oil-cloth. Nearly 100,000*l.* was alleged to have been paid for iron safes, and over 8,200*l.* for "articles" not defined and never found. The total sum stolen was over 4,000,000*l.*'

We have had occasion, in tracing the evolution of the 'professional politician,' to refer to the 'saloon-keeper' or publican. The power of the 'saloon,' as it is called, in New York politics may be gathered from the fact that there are, according to the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, a high authority, 6,811 saloons in New York City, or about one to every 234 of the population, and mostly kept by Irishmen. Taking them as having twenty feet each of frontage—a *very* low average—they would, if placed in a line, on both sides of a street, extend over thirteen miles; and some ten of these are 'Irish' miles.

Let us look at the saloon more closely from a purely political point of view. There are, as we have seen, according to Mr. Ivins, about 300 voters in each of 812 election districts, amounting, in round numbers, to somewhat over 200,000 in all, which gives a proportion of one saloon to every thirty voters. As a matter of fact, the proportion is much larger in favour of the saloon.

The saloons are invariably found in the greatest numbers in the poorest districts; so it may be instructive to compare the fecundity of one of these poor districts with that of a typical fashionable locality. The 'New York World' recently made a census, showing the comparative number of births among the 'classes' and the 'masses.' The census was taken among the families on Fifth Avenue, one of the most aristocratic streets in the city, and Cherry Hill, one of the poorest sections of the city. It was found that in 300 families on Fifth Avenue there were ninety-one children under ten years of age, and six children born within twelve months, while 300 Cherry Hill families had 660 children, and 111 children born within twelve months. The 'World' pertinently asks, 'Is wealth an enemy of childhood?' No; but the Irish are prolific, and are making of New York, in every sense, an Irish city.

Out of 1002 'primary elections' held in the 812 election districts

districts in New York City in 1884, 683 were held in saloons, and 36 next door to saloons, or 719 in all, as against 283 held in other places; which easily accounts for Irish influence in local politics. The figures speak for themselves. Mr. Ivins tells us one very simple reason why the saloon is so often chosen: 'Where 812 primaries are to be held, the number of voters to be accommodated at each is naturally small, and inexpensive places have to be found. To the local politician the public-house thus presents superior attractions, from whatever point of view it may be regarded.'

Naturally the 'pull' of each saloon-keeper over his immediate circle of voters is tremendous, and he consequently becomes a political power of no small importance. He is generally Irish, and his rise to the Board of Aldermen is, we repeat, no very difficult matter; in fact there are, as already shown, in the present Board, no fewer than ten liquor dealers out of a total of twenty-six members; and not a few saloon-keepers rise to the dignity of Assemblyman or State Senator. Even if they are not so largely represented as their ambition could desire, they practically control not only the votes of the Democratic members of both Houses, but the Democratic Governor himself.

The Democratic party in New York is, to all intents and purposes, the liquor party. The Republicans have adopted, whether from honest motives or for political reasons it is not for us to decide, the 'platform' of 'High Licence.' But the liquor-dealers are rich, organized, and unscrupulous; and more than one measure of High Licence has of late years been vetoed by the Democratic Governor. It would mean political suicide were he to allow a High Licence measure to pass, though it were ever so carefully framed to meet his objections.

'The House Committee on Excise,' says the 'New York Times,' '. . . is a whiskey committee . . . from beginning to end; and the prediction is now made that it will report the Hendricks High Licence Bill just as the liquor men want it, or will not report it at all. This affords another evidence of how the Legislature is drifting year by year away from the people and closer and closer to corporations and corporate influences.' (March 24, 1890.)

It is well to dwell on this fact that the liquor interest is apparently master of the situation in the Democratic camp; since we shall presently find a concurrent power in the councils of the same party. If this be so, the explanation must be, either that they are one and the same, or else that their interests are identical. Certain it is that the names over the saloons are generally either German or Irish, the latter decidedly predominating.

The Sunday-closing regulations are, with many, set at defiance; the blinds are drawn down, and the front door closed, but the side door is open to all who choose to enter. The law is enforced only to a limited extent; the liquor-dealers have so strong a 'pull' with the 'party boss' that he cannot afford to offend them. Yet there have been times in the history of New York when the Machine leaders have been in a position to defy some powerful organization. In 1867—the date is outside our limits, but the story is typical—the City Inspector made a report which did not please the butchers, one of whom ventured to threaten him with the vengeance of that powerful craft. 'No, you will not make war on me,' was the Inspector's instant and confident response. When asked to explain why not, his answer was, 'Because I keep the official account of deaths in our city; and I will show, if you drive me to it, the fact that the deaths of children in the blocks adjacent to your slaughter-houses are one-third more than in just such blocks, similarly tenanted, in other locations. I know that you do not wish to leave the city, so you will not provoke me.' And they were quiet. The slaughter-houses have since been removed.

'The dirty pool of politics' is a suitable fishing ground for the tramps, ward-heelers, Irish saloon-keepers, and party bosses. The highly respectable portion of the community altogether decline to mix in such derogatory industry; consequently, Home Rule in New York resolves itself into simple mob-rule, or, what is worse, the unquestioned, irresponsible tyranny of unscrupulous demagogues. The leading men are all intensely occupied with business, as Mr. Bryce tells us, and the community is so large that the people know little of each other, and the interest of each individual in good government is comparatively small. All political power has fallen into the hands of the Machines; and of all who enjoy the franchise, those use it most who are the least fitted to be entrusted with it. So it has come to pass that it 'does not pay' to be honest; with what consequences can easily be imagined.

The daily journals are, above all other interests, party organs. If the Democrats are in office, as they generally are in the City of New York, the 'Tribune' contrives to find fault with everything they do; even when the fault exists, the party bias is so evident that the complaint loses much of its force. For the scandals now being exposed (March 1890) in connection with the Tammany Hall rule of the city, the Republicans are in a great measure to blame.

'It should not be forgotten,' says the 'New York Times,' March 23, 1890, 'that the Republican organization and Republican voters of this

this city are responsible for the restoration of Tammany to power in 1888. Nobody could question the ability, the integrity, or the independence of Mayor Hewitt, or deny the fact that great progress was made under his administration toward the establishment of capacity, honesty, and fidelity in the management of municipal interests. There was an opportunity to continue his administration and carry that progress forward, but the Republicans of the city deliberately sacrificed that opportunity to partisanship, for gain, real or fancied, in the general political field. They insisted upon putting up and supporting a municipal ticket of their own, when they knew that the result would be simply to strike down Mayor Hewitt, throw away all that had been gained by his administration, and restore Tammany to control over the affairs of the city. They have no right to indulge in denunciations of the consequences of their own course, or to derive political capital or advantage from any exposure or discredit of Tammany. A heavy share of the discredit belongs to them.'

This is a good example of 'Independent' criticism, of which there are several exponents among New York City daily journals; they play the part of candid friend, with a certain leaning to their own side. We may here remark, that the 'New York Times' adopted an 'Independent' position in politics, on the nomination of Mr. Blaine as Republican candidate for President in 1884.

Certain weekly journals, serious and comic, are also Independent; the politicians of the Republican party, from which they have seceded, contemptuously term them 'Mugwump.' They carry a certain weight, but are apt to assume the rôle of captious critics. Yet when all mixed motives and partisanship have been eliminated, there yet remains a solid residuum of truth, of a sufficiently sombre hue. Jobbery, corruption, inefficiency, demagogism, mob-rule, and the untold power of the Irish liquor interest; the Machine politicians, the utter indifference of the better classes, or, if not indifference, inertia, demonstrated in mere talk and writing: surely an array of charges damaging to the fair fame of any great city. The charges are proved, daily, hourly; and we wish to present a few of them to readers who may, possibly, be curious to know what Home Rule really is in the 'Metropolis of the New World.'

Who is to be held responsible for this condition of 'political rottenness' extending, in one form or another, over a period of twenty years? The responsibility must surely attach either to the people or to their rulers. Theoretically, the people of New York City and of the United States generally are their own rulers; as a matter of fact, as we have seen, they are ruled by political Machines. What sort of men they are, by means of whom the Machines govern New York, we shall perhaps be able to

to gather assuredly before the end of this article. Making all due allowance for partisanship, the 'Tribune' will tell us something about them; and, at the same time, give us an insight into the real responsibility for the 'political rottenness.' Its article refers to the trial of the Sheriff on a charge of obtaining, by conspiracy, a divorce from his wife after forty years of marriage, in order to enable him to marry his mistress.

'In any other community than this the trial of a high official upon the charge of having tricked and corrupted a Court of Record would probably cause a good deal of thinking. New York, however, rarely thinks about anything else than how to get rich as soon as possible. If it occasionally thought of its public duties, it would probably secure high officials who would not commit crimes. The list of officials of this city and county who have been indicted during the past twenty years is shockingly long. It includes judges, sheriffs, commissioners of public works, and aldermen. The list of those who ought to have been indicted would come dangerously near to being a majority of the whole. It is a deplorable comment on the spirit of New York. It is a dreadful arraignment of our municipal system.' (March 16, 1890.)

The 'New York Times' has also something to say on the subject:—

'From the highest statesman of Tammany to the lowest heeler this is the animating purpose. Good administration is spasmodic and secondary—the main thing is to get at the tax fund, to make the public bleed at every pore for Tammany's enrichment. . . . The Tammany men rule the city. It is because they rule it that it is such an uncomfortable place for decent persons to live in.' (March 24, 1890.)

Several members of Tammany Hall have been indicted, while we are writing, for scandals in connection with the administration of the Sheriff's office. According to the presentment of the Grand Jury which indicted them: 'The entire history of this case shows one black record of violated law, tardy justice, forced settlements, and of corruption and bribery.' It declares that during the past five years the Sheriffs have received, in the way of fees and 'compensations,' 49,107*l.*, at the lowest estimate.

'. . . But greater abuses than these exist, and have existed uninterruptedly for many years past. For twenty years, over which period the evidence taken by the Grand Jury spreads, the affairs of the Sheriff's office in this county have been administered with an entire disregard of the obligations imposed by law upon the Sheriff. Of its general management there is nothing to commend and much to denounce. . . Deputy-sheriffs and their subordinates have been appointed

appointed without regard to their qualifications for that office, and have habitually practised the grossest corruption with no apparent objection by the Sheriff. The logical and actual results of these abuses have been that the Deputy-sheriffs and other attachés of the Sheriff's office have accepted bribes and demanded gratuities as a matter of course for many years past as a consideration for the discharge of their duties. . . . The Sheriff's office at the present time, and for a long time past, is and has been tainted and corrupt. . . . The administration of its affairs during the past twenty years has been characterized by an utter subversion of the public interests to personal gain, and the employment of men of ignorance and cupidity to discharge its ordinary duties. . . . The management of the office has been and is at the present time mercenary, slovenly, and wholly indecent, so that no confidence whatever attaches to its acts.'

This is only the gist of the presentment; the whole document forms highly instructive reading.

But who are these creatures that govern New York? to what nationality do they principally belong? Let us trace them step by step, from the immigrant landing-place to the Board of Aldermen. 'In this foreign-born population,' says Mr. Bryce, referring to the domination of the Tweed Ring, 'the most numerous and the most manageable were the Irish. The Democratic party has always held the bulk of the Irish vote.' Elsewhere he says of them that the Irish come to the United States 'with a suspicion of all government.' In 1888, Mayor Hewitt caused certain statistics to be prepared, which showed that 33·66 per cent. of the population of New York were either Irish or of Irish descent. Mr. Hewitt's statistics did not include any reference to Irish saloon-keepers; but, as a general distinction, we may say that whiskey saloons are kept, and as a rule frequented, by Irish, and lager-beer saloons by Germans. The police force contains, according to Mr. Hewitt, 28·10 per cent. of Irish born; not counting the American offspring of an Irish parent or parents. Out of thirteen police-justices, six at least are of Irish birth or descent, five of whom are briefly and significantly described by the Democratic 'New York World,' as 'no lawyer politicians.'* Tweed's principal henchmen, twenty years ago, were Irishmen; to-day, the ex-Sheriff's lieutenants and deputies are of the same race. Of the present Board of Aldermen, twelve at least out of twenty-six are Irish.

The proportion of Irish who, by their misdeeds, are brought under the direct control of the authorities, is even greater. 16·15 per cent. of the population of New York are, according

* 'New York World,' March 2, 1890.

to

to Mayor Hewitt, of Irish birth; yet these 16·15 per cent. furnish 36·8 per cent. of those admitted to public institutions, prisons, almshouses, and reformatories. It is surely no unwarrantable inference that the 17·20 per cent. of American-*born* Irish furnished a proportionate number. The total number of convicts from the city was 2,135, or in round numbers about 15 per cent. of its population.

Mr. Bryce, as we have seen, links the Democrats and the Irish very closely together. If the Democrats rule New York by means of the Irish vote; if one-third or more of the population are of Irish birth or descent; if nearly 50 per cent. of the Aldermen and of the police-justices are of the same race, and 28 per cent. of the police force are actually Irishmen, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the real rulers of New York are the Irish. 'They have,' says 'Judge,' a Republican comic paper, 'office and places of trust in every department of local and general politics. . . . Ireland cannot be a nation, because its people are needed to do the fighting and the ruling of the more important portions of the globe.' (March 22nd, 1890.) 'New York City,' said Mr. Chauncey Depew, at a recent Holland Dinner, 'is ruled by the Irish'; and the 'World,' of March 17th, 1890—printed on green paper—puts it in another form: 'This is St. Patrick's Day. But it is *Patrick's* Day the whole year round in New York City.'

What sort of men are these who rule New York? The Aldermen, so the 'New York Times' tells us, 'belong, as a rule, to the ignorant and dangerous classes;' and concerning the politicians the 'New York Times' (March 28th, 1890), referring to the frauds in the Sheriff's office, says: 'The moral tone of Tammany is derived from the *Irish Catholics*, who have always been its mainstay. This moral tone is, in some respects, deplorably low, as when the question is of robbing the public Treasury, or shooting an unpopular landlord.' It is added, however: 'Doubtless this ignorant and corrupt vote is a great source of strength to the Democratic party in this State, but we do not believe it to represent a majority in that party. What is needed to defeat it within the Democratic party is, that it shall be ascertained and exposed.'

Nor are the Irish-American politicians of to-day very different from their predecessors. The recent Clan-na-Gael trials in Chicago, and the Parnell Commission in London, have rendered English readers, to some degree, familiar with their methods. That they are perfectly unscrupulous partisans is evident; the destruction of the missing Land League books is very characteristic. Some light is thrown upon the matter in a letter from Michael Corcoran,

Corcoran, which appeared in the Chicago 'Inter-Ocean,' on March 8th, 1890; in which he asserts, that on January 18th, 1883, Patrick Egan entrusted to him at the Hibernian Bank, Sackville Street, Dublin, a large parcel of Land League books, as he did not wish to give the Castle people the satisfaction of inspecting them; and that, at a later date, after supplying Egan on his departure with 300*l.* in gold in exchange for bank-notes, he directed the cheques of the League, which were in his keeping as manager of the Bank, to be burnt. He does not, however, tell us what became of the books.

Nor is the Clan-na-Gael the only Irish society in America implicated in matters of a more than doubtful nature. On the 18th of December, 1889, John Rusk, a sober and industrious young Irish Protestant, was shot, for a foolish joke, in Westchester, a village near New York. His murderer was a burly Irishman, who had been a bar-tender and a detective, and who was elected town-constable by the votes of the 'Ancient Order of Hibernians.' The members of this society appeared to be in league with the saloon element of the village, and to control the local elections. The murderer's friends managed to 'fix' the coroner, his jury, and a physician, so as to obtain a verdict which exonerated him from all blame. The body, however, has been exhumed and a second autopsy made, with the view of bringing the offender to justice; the community being evidently determined to rid themselves of the brutal rule of a small but desperate gang of Irishmen.

Referring to a not uncommon type of those who enjoy the privilege of voting, a Catholic priest in New Jersey said, in a sermon preached the Sunday preceding the local elections in March of this year:—

'It was a customary thing for men and women to be sold at auction to the highest bidder thirty years or more ago; and they brought $500, $1000, or less, according to their presumed ability to work for their masters. They had no choice in the matter, but were sold against their wills. Now on Tuesday next you will find at the polls men—no, I won't call them anything but miserable wrecks—hanging about, waiting to sell themselves voluntarily to the highest bidder. They don't ask $1000, but will sell and deliver themselves for a quarter (one shilling). Just think of it! selling their manhood and their right as citizens for a miserable twenty-five cents! Isn't it shameful? And these men, I am ashamed to say, call themselves Irishmen and Catholics. They will sell out for a quarter, go to the nearest saloon, drink up the quarter, and then sit on a beer-keg and prate about liberty. . . . If I find out a member of this parish that dares to commit such a crime, I will prosecute him to the fullest extent of the law, send him to State Prison, and see that he gets there.'

Irishmen

Irishmen and Catholics! That is to say, Catholics in name, by tradition, from motives of policy. The Democrats have frequently made large grants in money or in land to the different Catholic institutions, contrary to the policy of the United States, where Church and State are kept absolutely separate. In 1884 their political bosses are said to have defeated Mr. Blaine in New York State—the State on which the Presidential election generally turns—by an appeal to the religious prejudices of the Catholic Irish. A certain Baptist minister, the Rev. Dr. Burchard, a Republican, while calling with others upon Mr. Blaine, on the latter's visiting New York the Saturday before the election, expressed to him that he had to contend against 'Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion'; meaning the liquor party, the Catholics, and the Democrats. The Democratic politicians had the expression printed, and distributed by hundreds at the doors of the Catholic Churches on the Sunday morning; and it is considered by many that sufficient Irish votes were thereby drawn from Mr. Blaine to cause him to lose the election, which he did by less than twelve hundred votes. The Democratic party, as Mr. Bryce has told us, has always the bulk of the Irish vote. Yet both parties, as 'Puck' says, do their share of 'truckling to the Irish vote.' 'Puck' is Democratic, but German; and between the Teuton and the Celt, even when of the same political party, there is no love lost. Possibly the fact that the German element, though entitled on the basis of population in 1880 to 13·55 per cent., has actually only 4·14 per cent. of the municipal appointments, may have something to do with this.

'Puck,' some months ago, had a cartoon representing a typical Irish-American political boss seated on his throne, with prominent members of both parties in humble and obsequious attendance. It was no very exaggerated notion; for at the last St. Patrick's dinner in New York, Judges, Senators, Governors, of both parties, were proud to honour the toast of 'The day we celebrate.' Surely, no 'bal des victimes,' described in 'La France Juive,' could outvie this; and were the same author to write of the United States, and especially of New York, he would call them 'Les États-Unis Irlandais.' Nor has 'Life,' the 'Punch' of New York, much love for the Irish. 'Life' laughs at 'Anglomania' good-naturedly; but 'Celtomania' it cannot endure. The comic papers of a city are often a trustworthy index of existing currents of opinion; hardly a week passes in New York without some caricature of the typical 'Paddy,' some gibe, often more personal than polite. 'Paddy' sits sublimely indifferent. 'Beati possidentes' is evidently his motto; if Jonathan grumbles, he asks,

asks, with the notorious Tweed, 'What are you going to do about it?' The Irish hold the balance of power. If the Democrats do not please them, they vote for the Republicans, as did Patrick Ford and his 'physical force' friends in the last election; and were rewarded by the practical excision of the 'dynamite clauses,' and the extension of the clause excepting 'political offences' in the recent extradition treaty with Great Britain, as well as by the appointment of Patrick Egan as United States Minister to Chili. In this connection, it is instructive to note that in an extradition treaty entered into with Japan in 1886, the Senate of the United States confirmed a clause in which 'malicious destruction' was made an extraditable offence, in language akin to that originally introduced into the English treaty: but then there are no *Japanese-born* voters in the United States. Besides the comic papers, there are certain weekly journals which are independent in politics, and can, therefore, afford to be indifferent to 'catching the Irish vote.' 'America,' published in New York and Chicago, is somewhat too bitter to be altogether trustworthy. It is 'Orange' in its sympathies, and we know in what lurid tints the Orangeman is apt to paint the portrait of his 'Popish' countryman. There is a rankling sense of injustice to account for this; the Catholic societies are allowed to parade on St. Patrick's Day; the Orange societies are strictly forbidden. It is true that permission was granted one 12th of July, early in the Seventies, for the Orangemen to have a parade similar to that held by the Irish on St. Patrick's Day; but the result was an opposing mob, a riot, the calling out of the militia, and several deaths; proving that an Orange parade is impossible in Irish-governed New York.

These Irish 'rulers of the ruling nation' to what country do they owe allegiance? To America, or to the 'uncrowned king' of the 'Irish Republic'? are they Irish at heart or Americans? Let us attempt to decide the question by judging of their actions.

On March 14, 1888, two resolutions were passed by the New York Board of Aldermen. One of these resolutions requested the Mayor 'to cause the National State and Municipal flags, and the *Irish National flag*, to be displayed on the flagstaffs on the City Hall, on Saturday the 17th instant, in honour of the celebration by the Irish civic and military organizations in this City, of the anniversary of the natal day of Ireland's patron saint.' The other resolution requested the Mayor 'to place at half-staff a flag on flagstaff of the City Hall on the day of the funeral of the lamented Kaiser William.'

Observe, the Irish National flag—the green flag of the Irish Republic

Republic—as truly a rebel flag as that of the 'Southern Confederacy.' Observe also, no mention of the German flag in the second resolution; though 28·93 per cent. of the population of New York City are of German birth or descent. The inference is obvious: the German-Americans are loyal to their adopted country; the Irish-Americans are *Irish* at heart. Mayor Hewitt, although a Democrat, declined on grounds of principle and public policy to allow any flags, except the American, to float over the City Hall. 'The flag,' he says in his message vetoing the resolution, 'is the symbol of sovereignty. The public buildings are peculiarly the home of that sovereignty. In them only one jurisdiction can be recognized and suffered to prevail. Over them should float only the flag of the country to which they belong. . . . The display of a foreign flag over a public building is in direct contradiction of the fundamental principle of Home Rule . . . which doubtless you intended to emphasize by your resolution.' Further on, he defines what he understands by Home Rule: 'If it be right that Ireland should be governed by Irishmen, as France is governed by Frenchmen, and Germany by Germans, then it is equally true that America should be governed by Americans, and that so far as the flag is the symbol of Home Rule, it, and it alone, should float from the seat of sovereignty.'

At the November elections of that year, 1888, Mr. Hewitt, though by far the most popular candidate, was defeated by the Irish vote, and an Irish-American, the son of a liquor-dealer, was raised to the Mayoralty; those rulers of the city being resolved to elect a man who would do as *they* wished. At least so the subsequent events would seem to indicate, for on the 17th of March, 1889, the Irish flag floated proudly over '*the seat of sovereignty*' in conjunction with the National and Municipal flags. It waved there again in 1890: the Irish cause had triumphed. Everywhere the green flag was in evidence over every imaginable kind of building. Were Ireland a first-rate European Power, and the best and truest ally of the States, no greater honours could have been paid to it.

Let us see what the Irish themselves say about their allegiance. At a meeting held in New York in this year to celebrate the anniversary of Robert Emmet's birthday, these resolutions were passed:—'That the Irish-American people, as loyal citizens of this Republic, need no instruction from the American press, . . . as regards their citizen duty to the commonwealth.' Again: 'That no power on this earth, no matter what threats may be made, or what inducements may be offered, can divorce the hearts of the Irish-American people from the cause of the Mother

Mother Land; and that, in so declaring, we show our unmistakable appreciation of free American institutions.'

'From this,' remarks 'America' (March 6, 1890), 'it would appear that our Irish-American friends need instruction from some source as to making a choice between allegiance to the land of their birth or the land they have adopted for strategic reasons.'

New York, therefore, since it is governed by its Irish citizens, can hardly lay claim to the possession of American Home Rule. Irish Home Rule in New York does not appear to have proved a very successful experiment during the past twenty years; and yet an American speaker, at a dinner on St. Patrick's Day, declared that 'the success of self-government in America was the best augury for the eventual establishment of such government in Ireland.' Judging by the success of self-government in New York, the augury would not seem to be a very favourable one. Bad servants do not make good masters; and bad subjects make excessively bad rulers.

The picture we have here drawn is that of Irish Home Rule in New York; the question follows, Will it prove a greater success in Ireland itself?

This inquiry must be constantly present in the minds of British Unionists. And the reply should correspond with the admitted facts of Irish Home Rule in Ireland and in America. In New York fraud, corruption, wholesale robbery, and wanton murder; in Ireland coercion, boycotting, malversation, and evictions wholesale under the auspices of the Land League, with midnight assassinations, mutilations, and cruelty, all undenounced by the acknowledged leaders of the Home Rule party. To the unspeakable degradation of association with these people has the great, historic Liberal party been betrayed by the man who had so fervently denounced the objects that he now supports.

The present Ministry has a very different record. Mr. Gladstone's Government entirely failed to govern Ireland; Mr. Balfour has entirely succeeded. Ireland is more tranquil than it ever has been within living memory, though never have the incentives to disorder been so regularly organized; and this is the great claim of the present Government on the support and confidence of the nation; they have maintained the Union, and have governed well. But, besides all this, they have legislated with acknowledged wisdom in the main. They brought forward the Licensing Clauses with the sole view of promoting temperance, and they could not fairly anticipate that Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. John Morley would repudiate their own recorded principles.

The

that occurred about these clauses has already
; but the occasion of it will not be forgotten.
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d foreign, and colonial, affairs the present Govern-
been remarkably successful; no Ministry since the
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more success, and none has faced so unprincipled
an Opposition. They have the well-merited respect
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aintain them in their Unionist and progressive

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Letters of Philip Dormer, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield, to his Godson and Successor.* Edited from the Originals, with a Memoir of Lord Chesterfield, by the Earl of Carnarvon. Second edition. Oxford. At the Clarendon Press. 1890.

TO this volume now belongs a mournful and pathetic interest. The editing of these Letters was the last service which one of the most accomplished and scholarly of English noblemen was to render to literature. It was undertaken, not as a labour of love in the ordinary sense of the term—for Lord Carnarvon has himself admitted that he had at first little pleasure in his task—but as a labour of love in another and higher sense. It was undertaken with the pious intention of fulfilling the wishes of the dead, and of contributing to lighten the obloquy which had long rested on the memory of the dead. With characteristic unobtrusiveness, Lord Carnarvon has made no allusion to the circumstances which must have rendered his self-imposed task doubly irksome. Our respect for the honourable motives, which prompted him to devote his leisure to the least attractive of literary employments, passes into admiration when we know, as we now know, that it was not only under the pressure of habitual ill-health, but often in the midst of severe distress and pain that this work was carried on. It is gratifying to think that he lived to receive his reward. The high opinion, which he had himself formed of the letters, was amply corroborated by the popular judgment. Very shortly after the appearance of the first edition of his work, a second and cheaper edition was called for, and he had the satisfaction of feeling that, if his labours had not exactly added to the fame of Chesterfield, they had at least revived it. They had done more. They had furnished, as all allowed, conclusive testimony that

the severe sentence so long popularly passed on the author of these letters, as a man, needs considerable modification. They had placed his character in a light far more favourable than it had ever been placed before. They had shown that, if in the traditionary estimate of him more than justice had been meted out to his defects and errors, less, and much less than justice had been done to his shining qualities. No one who is acquainted with Chesterfield's later correspondence, his correspondence, for example, with Dayrolles and the Bishop of Waterford, and who possesses any competent knowledge of his public and private life, could fail to see how erroneous, how ridiculously erroneous, would be any conception of his character formed merely from the impression made by certain portions of the correspondence with his son.

But the world has little leisure, and still less inclination, to concern itself about writings which are of interest only for the light which they throw on the character of the writer, or to explore the by-paths of History and Biography. To ninety-nine in every hundred of his countrymen, Chesterfield is known only in association with the letters to Philip Stanhope. On the evidence of these letters, or to speak more correctly, on evidence derived from portions of these letters, confirmed and supplemented by current traditions, the popular conception of him has been formed. We have little doubt that in the imagination of thousands, he is still pictured as the epigram of Johnson pictured him more than a century ago. We have little doubt that to many, and to very many, his name is little more than a synonym for a profligate fribble, shallow, flippant, heartless; without morality, without seriousness; a scoffer at religion, an enemy to truth and virtue, passing half his life in practising, and the other half in teaching a son to practise, all that moves loathing and contempt in honest men. Even among those who do not judge as the crowd judges there exists a stronger prejudice against Chesterfield than exists with equal reason against any other Englishman. He has himself remarked that there is no appeal against character. His own character has been established through the impression made by the testimony of hostile contemporaries, and through the impression made by such portions of the only writings by which he is now remembered as unhappily reflect it on its worst side, and appear therefore to corroborate that testimony. And his character, or what has for a century and a quarter been assumed to be his character, has been fatal to his fame. He will now be judged more fairly. We do not think that the present letters throw any really new light on the man himself, but, unlike the more famous letters, they reflect only,

only, and very charmingly, what was best and most attractive in him. They show how much amiability, kindliness, humanity, seriousness, existed in one whose name has become a proverb for the very opposite qualities. They exhibit, simply and without alloy, what he took a cynical pleasure in concealing from the world in general, and what is in his other writings obscured and vitiated by baser matter. That their publication will have the effect of creating a reaction in his favour, a reaction the result of which will be a juster estimate of the value of his writings, is highly probable. And we heartily hope that this will be the case. We have long regarded it as a great misfortune that what was reprehensible in Chesterfield's conduct and teaching should have so completely obscured what was excellent and admirable in both, as practically to deprive his name and works of all popular credit and authority.

With the exception of Machiavelli, we know of no other writer whose opinions and precepts have been so ridiculously misrepresented, and that, unfortunately for Chesterfield's fame, not merely by the multitude, but by men who are among the classics of our literature.

It is curious to follow the fortune of the volumes which have brought so much discredit on his name. From the moment of their appearance the outcry began. The sensation occasioned twenty years before by the publication of Bolingbroke's philosophical works by Mallet was not greater than that occasioned when Eugenia Stanhope gave this famous Correspondence to the world. In the 'Annual Register' indeed, a notice, which from internal evidence we have little hesitation in ascribing to Burke, did full justice both to the merits of the letters themselves and to the virtues of their distinguished author. But the storm burst in the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' An ominous allusion to 'the lurking poison of an artful and profligate father' heralded what was coming. In a few months the letters were the general theme. The invective and ridicule, which had been directed against Bolingbroke as the enemy of religion, were now directed against Chesterfield as the enemy of morality. One writer in a parody of the Catechism, and another in a parody of the Creed, neither of them, in point of decency at least, very creditable to the cause in which they are presumably written, drew up a form of initiation for Chesterfieldian neophytes. But serious refutations 'of this most pestilential work' soon made their appearance. And serious refutation on an elaborate plan began in 1776 with a Mr. William Crawford's 'Remarks.' Much as we respect Mr. Crawford's intention, which was to protect religion and morality by putting the youth of England on their guard

against the seductions of 'the fascinating Earl,' we are sorry to be obliged to say that Mr. Crawford is, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary, one of the most amusing writers we have ever met with. His remarks assume the form of dialogue. Eugenius, an innocent youth on being asked by his tutor Constantius about the books he has been reading in his holidays, replies that 'one has fallen into his hand which has afforded him not a little entertainment and instruction.' To the horror and distress of Constantius it turns out that the book in question was 'Chesterfield's Letters.' There is now nothing for it but to administer the antidote to all this poison, and in eight dialogues it is done. While Mr. Crawford was opening the eyes of the younger generation, the Rev. Thomas Hunter, in a substantial octavo volume, was appealing to maturer judgments. 'Britons who are parents,' writes this perfervid moralist, 'ask your own hearts whether you would wish your children to be educated on this plan? Would it please you to exchange the virtues for the graces, English honesty for French grimace?' with much more of the same kind. But Hunter, who was by the way the author of a curious and singularly interesting treatise on Tacitus, is on the whole sensible and temperate, and does full justice to the literary merits of the letters, as well as to such portions of their ethical teaching as do not offend his prejudices as a clergyman. But the most extraordinary production inspired by the correspondence was Jackson Pratt's sensational novel, the 'Pupil of Pleasure,' which appeared seven years after the books of which we have been speaking. The object of this work was to depict a character modelled on what Pratt conceived, or pretended to conceive, Chesterfield's ideal gentleman to be, and to describe his career. When we say that Pratt has summed up Chesterfield's teachings as comprised mainly in these maxims, 'Do whatever you think proper—whatever fancy, passion, whim, or wickedness suggest—only command your countenance and check your temper,' it is scarcely necessary to observe that a more accurate summary of all that constitutes the exact reverse of what those teachings inculcate could hardly be drawn up in fewer words, as it is equally unnecessary to add that poor Pratt's 'celebrated dazzling and diabolical hero,' who, after ruining almost every woman he meets, and running into every excess of vice and profligacy, is at last found dead with the precepts of his supposed Mentor in his pocket, bears about the same resemblance to Chesterfield's ideal gentleman as he bears to Zeno's Wise Man or Aristotle's Magnanimous Man. But these monstrous perversions of Chesterfield's teaching were not confined to

to ephemeral writings. In the most powerful lines perhaps which he ever composed, Cowper gave immortal expression to the popular estimate of the letters—

> 'Petronius! all the Muses weep for thee,
> But every tear shall scald thy memory;
> The Graces too, while Virtue at their shrine
> Lay bleeding under that soft hand of thine,
> Felt each a mortal stab in her own breast,
> Abhorr'd the sacrifice, and cursed the priest.
> Thou polish'd and high-finished foe to truth,
> Gray-beard corrupter of our listening youth,
> To purge and skim away the filth of vice
> That so refin'd it might the more entice,
> Then pour it on the morals of thy son,
> To taint his heart, was worthy of thine own;
> Now, while the poison all high life invades,
> Write, if thou can'st, one letter from the Shades.'

The publication of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' in 1791 confirmed and extended the impression made by preceding writers. And for this reason. For every person who remembers the one just thing which Johnson said of the letters, and the one just remark which he made about their author, there are a hundred who remember his terse and pointed, but gross and libellous epigrams on each. The appearance of the 'Posthumous Letters and Memoirs of Horace Walpole,' between 1818 and 1847, and the 'Memoirs of Lord Hervey,' in both of which Chesterfield himself is depicted, as personal enemies of such resources would be likely to paint him, contributed still further to bias the popular judgment. But the measure of Chesterfield's posthumous misfortunes was not yet full. What the author of the 'Pupil of Pleasure' assayed to do in the last century, the author of 'Barnaby Rudge' has assayed to do in our own time. On the unspeakable vulgarity and absurdity of Dickens's caricature and travesty—with pain do we say a disrespectful word of one to whom we in common with half the world owe so much—it would be superfluous to comment. But what is certain is, that in the imagination of millions Chesterfield will exist, and exist only in association, with a character combining all that is worst, all that is most vile, most contemptible, most repulsive, in the traditionary portrait of him.

Of the recklessness with which charges have been brought against Chesterfield and his writings we will give one instance. He has been accused over and over again of defending and encouraging the practice of falsehood. What is the fact? There is no vice which he represents as more odious or more unbecoming

coming the character of a gentleman. 'I really know nothing more criminal,'—so he writes in one letter to his son—'more mean and more ridiculous than lying.' Again: 'It is not possible for a man to be virtuous without strict veracity, a lie in a man is a vice of the mind, and a vice of the heart.' In another letter: 'Lies and perfidy are the refuge of fools and cowards.' Again: 'Whoever has not truth cannot be supposed to have any one good quality, and must become the detestation of God and man.' '*Mendacem* si dixeris,' he writes in another place, adapting the well-known proverb about ingratitude, 'omnia dixeris.' But it is useless to multiply quotations in support of a cardinal principle in his teaching. The handle which he has afforded for this accusation is simply the fact, that he has distinguished between the truths which should be told and the truths which ought not to be told; between dissimulation which he defends, and simulation which he brands as infamous. He goes no further than the saying attributed to Voltaire, 'Woe is he who says all he can about anything,'—a platitude in practice with all but fools;—justly denouncing as immoral the theory defended by Bacon, and defended even by so virtuous a man as Sir Walter Scott.

The history of the Correspondence, now for the first time published, is soon told. In 1755 Chesterfield, then far in the decline of life, stood godfather to a son born to a distant kinsman, Mr. Arthur Charles Stanhope, of Mansfield. He was naturally interested in the child, for in the event of his brother Sir William dying without issue, his godson, as heir to Mr. A. C. Stanhope, to whom on his own decease the title passed, would become his successor in the Earldom. As the boy grew up, his education became the chief object of his godfather's life. The place that his son Philip had for so many years occupied in his thoughts and in his affections was now filled by this child. He watched over him with more than a mother's care. Every indication of character was anxiously observed. If any defect, however slight in temper, in habits of mind, in gesture, in accent, was detected, neither master nor pupil knew peace till it was rectified. He submitted patiently to all the drudgery of correcting composition, of drawing up lists of words and idioms to be learnt by heart, of writing elementary sketches of ancient and modern history, of explaining mythology, of copying out elegant extracts in prose and poetry. As the lad's mind developed, and he became capable of receiving more serious instruction, the old statesman, in a series of letters well worthy of a place beside the best of those written quarter of a century before,

laboured

laboured to prepare him for the prominent part he would in all probability be called upon to play, both in public and private life. These letters were carefully preserved, and had been perused by Dr. Maty, who alludes to them in his 'Memoirs of Chesterfield.' 'They have not yet appeared,' says the Doctor, 'under any sanction of authority, but the principle of them is so noble, and the end proposed so becoming the dignity of a great name, that it is hoped they will not always be withheld from the public.' It is curious that Maty should have made no allusion to the fact that fourteen of these letters—the letters namely on the 'Art of Pleasing'—numbers CXXIX. to CXLI. in Lord Carnarvon's edition—had already been printed in a very incorrect and garbled form, and no doubt surreptitiously, in the 'Edinburgh Magazine and Review' for February, March, April, and May 1774. Their appearance in this magazine accounts for their subsequent appearance in a Dublin reprint of the 'Letters to the Son,' among which they are erroneously classed, and for their reproduction in the supplementary volume to Maty's 'Memoirs of Chesterfield,' published in 1778. How the letters got into print it would be interesting to know: that they were pirated is certain, and we are very much inclined to agree with the writer of a preface to a subsequent edition of them, that the pirate was Dr. Dodd. With the exception of these fourteen letters, the rest of the Correspondence remained in manuscript till Lord Carnarvon, in accordance with the wishes of the late Earl of Chesterfield, gave it to the world in the present volume.

To the letters now for the first time published, Lord Carnarvon has not only incorporated the letters to which we have referred, but he has, in this second edition, very judiciously added Chesterfield's Correspondence with Mr. Arthur Charles Stanhope, his godson's father, originally printed in 1817, as well as the admirable testamentary letter which was to be delivered to Philip Stanhope after the Earl's death, first printed by Lord Stanhope. To these letters he has prefixed a scholarly and gracefully-written introduction, partly historical and partly biographical, sketching rapidly the course of political events during the first half of the eighteenth century, and recapitulating the chief incidents of Chesterfield's public career and private life. He has also added notes to the letters themselves. An excellent Index, the work of Mr. Doble of the Clarendon Press, concludes the book.

In all that concerns adornment, the volume before us certainly leaves nothing to be desired. On the distinguished Press from which it has issued it reflects, indeed, the highest credit. The collotypes,

collotypes, particularly the portrait of Chesterfield, fronting the title-page, the paper, and the type, are excellent; the facsimile letter is perfect. The binder might perhaps have been a little less profuse in heraldic insignia. It was no doubt quite in accordance with the becoming, that the most aristocratic and fastidious of English writers should make his re-appearance amongst us in an *édition de luxe*, but we all know how strongly Chesterfield objected to emphasis being laid on distinctions of the kind to which we refer. 'Wear your title as if you had it not,' he writes to Philip Stanhope, and no sentiment is more frequently repeated by him. As it is possible that this work may run into another edition, and as it is certain that it will take its place among the works which every student of English eighteenth-century literature will consider it his duty to read, we are sure we are doing nothing more than would have met with the approval—the cordial approval—of Lord Carnarvon himself, if we venture to point out what seem to us blemishes in his editorial work—the few errors which we should like to see corrected, the deficiencies—there are more of these—which we should like to see supplied. Had life and health been granted him, the whole work would no doubt have been carefully revised; for a more conscientious scholar, or one to whom anything approaching inaccuracy and unthoroughness were more oppugnant, never contributed to Literature. In drawing attention, therefore, to what ought to be added and rectified if a third edition of these letters should be called for, we feel that so far from being guilty of any discourtesy to the memory of one who has a personal claim to our respect and protection, we are, in fact, fulfilling what would have been his own wish.

The most unsatisfactory part of Lord Carnarvon's work is the notes. He appears to have thought at first—and assuredly to have thought quite rightly—that it was his duty as an editor to explain Chesterfield's allusions, to trace his quotations, and to correct his errors. And this up to a certain point he has done. He then appears to have changed his mind. It is possible that he thought the insertion of notes at the bottom of the pages had an unpleasantly pedantic appearance; and this seems probable from the fact, that many of the quotations are left untraced at the foot of the text in which they occur; the reference, however, being tacitly given in the Index. This we discovered quite accidentally, and if it is discovered at all, every other reader must discover it in the same way, for there is nothing to indicate it. Thus, on page 198, the reference for a quotation from Ovid's 'Fasti' is duly given at the foot of the page; but there is nothing to indicate the source of a quotation from the 'Metamorphoses'

morphoses' on the same page. On turning, however, to the heading 'Ovid' in the Index, we noticed that the reference is duly given. It is not very easy to see what possible end can be served by such capricious inconsistencies as these, unless it be a device for disguising the fact that many of the quotations have not been traced at all, either at the foot of the pages or in the index, a subterfuge of which we are very sure Lord Carnarvon was quite incapable. In any case, this is a defect which needs remedy. If an editor undertakes to trace quotations, he ought of course to spare no pains to trace all, though he cannot be blamed if he is unsuccessful. But there is surely no reason why he should give the references to some at the bottom of the page, and relegate the references to others to the index. The explanatory notes have the same peculiarity. Allusions for which we should have been grateful for an explanation are passed silently over; allusions so obvious, that we should scarcely think it necessary to explain them to a fourth-form schoolboy, are explained at length. Thus, in commenting on a proverb so common as 'post est occasio calva,' we are amazed to find the editor stopping to notice that De Foe has quoted it in one of his pamphlets, and that Chesterfield must have had in his mind five lines of 'Phædrus,' which are transcribed at length. Two or three of Chesterfield's slips, at which we should have expected so accomplished a scholar as Lord Carnarvon to have winced, are passed unnoticed. Thus, on page 275, Chesterfield observes, that 'Cicero reproaches Clodia with dancing better than a modest woman should.' He was of course thinking of what Sallust, not Cicero, said of Sempronia, not of Clodia.

The well-known saying, 'nemo fere saltat sobrius,' twice misquoted by Chesterfield, occurs not as is (p. 292) asserted in the 'Offices,' but in the 'Pro Murænâ,' cap. vi. On p. 208 we have no doubt that in the famous couplet of Martial on Mutius Scævola (Epig. I. 21 (22)),

> 'Major deceptæ fama est et gloria dextræ:
> Si non errasset, fecerat illa minus,'

'illa' is the right reading, but it is quite clear from Chesterfield's version that he read 'ille.' We are surprised, too, that so accurate a scholar as Lord Carnarvon should have allowed another error to pass unnoticed, more especially as it has, in consequence of Chesterfield's authority, become so generally current that it may now be said to hold a conspicuous place among 'pseudodoxia epidemica.' It is repeatedly asserted both in these letters and in the 'Letters to the Son,' that Socrates exhorted his

his disciples to sacrifice to the Graces. The saying has nothing whatever to do with Socrates. It was the advice given by Plato to Xenocrates simply on account of his pompous demeanour and sullen aspect; and the anecdote is related by Plutarch in his 'Life of Marius,' and by Diogenes Laertius, in his notice of Xenocrates. The phrase appears afterwards to have become proverbial.* But nothing has surprised us so much as that Lord Carnarvon should have allowed the following passage to stand without a note:—

'Voicy une jolie epigramme faitte par le célébre Cardinal du Perron sur une belle dame qui avoit un enfant d'une beauté égale a la sienne mais, ils etoient tous deux borgnes—

'Parve puer quod habes lumen concede parenti
Sic tu cæcus amor, sic erit illa Venus.'

We need scarcely say that the original runs thus:—

'Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,
Et potis est formâ vincere uterque Deos.
Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori:
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.'

Whether there is any authority for saying that it refers to the Princess Eboli, the mistress of Philip II. of Spain, and to Maugiron, the favourite of Henry III. of France, each of whom is said to have lost an eye, we do not know. But it was certainly not written by the Cardinal du Perron, for it was published thirty years before Du Perron was born, though it has often been attributed to him, as it has been attributed also to Ménage. It was written by Girolamo Amalteo, and will be found in any of the editions of the 'Trium Fratrum Amaltheorum Carmina,' under the title of 'De gemellis, fratre et sorore, luscis.' We are surprised that neither Chesterfield nor Lord Carnarvon appears to know the origin of the Italian phrase so often quoted, not only in these letters but generally—'volto sciolto, pensieri stretti,' though it is to be found in Wotton's letter to Milton prefixed to some of the editions of 'Comus,' where it is attributed to one Alberto Scipione.

The passage in Boileau referred to on p. 158 will be found in the 8th Satire, line 99. On p. 197 there is evidently a reference to Longinus (*De. Subl.* c. ix.). The words 'Facere digna scribi vel scribere digna legi,' quoted on p. 164, and again on p. 217, are obviously a reminiscence of a passage in the Letters of the younger Pliny. 'Equidem beatos puto, quibus Deorum munere

* See the notes of Causaubon and Ménage on 'Diogenes Laertius,' iv. 11.

datum

datum est aut facere scribenda, aut scribere legenda.' (Epist. Lib. vi., Ep. xvi.)

The fine lines quoted from Voltaire,

> 'Répandez vos bienfaits, avec magnificence.
> Même au moins vertueux, ne les refusez pas.
> Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance;
> Il est grand, il est beau, de faire des ingrats.'

are from the 'Précis de L'Ecclésiaste,' and from the same poem are the lines quoted on p. 11. The words in the last letter, 'You would fall like setting stars to rise no more,' is the adaptation of a line in Rowe's 'Jane Shore' (Act i. sc. 2),

> 'She sets like stars that fall to rise no more.'

We hope that, if these letters are republished, the references made to contemporary plays will be traced. In what play, for example, does the character of John Trott, known to us from Goldsmith's epigram, and alluded to over and over again by Chesterfield, appear? Who was 'Nell Johnson the Cobler's wife in the comical transformation scene,' p. 244? To most readers of the present day it would certainly not have been superfluous to explain that the author of 'Tamerlane,' of which an account is given in Letter CXXIV., was Nicholas Rowe.

For the Introduction we have nothing but praise. On three points, and on three points only, are we inclined to dissent from Lord Carnarvon's conclusions. We cannot at all agree with him that Chesterfield's 'respectable Hottentot' was intended for Johnson. We think that Dr. Birkbeck Hill has conclusively shown that such was not the case. To say nothing of Johnson's assertion that Chesterfield had never seen him eat in his life, there seems little doubt that the person who sat for that picture was the person described in the 122nd and 170th 'Letters to the Son,' and who may possibly be alluded to in the 30th Letter of vol. i., all of which prove that he must have been some one moving in Chesterfield's circle, one of which proves that the initial letter of his name was L. It is of course possible that the four passages may not refer to the same person; if they do, there can be no reasonable doubt of the correctness of Dr. Hill's conjecture, that the Hottentot was Lyttelton, a man whose slovenliness, awkwardness, and absence of mind, were proverbial among his contemporaries. On p. xxxviii there is the following note: 'Lord Chesterfield also offended Smollett; but Smollett's day and literary influence are of the past, and it is scarcely worth while, except as an historical fact, to mention the circumstance.' In this extra-

ordinary

ordinary estimate of Smollett's work and fame Lord Carnarvon will probably stand as much alone at the end of the thirtieth century as he stands at the end of the nineteenth. It is surprising that he did not remember the very different opinion formed of Smollett's merits by judges so competent as Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, or remembering, should have thought himself justified in setting it so unceremoniously aside. But on matters of this kind dispute is useless, and it was not with the objecting of discussing Lord Carnarvon's paradoxical verdict that we have drawn attention to the passage. What perplexes us is the allusion to a fact which is altogether new to us. When did Lord Chesterfield offend Smollett? and what authority is there for ranking Smollett with Horace Walpole, Lord Hervey, and Dr. Johnson, among Chesterfield's enemies? They were certainly on good terms in 1747, for in 'Reproof,' Smollett addresses Chesterfield in terms of exaggerated flattery:

> 'Nor would th' enamour'd Muse neglect to pay
> To Stanhope's worth the tributary lay,
> The soul unstain'd, the sense sublime to paint
> A people's patron, pride, and ornament,
> Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain
> The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain.'

Again, later on in 1758, Smollett in his 'History of England' twice takes occasion to pay Chesterfield the highest compliments, once in allusion to his ambassadorship at the Hague (vol. x. p. 336), and once (vol. xi. p. 9) in allusion to his speech on the Play House Bill. But what seems to make the correctness of Lord Carnarvon's statement the more improbable is the absence of any satirical portrait of the Earl among the portraits sketched in the 'Adventures of an Atom.' Many of Chesterfield's friends and former colleagues are there, but the most conspicuous figure in the fashionable life of these days is correspondingly conspicuous by his absence in Smollett's malicious panorama. Had Smollett borne Chesterfield the smallest ill-will, he would—of that we may be sure—have availed himself of this opportunity of indulging his spleen. It is possible that Lord Carnarvon may have had authority for his statement, we wish he had adduced it. We are half inclined to think that he had for the moment confounded Chesterfield with Newcastle or Lyttelton.

But these things are trifles. We concur with Lord Carnarvon in thinking that these letters give us on the whole a more favourable impression of Chesterfield as a man than the letters addressed

addressed to his son. Of the world, worldly, as all he writes is, a higher note is occasionally struck. The standard of aim and action is not, as in the former correspondence, fixed immovably on the dead-level of purely mundane utility. The old cynicism and the old misogyny are still apparent, but they are tempered with a gentle and kindly humour, which deprives them of all harshness, and even invests them with charm. There is the same solicitude about what a more exalted philosophy than he professed would regard with indifference, but there is not the same solicitude about what such a philosophy would directly condemn. Of the levity of tone and profligacy of sentiment in relation to certain subjects, which jar on us so much in the former correspondence, there are few or no traces. He so abhorred everything which savours of cant, and especially of theological cant, that he seldom touches on religious subjects. But he does so sometimes, and that with an earnestness which will surprise every one who know him only as people in general know him. There are two passages in his Letters to the Bishop of Waterford; one dated about a year and a half before the date of the first letter in this series; the other dated a month later which gives us, as it were, the key to all that distinguishes the Chesterfield of the earlier correspondence from the Chesterfield of the later.

'I consider life as one who is wholly unconcerned in it, and even when I reflect back upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done myself, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle and pleasures of the world had any reality, but they seem to have been the dreams of restless nights. This philosophy, however, I thank God, neither makes me sour nor melancholic; I see the folly and absurdity of mankind without indignation or peevishness; I pity the weak and the wicked without envying the wise and the good, but endeavouring to the utmost of my ability to be of that minority.

* * * * *

'I know I am tottering upon the brink of this world, and my thoughts are employed about the other. However, while I crawl upon this planet I think myself obliged to do what good I can in my narrow domestic sphere to my fellow-creatures, and to wish them all the good I cannot do.'—(Stanhope, 'Works,' vol. iv. pp. 329, 330.)

It is the reflection of all this, of this mingled sadness and cheerfulness, good-sense and good-temper, mild wisdom and wise mildness, which is perhaps the chief attraction of these letters. The voice which is speaking is, we feel, the voice of one without faith and with little hope, but at peace with himself and at peace with the world, grateful to Nature for having called him into life, and to Philosophy for having taught him how

how to live. Much experience and reflection had enabled him to estimate at its true value what it is in the power of man to attain and enjoy. He had reckoned with existence and struck the balance. The delusions of the brute and the fool had never misguided or perplexed him: to the visions of the transcendentalist he was constitutionally blind, but he had found the secret, which had escaped equally the ascetic and the sensualist, the art of living, the true use of fortune. He knew how little of what constitutes human happiness and contentment depends on man's mere capacities and externals; he knew of how much which constitutes both they may be made the means. To his refined good sense the extinction of existence was preferable to its abuse, was preferable even to its misuse. Like Lady Wortley Montagu, to whom in constitution and temper he bore in some respects a singular resemblance, he was a philosopher even in his affections.* 'My only wish is,' he wrote to his son, 'to have you fit to live, which if you are not, I do not desire that you should live at all.' 'May you live,' he writes in another letter full of fatherly tenderness, 'as long as you are fit to live, but no longer, or, may you rather die before you cease to be fit to live, than after.'

To this object he had directed the correspondence with his son, to this object he directed the correspondence with his godson, —'to fit them to live.' That many of his particular precepts and particular aims would have found more favour with Atticus and Horace, than with St. Paul and Christian moralists, may be fully conceded. We cannot see, as Lord Carnarvon appears to do, any indication in this later correspondence, that Chesterfield's religious opinions had in the smallest respect changed, still less that old age and its afflictions had 'led him to a somewhat different estimate of right and wrong from that which he once professed.' There is nothing in the essential teaching of these letters which will not be found in the 'Letters to the Son.' On the subject of religion his language and sentiments are always the same. It is the basis on which life rests. Serious regard for it is the hypothesis on which moral instruction proceeds. Indifference to it, or the expression of indifference to it, is the certain mark

* It is remarkable that they both speak in precisely the same way about natural affection. 'My anxiety and care can only be the effects of that tender affection which I have for you, and which you cannot represent to yourself greater than it really is. But do not mistake the nature of that affection. It is not natural affection, there being in reality no such thing.' ('Letters to Son,' cii. vol. i.) 'You are no more obliged to me for bringing you into the world,' writes Lady Mary to her daughter, 'than I am to you for coming into it, and I never made use of that commonplace, and like most commonplace, false, argument, as exacting any return of affection;' and then she goes on to say that what has formed the close bond of love between them has been the mutual interchange of what should unite reasonable beings. ('To the Countess of Bute:' Works, vol. iv. p. 61.)

of

of a fool. In whatever form it finds embodiment it is to be respected. Without religion virtue is without its strongest collateral security.* To the *esprit-forts*, Freethinkers and Moral Philosophers, as they called themselves, Bishop Butler himself was not more sensitively hostile. That Chesterfield did not accept Revelation seems certain. His religion probably differed in no essential respects from the religion of Cicero and Bolingbroke, of Socrates and Voltaire. Of the moral government of the universe; of the wisdom, justice, and benevolence of the Deity; of the fact that in reason, or, as it is sometimes expressed, in conscience, God has furnished man with an unerring guide; of the essential connexion of religion with morality he has no doubt. To the belief in a future state he leaned so strongly that he has not scrupled to assume it as truth. His attitude towards the popular creed was precisely that generally assumed by the wise and serious men of the last century. His heterodoxy, which we know was shared by almost every member of Pope's circle and by many members of Johnson's circle, was like theirs, purely esoteric. Pope's distress at the imputation of unorthodoxy is notorious. Swift was pained beyond expression by the construction placed on the 'Tale of a Tub.' The publication of Bolingbroke's philosophical works was an act of gross treachery. When it was objected to Middleton that his writings would have the effect of disseminating scepticism, he replied that he would recant everything in them which could be construed in a sense hostile to Christianity. Gibbon thought his indiscretion in giving his two chapters to the world sufficiently expiated by the advances made to him by the author of the 'Corruptions of Christianity.' 'I have sometimes thought,' he says in his Autobiography, 'of writing a 'Dialogue of the Dead,' in which Lucian, Erasmus, and Voltaire, should mutually acknowledge the danger of exposing a popular creed to the contempt of the blind and fanatic multitude.' Like Cotta in Cicero's Dialogue, they respected a religion which was the religion of the State. Like Aristotle's man of polite wit, they shrank from wounding unnecessarily the feelings of others. On higher grounds they revered it as the purest and most perfect of moral codes, and as the expression of essential truths appealing equally to the philosopher and to the multitude, but appealing to the philosopher through what was mystery

* See 'Letters to his Son,' *passim*. In Letter CLXXX. he explains his reason for not writing at length on the subject of religion. 'I have seldom written to you upon the subject of religion and morality; your own reason, I am persuaded, has given you true notions of both; they speak best for themselves, but if they wanted assistance you have Mr. Harte at hand' (young Stanhope's tutor and a clergyman), 'both for precept and example.' See, too, Letter CLXVIII.

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to the multitude, and appealing to the multitude through what was fable to the philosopher. Wherever Chesterfield alludes to Christianity it is with the greatest reverence. The education of both his son and his godson was conducted on principles strictly orthodox. Their tutors were clergymen of the established Church. One, recommended by Lyttelton, was a man of distinguished piety, the other, recommended by the Bishop of St. David's, was the most eloquent preacher in England. In the earlier and later correspondence all Chesterfield's instruction proceeds on the assumption that these gentlemen 'are doing their duty.' So anxious was he that the impressions his son received from their teaching should not be disturbed, that when Bolingbroke's philosophical works came out, he expressed a wish that he would not read them. Of Voltaire's profanity he speaks with the strongest disapprobation. So conservative was he, that we find him thus writing to Crebillon: 'Je doute forte, s'il est permis à un homme d'écrire contre le culte et la croyance de son pays quand même il seroit de bonne foi persuadé qu'il y eût des erreurs.' * In writing to his godson he says, referring to the Bible, 'you will and ought to believe every word of it, as it was dictated by the Spirit of Truth,' a statement defining with singular precision Chesterfield's real position in relation to these questions. As a man and as a writer he was the reversed counterpart of Montaigne and Shaftesbury. Montaigne thought the composition of the 'Apologie de Raimond Sebond,' and Shaftesbury the composition of the 'Characteristics,' perfectly compatible with the profession of orthodoxy. Chesterfield thought the inculcation of orthodoxy perfectly compatible with a belief in a philosophy not very different from the philosophy of the 'Apologie' and the 'Characteristics.'

Lord Carnarvon's remark that Chesterfield's 'estimate of right and wrong' differed, and differed for the better, from the estimate he had formed before he grew old, is, we venture to think, not quite just to him. For what the remark obviously implies is, that the morality in the earlier correspondence is either less sound or less elevated than that in the later. But this is surely not the case, and for the best of reasons. If we except the one great blot, of which we propose to speak at length presently, no moral teaching could be sounder or more excellent than we find in the 'Letters to the Son.' Religious obligations are perhaps a little more emphasized, but nothing is said but what had been said before. Whether Chesterfield's

* Maty, 'Correspondence,' vol. ii. p. 327.

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opinion changed on the subject to which we have referred we do not know. We should infer from Letters CCXVIII., CCXXXVI., and from the letter to be delivered after his death, that it had not.* In any case he would not have been likely to touch on such things in writing to a child.

We have dwelt on these points for two reasons. In the first place we do not think that the distinction, which Lord Carnarvon attempts to make between Chesterfield's sentiments and precepts in the earlier and later letters, is warranted by facts. In the second place the suggestion of such a distinction involves an admission, in our opinion, equally unwarrantable and equally misleading. It is plain that Lord Carnarvon wishes to say all that can in fairness be said in defence of his author. But he defends him by a compromise. Assuming the justice of the popular verdict on the earlier letters, he represents, or seems to represent, the later as a sort of palinode. He points to passages, in many cases simple repetitions of passages in the former series, as proofs of an awakened moral sense. He quotes with just admiration sentiments and precepts which are commonplaces in the 'Letters to the Son' as indications of the salutary effects of age and sorrow. But Chesterfield was not, we submit, a reformed rake, except in the sense in which Aristippus and Horace were reformed rakes. He was a man of the world and a philosopher, consistent alike in his precepts and in his principles. What he preached at seventy was what he preached at fifty-seven, and what he preached at fifty-seven is what he would have preached at five-and-thirty. Of the follies and errors of his youth, of wasted opportunities, and of wasted time, he speaks with a regret common with men in all ages of the world. But the *lusus ac ludicra*, the inculcation of which has been so fatal to his reputation among his countrymen, were no more included in his remorse than they were included in the remorse of Horace. On this point his sentiments were precisely those of the ancient Moralists.† The licence which was allowed to youth, a proper sense of the becoming forbade to mature years. 'Non lusisse pudet sed non incidere ludum.' The danger, as he well knew and has frequently remarked, lay in the possibility of

* Lord Carnarvon points with great satisfaction to a passage in Letter XLIV. where Chesterfield speaks of natural children as 'le fruit d'un péché,' as a proof of reformation on this point. But Chesterfield's repetition of the story of the Ephesian matron, and his remarks in Letter CXXXIV. are ominous indications. We very much fear that if Philip Stanhope had been a few years older he would have received the same edifying guidance as in 'the pleasures and dissipations both of which I shall allow you when you are seventeen or eighteen,' as the former Philip had been favoured with.

† See particularly Cicero, 'Pro Cælio,' *passim;* and especially chap. xii., if sentiments, which are commonplaces with the Ancients, need illustration.

the permanent corruption of character; of the contamination, the essential contamination, of moral and intellectual energy; of mischief alike to body and mind. As he did not, in accordance with those who thought with the ancients rather than with those who think with Christian teachers, press an austere morality on the young; so he saw no impropriety in endeavouring to render such indulgences as little harmful as possible.* It is untrue, or, to speak more correctly, it is misleading to say that he inculcates vice. The odiousness, the contemptibleness, the mischievousness, of vice, is indeed his constant theme. 'A *commerce galant* insensibly formed with a woman of fashion, a glass of wine or two too much, unwarily taken in the warmth and joy of good company, or some innocent frolic by which nobody is injured are,' he says, 'the utmost bounds which a man of sense and decency will allow himself; those who transgress them become infamous, or at least contemptible.' It must be remembered that when he speaks of gallantry, he is speaking, not of that crime which ruins the peace of families, and is fraught with misery and mischief to society, but of a relation which in the aristocratic circles of Italy and France, where his son, for whose guidance while moving in these circles the letters were written, was then residing, no one held to be reprehensible. It was vice so sanctioned by custom that it had ceased to be regarded as vice. 'Il permet la galanterie,' says Montesquieu, speaking of the differences between Monarchy and Republicanism—'lors qu'elle est unie à l'idée du sentiment du cœur, ou à l'idée de conquête;' or, as Chesterfield himself puts it, 'gallantry is at Paris as necessary a part of a woman of fashion's establishment as her house, table, and coach.' We very much doubt, corrupt as the Court of George II. was, whether he would have proffered any such advice, seriously at least, had his son been in England. Of one thing we are very sure, that crimes such as those of Wendoll and Lovelace would have been discountenanced and denounced by him as uncompromisingly and sternly as by the most austere of moralists.

We are holding no brief for Chesterfield. We think that any attempt to confuse the distinction between morality and immorality is in the highest degree reprehensible, and that,

* His position and motives are exactly explained in the testamentary letter to his godson. Speaking of youth, he says, 'It is a state of continual inebriety for six or seven years at least, and frequently attended by fatal and permanent consequences both to body and mind. Believe yourself then to be drunk, and as drunken men when reeling catch hold of the next thing in their way to support them, do you, my dear boy, hold by the rails of my experience. I hope they will hinder you from falling, though perhaps not from staggering a little sometimes.' He says exactly the same in Letter cxxxv. (vol. i.) to the son.

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in theory at least, our standard of morals is and must be the standard of Christianity. That vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness is in point of fact undoubtedly true, but it is true on a principle which we have no right to concede. Here then we believe Chesterfield to be entirely in the wrong. Nor have we anything to say in defence of the flippancy and levity with which he commonly speaks of women, and of men's relation to women, still less of the impropriety of a father addressing a son on such topics as those to which we have alluded. All this we fully grant and greatly regret. But it is surely high time that the nonsense, which has so long been current, and is still so industriously circulated about these letters and their author, should cease. We saw quite recently a work in which all the old calumnies, Johnson's epigram and Cowper's invective duly emphasized, were faithfully retailed. Chesterfield himself was described exactly as he is represented in his supposed counterpart in Dickens's novel; the letters, as a sort of text-book of the ethics of immorality, advocating seduction, adultery, hypocrisy, untruth, contempt for religion. Lord Carnarvon has done a great service in printing these new letters. But he would have done a still greater service, had he taken this opportunity of directing attention to the injustice of the sentence passed on the old. As it is, what he has said, or at least implied, will, we fear, tend only to confirm it. Chesterfield's character and writings are best vindicated by the statement of simple truth. On certain subjects he did not think as most men now think; there are certain passages in his works to which just exception may be taken. But to represent him, as Lord Carnarvon has done, in the light of a repentant sinner involves two wholly unwarranted *petitiones principii*, the one conceding far too much, the other assuming much too little. If he was a sinner, he was a sinner in a sense in which he did not repent; and if he repented, he repented in a sense in which he did not sin.

But to turn to the new letters. They have much merit. They are full of good things, of observations on men and life marked by all the old delicate discrimination and refined good sense, of excellent precepts, of counsel and suggestions, admirable alike for the shrewd, keen, sober sagacity and wisdom displayed in them, and for the tact and urbanity with which they are tendered. There are passages in them as good as the best which could be found in the earlier correspondence. The style is the same—unaffected, fluent, pure, graceful, finished, the style in fact in which Chesterfield always wrote. But they have more humour, and the humour is less cynical and more playful. This,

and that in which this is an element, the general tone, the reflection of the *mitis senectutis sapientia*, give them a charm, a peculiar charm, which the others do not possess. Horace, when he composed the Epistles, was, it is true, younger than Chesterfield when the letters to the elder Stanhope were written, yet when we compare the tone of the earlier letters with that of the letters before us, we are insensibly reminded of the difference between the harsher philosopher of the Satires and the mellower philosopher of the Epistles. But they will not, as a whole, bear comparison with the earlier correspondence. We doubt even whether they will add much to Chesterfield's literary fame. For, as they were designed with the same object as their predecessors to form a system of education, proceeding on the same lines, and having in view the same ends, they necessarily repeat much of what had been said before. Indeed, in substance, they contain little which is essentially new. But what is repeated, is repeated in another way, with many new touches, with many additional illustrations and reflections, with all those differences, in fine, which we should expect from a man of a richly-stored mind treating again in old age the subjects he had treated years before.

The parallel between the two series is very close. The common aim of both was, like that of Elyot's 'Governour,' with which they may be compared, the education of a finished gentleman, destined to serve his country in public life, commencing from the time he left the nursery to the time when, epopt and perfect, he emerged from tutelage. 'I had,' he writes to his son, 'two views in your education, Parliament and Foreign Affairs.' In his godson he was interested as in his own heir and successor. Both series run exactly on the same lines, but the one is completed, the other is not. The earlier letters, till they cease to be didactic, form three distinct groups. The first may be said to terminate with the 78th Letter, when Philip was in his fifteenth year, and the instruction here is confined almost entirely to elementary lessons in Mythology, History, Historical Geography, and Literature, and to the conduct of habits and manners proper in a boy. The second terminates at or about the second letter of Volume II., the letter dated April 26, 1750, when the youth, now in his nineteenth year, was about to be independent of his tutor. Their theme is the true use of the world, and of books as instruments of culture; the becoming in morals, in manners, and the art of acquiring it; duties, their nature and their obligations; ambition and its legitimate objects; the relation of theory to experience, of experience to theory, and of both to success

success in life. The third group, addressed to a youth who was now his own master and in the midst of all the temptations of the idlest and most dissolute capital in Europe, completes the course. The instruction here is how the pleasures of a man of the world may be made subservient to his interests and his duties; how credit, how influence, how authority are to be acquired; how on the skill with which the game of life is played in trifles depends the success with which the game will be won in earnest. In the letters to the godson, two only of these groups have their counterpart, for the simple reason that the correspondence breaks off before young Stanhope had ceased to be a boy. The first extending to the 128th Letter answers exactly to the first group in the former. The series go over precisely the same ground, not indeed so deliberately and in a much lighter and more playful style, interspersing, more frequently than the others do, the sort of moral and religious instruction proper for a child. Indeed, there is much in this group which in the former series finds its place in the second. But it is expressed in much simpler language, and generally in French. As these letters will probably be new to most of our readers, we will give a few extracts. One of the most pleasing is the ninth, on duty to God, and duty to man.

'God has been so good as to write in all our hearts the duty that He expects from us, which is adoration and thanksgiving, and doing all the good we can to our fellow-creatures. Our conscience, if we will but consult and attend to it, never fails to remind us of those duties. . . . You owe all the advantages you enjoy to God, who can and who will probably take them away, whenever you are ungrateful to Him, for He has Justice as well as Mercy. Your duty to man is very short and clear, it is only to do to him whatever you would be willing that he should do to you. And remember in all the business of life to ask your conscience this question: *Should I be willing that this should be done to me?* If your conscience, which will always tell you truth, answers No, do not do that thing. Observe these rules and you will be happy in this world and still happier in the next.'

We notice in the next letter the repetition of what he had said so felicitously before of the art of pleasing: 'Observe attentively what pleases you in others and do the same, and you will be sure to please them.' There is a beautiful passage in the 108th Letter—

'God has created us such helpless creatures that we all want one another's assistance. . . . It was for this reason that our Almighty Creator made us with so many wants and infirmities that mutual help and assistance are absolutely necessary, not only for our well-being,

being, but for our being at all. The Christian Religion carries our moral duties to greater perfection, and orders us to love our enemies, and to do good to those who use us ill. Now as love or hate is not in our power, though our actions are, this commandment means no more than that we should forgive those who use us ill, and that instead of resenting or revenging injuries, we should return good for evil.'

How admirable too are his remarks in the 125th Letter, in which he comments on the folly of glorying in distinctions originating only from the accidents of fortune—

'Scavez-vous qui sont vos superieurs, vos egaux, et vos inferieurs? Expliquons un peu cela. Vos superieurs sont ceux à qui la fortune a donné beaucoup plus de rang et de richesses qu'à vous. Vos egaux sont ce qui s'appelle Gentilhommes, ou honnêtes gens. Et vos inferieurs sont ceux à qui la fortune a refusé tout rang et tout bien, sans souvent qu'il y ait de leur faute, et qui sont obligés de travailler pour gagner leur vie. Selon la nature la servante de Monsieur Robert, est aussi bien née que vous, elle a eu un Père et une Mere, un Grandpere et une Grandmere et des ancêtres jusqu'Adam: mais malheureusement pour elle, ils non pas été si riches que les votres et par consequent n'ont pu lui donner une education comme la votre. Et voilà toute la difference entre elle et vous, elle vous donne son travail, et vous lui donnez de l'argent.' *

The letters comprised in the second group are represented by the fourteen (129–142) on the Duty, Utility, and Means of Pleasing, by thirteen designed 'to cram you full of the most shining thoughts of the Ancients and Moderns.' After this the letters, as a series, go to pieces, and are in the main repetitions of what had been said in Letters 129–140, or merely gossiping trifles. The letters on the Art of Pleasing are the only ones in this group which stand on the same level as the 'Letters to the Son.' Some of the others appear to us to show evident traces of senility. The same remarks are repeated over and over again. The story of Dido, with the wretched epigrams on her death, is twice narrated, so also is the trash of Atterbury about Flavia's fan. The selection of 'the most shining thoughts of the Ancients and Moderns' is worthy of Ned Softly himself, and in some cases the comments too. We think Lord Carnarvon would, here at least, have done well had he exercised a little less indulgently his discretion as an editor.

But to turn to Chesterfield's own 'shining passages.' The

* These sentiments find an interesting illustration in his Will: 'I give to all my menial or household servants that shall have lived with me five years or upwards whom I consider as unfortunate friends, my equals by nature and my inferiors only by the difference of our fortune, two years' wages,' &c. See his Will, printed in 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for July 1773.

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shrewd good sense of such remarks as these will be at once apparent.

'Vanity is a great inducement to keep low company, for a man of quality is sure to be the first man in it, and to be admired and flattered, though perhaps the greatest fool in it.'—Letter CXXXIV.

Again, on the same subject:—

'I know of nothing more difficult in common behaviour than to fix due bounds to familiarity; too little implies an unsociable formality, too much destroys all friendly and social intercourse. The best rule I can give you to manage familiarity is never to be more familiar with anybody than you would be willing and even glad that he should be with you.'—CXIII.

The remarks about wit are excellent:—

'If you have real wit it will flow spontaneously, and you need not aim at it, for in that case the rule of the Gospel is reversed, and it will prove, seek and you shall *not* find. Wit is so shining a quality that everybody admires it, most people aim at it, all people fear it, and few love it except in themselves. . . . A wise man will live as much within his wit as within his income.'—CXXXVI.

La Rochefoucauld himself has nothing better than this remark on Vanity:—

'Vanity is the more odious and shocking to everybody, because everybody without exception has vanity; and two vanities can never love one another, any more than according to the vulgar saying, two of a trade can. If you desire to please universally men and women, address yourself to their passions and weaknesses, gain their hearts, and then let their reason do their worst against you.'—CXLI.

How fine and exquisite, with the precision and subtilty of La Bruyère at his best, is this:—

'Judgment is not upon all occasions required, but discretion always is. Never affect nor assume a particular character, for it will never fit you, but will probably give you a ridicule, but leave it to your conduct, your virtues, your morals, and your manners to give you one. Discretion will teach you to have particular attention to your *mœurs*, which we have no one word in our language to express exactly. Morals are too much, manners too little, decency comes the nearest to it, though rather short of it.'—CXLII.

Well worth pausing over are remarks like these:—

'There is as much difference between Pride and Dignity as there is between Power and Authority.'—CXCVI.

'A vicious character may and will alter if there is good sense at bottom, but a frivolous one is condemned to eternal ridicule and contempt.'—CCXXXV.

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'A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary outwork of manners as well as of religion.'—cxxxi.

'Il faut l'avouer il y a des coutumes bien ridicules qui ont été inventées par des sots, mais auxquelles les sages sont obligés de se conformer.'—ccvi.

The literary fame of Chesterfield must rest on the 'Letters to the Son;' but to these letters, about a third of what is comprised in the present volume is well worthy of being added, and is indeed a substantial contribution to the work by which he will be remembered.

Nothing is so natural, but assuredly nothing is so delusive as the desire to make others wise—wise vicariously, with the wisdom of experience. It is perhaps the last illusion of old age. But it is an illusion for which the world has reason to be thankful. Generation after generation have men, whose profound acquaintance with human nature and human affairs would make even their slightest reflections precious, devoted their leisure or their decline to summing up, for the benefit of those dear to them, the lessons which life had taught them. Such was the occupation of the leisure of Cato the Censor, and of our own Alfred. The letters of the elder Wyatt to the younger are in our opinion of more value than the poems to which he owes his fame. Thus too we have the instructions drawn up by Lord Burleigh for the guidance of his son Robert, and excellent they are—so excellent and so characteristic of their eminent author, that we wonder they have not been reprinted in our own time. Of Raleigh's voluminous writings the 'Advice to his Son,' or, as he entitles it, 'Instructions to his Son and to Posterity,' is one of the few which still maintains its interest. The only work of James I. which deserves to be remembered is the 'Basilicon Doron.' Cardinal Sermonetta's 'Instructions to his Cousin,' and the Manual attributed to Walsingham—not the Minister of Elizabeth, but the Secretary to Lord Digby—are perhaps more curious than important; but Francis Osborn's 'Letters to his Son' deserve a better fate than they have met with. Nothing that Chesterfield's own ancestor, George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, has left us, and he has left us two essays which are masterpieces, is comparable to his 'Advice to a Daughter,' a little manual which ought not only to be reprinted, but to be placed in the hands of every young lady in England. Coming down more nearly to Chesterfield's time, we have the letters written by Lord Chatham to his nephew at Cambridge, and it is curious to note how close a resemblance, so far as direct instruction is concerned, they bear to Chesterfield's letters. There is the same insistence throughout on Religion

Religion and Morality being the pillars on which life rests; on the necessity of a sound, as distinguished from a pedantic classical training forming the basis of literary culture; on the fact that the use of learning 'is to render a man more wise and virtuous, not merely more learned;' on the importance of the study of modern history and modern languages in conjunction with ancient. Among the many minor coincidences two are well worth noticing. Perhaps nothing has been more ridiculed in Chesterfield than his remarks about the ungracefulness of laughter. But Chatham has made exactly the same remarks:—'Avoid contracting any peculiar gesticulations of the body, or movements of the muscles of the face. It is rare to see in any one a graceful laughter; it is generally better to smile than to laugh out.'* Both indeed were but repeating what had been said before by Plato, Isocrates, Cicero, and Epictetus.† No one will accuse Lord Chatham of any sympathy with lax morality; but unless we greatly misread a passage in one of his letters, he thought there was nothing indecorous in banter, quite indistinguishable from Chesterfield's.‡

But no serious comparison can be drawn between these letters and the letters of which we are speaking. Interesting and valuable as the greater portion of them are, the best of them have no pretensions to be classical. In their matter there is an immense preponderance of what is only not platitude, because of the authority that enforces it. In none of them is there any attempt at a regular system of instruction. They are simply didactic, and didactic in the sense of being, as a rule, simply admonitory. In point of style, the great criterion, they are all essentially deficient, and that for various reasons and in various degrees.

The unpopularity of Chesterfield among his countrymen is not difficult to understand. In the first place he is the most aristocratic of writers. He wrote, to employ his own words, not for 'the herd of mankind, who, though useful in their way, are but the candle-snuffers and scene-shifters of the universal theatre,' but for 'those whom Nature, education, and industry, have qualified to act the great parts.' It ought always to be remembered, and is almost always forgotten, that these letters were not intended for publication. They were neither addressed

* 'Letters written by the late Earl of Chatham to his nephew Thomas Pitt,' Letter v. p. 34.

† 'Republic,' III. p. 338; 'Ad Demonicum,' 15; 'De Officiis,' lib. I. 29; 'Enchiridion,' cap. xxx. 4.

‡ Chatham's Letters, XIX. p. 92.

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to the multitude, nor have they application to the multitude. They were designed for the guidance of a young English aristocrat. They have therefore to ordinary men, who regard them as addressed to the world in general, all the irritating effect of a continued strain of irony. Neither writer nor reader, or to speak more correctly, neither teacher nor pupil, understand one another. The teacher is assuming that the pupil is moving in a sphere in which fortune has not placed him, and the pupil insensibly takes the assumption for a satire on the sphere in which fortune has placed him. He is perpetually being admonished to become something which he can never be, and warned against becoming what in truth he cannot help being. In the amusements, in the serious occupations, in the aims for the guidance of which instruction is being given, his own appear to be superciliously ignored, or made to seem contemptible by contrast. Few men care to be reminded, honourable as such occupations may be, that they 'belong to the candle-snuffers and scene-shifters of the universal theatre.'

In the second place Chesterfield is, of all English writers, if we except perhaps Horace Walpole, the most essentially un-English. Nothing pleased him so much as a compliment paid to him when a very young man by a French gentleman at Paris: 'Monsieur, vous êtes tout comme nous,' and it was simple truth. In genius, in sympathy, in culture, he was far more French than English. In the French character and temper he saw the foundation of human perfection. 'I have often,' he writes, 'said and do think that a Frenchman, who, with a fund of virtue, learning, and good sense, has the manners and good breeding of his country, is the perfection of human nature.' His manners were French. He gave his house at Blackheath a French name. His favourite authors were French. He delighted to converse and write in French, and he both wrote and spoke it with the same purity and facility as English. On French canons his own critical canons were formed, on French models his taste. He thought the 'Henriade' a finer poem than the 'Iliad' and the 'Æneid.' He preferred Racine and Corneille to Shakspeare. It is always in accordance with characteristic French taste, and with reference to characteristic French models that his judgments are formed. Good sense combined with grace and lucidity of expression are, as he has insisted repeatedly, the first requisites of poets. The passion and intensity of Dante were unintelligible to him. He could not read him, he said. Milton he found tedious. The transcendentalism of Petrarch disgusted him, he is 'a sing-song love poet who deserved his *Laura* better

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than his *Lauro.*' He places Ariosto above Tasso, and Voltaire above both. He applies the same canons to conduct. No generous traits, no noble or elevated instincts, can compensate deficiency in grace and in a sense of the becoming. Thus he condemns Homer for making such a character as Achilles, whom he boldly denounces as a brute and a scoundrel, the hero of an Epic Poem. It is not surprising that his own countrymen should have found little favour in his eyes. And in truth he seldom speaks of them except in terms expressive of dislike and even abhorrence. Their uncouth vices, their equally uncouth virtues, their manners, their dress, their speech, form topics for endless ridicule. Throughout his letters he uses them as Horace tells us his father when educating him used his vicious neighbours, as examples of all that the decent should avoid. 'I am informed,' he writes to his son, 'that there are now many English at Turin, and I fear there are just so many dangers for you to encounter.' No expression in his letters is more frequent than 'would you wish to be,' or 'I would not have you be a John Trot,' and John Trot is with him little more than a synonym for an ordinary Englishman. If we remember rightly, the only countrymen of his whom he has heartily praised are the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Bolingbroke, both men whose manners had been formed in the school of Versailles. With the good sense, however, which always distinguished him, he recognized that if there are French virtues there are English too. Thus in one of his letters to Madame Monconseil he says in reference to his son, 'my idea is to unite in him what has never been found in one person before, I mean what is best in the two nations.' And in an admirable paper in 'Common Sense' (No. 93), he ridicules the indiscriminate aping of French manners. He anticipated Matthew Arnold in almost all those points in which Matthew Arnold's 'Anti-Anglicanism' made itself most aggressive. He defined, he analysed, he delineated, he held up the mirror to Philistinism; he showed its coarseness and ugliness, the vulgarity of its splendour, the meanness of its idols. Its vanity he insulted by proposing, as a pattern for its imitation, a people whose name was seldom mentioned without some epithet indicative of contempt. And the Philistines have had their revenge. The injustice of which he was undoubtedly guilty in not sufficiently recognizing their robust virtues, as well as their deficiencies, they have repaid by magnifying his foibles into vices and his vices into crimes.

But nothing has weighed so heavily against him as the charges to which we have already referred. And on one point we can offer no defence. The contempt with which he speaks of women,

women, and of the relation of women to life, has always appeared to us not merely the one great flaw in his writings, but indicative of the one unsound place in his judgment and temper. His misogyny goes far beyond that of Milton, it goes even beyond that of the Restoration Dramatists. The misogyny of Milton is that of a philosopher angry with Nature, and smarting from wounded pride. The misogyny of the Restoration Dramatists is that of mere libertines and wits. But the misogyny of Chesterfield resembles that of Iago or Frederic the Great. He appears to regard women as occupying a sort of intermediate place, isolated between rational humanity and the animals. They are neither bound by the laws which bind men, nor are such laws binding in relation to them. They have their own morality, that is to say no morality at all, and a similar immunity is presumed in all who have dealings with them. As they tell no truth, so they exact no truth. 'A man of sense therefore only trifles with them, plays with them, humours them, and flatters them, as he does with a spritely and forward child.' As they are incapable of sincerity and seriousness, sincerity and seriousness are utterly out of place in transactions with them. And yet, 'as they are necessary ingredients in all good company,' and as 'their suffrages go a great way in establishing a man's character in society,' it is necessary to please and court them. This is easily done by remembering that they have only two passions, love and vanity. As 'no flattery is either too high or low for them,' for 'they will greedily swallow the highest and gratefully accept of the lowest,' their capture involves little trouble and no art. But it is well to bear in mind that 'those who are either indisputably beautiful or indisputably ugly are best flattered upon the score of their understandings; but those who are in a state of mediocrity, upon their beauty, or at least their graces.' In flattering them, however, on the store of their understanding care must be taken 'not to drop one word about their experience, for experience implies age, and the suspicion of age, no woman, let her be ever so old, ever forgives.' Their chief use, apart from the pleasure of intriguing or philandering with them, lies in their being a means of culture. And for this reason. 'The attentions which they require, and which are always paid them by well-bred men, keep up politeness, and give a habit of good breeding; whereas men, when they live together, and without the lenitive of women in company, are apt to grow careless, negligent, and rough among one another.' For the rest they are naught. Their virtue is mere coquetry; their constancy and affections, fiction. And it was the same to the last. In a letter, for example, written not many years before his

his death, after making a remark so coarse and brutal as to be quite unquotable, he says, 'to take a wife merely as an agreeable and rational companion will commonly be found a great mistake. Shakspeare seems to be' (it would have been more correct to say Iago) 'of my opinion when he allows them only this department—

'"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."'

Much of this is of course to be attributed to the age in which he lived and to the society in which he moved, and is to be regarded as simple deduction from his own experience. We have only to turn to such records as the 'Suffolk Papers' and Lord Hervey's 'Memoirs,' to Walpole's Correspondence, to Hogarth's Cartoons, or to any of the Memoirs merely descriptive of the fashionable life in Paris between the Regency and the Revolution, to such books as the 'Memoirs of the Duke de Richelieu,' the 'Memoirs of Madame Du Hausset,' the Collections of Bachaumont, the novelettes of Crebillon the younger, or the correspondence of that lady who, in Villemain's phrase, blended 'la prostitution au Cardinal Dubois et l'amitié de Montesquieu,' and it becomes perfectly intelligible. There is every reason to believe that his own marriage was a very unhappy one, and in his wife, the illegitimate daughter of the coarse mistress of the coarsest of English kings, he certainly saw nothing calculated to give him a higher opinion of women, but much, on the other hand, to confirm him in his low one. But whatever may have been the reasons of Chesterfield's misogyny, it is undoubtedly a great blemish on his writings. It must not, however, mislead us. We are so much in the habit of reading other ages in the light of our own, and of assuming that what would apply to a man who acted and thought in a particular way among ourselves, would apply to a man who acted and thought in the same way a century ago, that we very often arrive at most erroneous conclusions. A man, who in our day spoke and wrote of women as Chesterfield has done, would justly be set down as a scoundrel and a fool. But Chesterfield, so far from being a fool, was in some respects one of the wisest men who have ever lived; and, so far from being a scoundrel, practised as well as preached a morality which every gentleman in the world would aspire to emulate. The truth is, as it is only just to him to say, that he was generalizing from his experience of women of fashion. In one of his papers in 'Common Sense' (No. 33) he has drawn a beautiful picture of what woman might be if she would only be true to nature.

There are certain writings in the literature of every country which

which may have a message for the world, and may have value universally, but which to the country of their production have a particular message and a peculiar value. They are generally the work of men out of touch and out of sympathy with their surroundings: separated by differences of character, temper, intellect from their fellows, viewing things with other eyes, having other thoughts, other feelings; aliens without being strangers. As ridicule is said to be the test of truth, so the judgments of these men are the tests of national life. They put to the proof its intellectual and moral currency. They call to account its creeds, its opinions, its sentiments, its manners, its fashions. For conventional touchstones and conventional standards they apply touchstones and standards of their own, derived, it may be, ideally from speculation, or derived, as is much more commonly the case, from those of other nations. They are not only the exorcists of the Idols of the Den which are as rife with communities as with individuals, but they are more. They are the upholders of the Ideal and of the Best. As the prophets of the first, the good they have done has been mingled with much mischief; in the inculcation of the second consists their greatest service. We mean of course by the best whatever has been carried by the human race to the highest conceivable point of perfection, and by one who inculcates the best, one who knows where to go to find it, how to understand and relish it, and how as a criterion to apply it. Such a man, for instance, would not go to Germany or Holland for his canons of the becoming in relation to manners, or for his canons of the beautiful in relation to Art, or of both in relation to the conduct of life. He would go to Ancient Greece and to Modern France. Now so solid and vigorous are our virtues as a nation, and so substantial and imposing are the results of them, that we are apt to ignore or perhaps not even to be conscious of the deficiencies compatible with them. But they exist for all that, and they are really serious; 'On the side of morality and feeling, coarseness; on the side of taste and beauty, vulgarity; on the side of mind and spirit, unintelligence'—such is Matthew Arnold's indictment. And modify it as we may, much must remain which cannot in justice be deducted. To say that we have no due regard for the becoming and the beautiful, and as a rule no very clear perception of either, that 'to sacrifice to the Graces' is to most of us little more than meaningless cant, that what may be called the minor morals have anything but definite significance, and that the practice of them, whenever they are practised, consists of a sort of haphazard application of principles derived casually from vague social traditions, is to say nothing

nothing more than every one will acknowledge. And yet to admit this is to admit the existence of grievous defects, both in our temper and character, as well as in our systems of education. To no other teachers then ought we to pay more respectful attention than to those who would have us understand how much mischief and loss result from these defects, who would keep the proper standards steadily before us, and who would insist on our trying ourselves by them. Two such teachers we have had. One has been described as 'a graceful poet whom no one took seriously'; the other 'as a complete master of the whole science of immorality.'

Chesterfield's Letters have a threefold interest. They may be regarded as St. Beuve has regarded them, as a repertory of observations on life and manners, as 'a rich book, not a page of which can be read without our having to remember some happy remark,' full of fine discrimination and delicate analytical power, not indeed equal to such finished studies as La Bruyère and La Rochefoucauld have left us, but holding a sort of middle place between the 'Memoirs of the Chevalier de Grammont' and 'Telemachus.' Or they may be regarded in relation merely to the immediate purpose for which they were designed, as a manual of practical advice, as a treatise on the art of living becomingly under conventional conditions. From which point of view they may be compared to such works as Castiglione's 'Courtier,' Guevara's 'Dial of Princes,' Peacham's 'Complete English Gentleman,' the Abbé de Bellegarde's 'L'Art de plaire dans la conversation,' to such works, in fine, as the literature of every civilized country in Europe abounds in. But it is not here that their true interest lies. It is in their philosophy of life, in their attempt to revive under modern conditions ancient ethical ideas. They not only bear a close resemblance to Cicero's 'De Officiis' in the circumstances under which they were written and in the tone and style of their composition, but their philosophy on its ethical side is in the main little more than a reproduction of the philosophy of Cicero's treatise. It is with constant reference to the first Book of the 'De Officiis,' and more particularly to the chapters dealing with the fourth division of the *honestum*, that these letters should be read. The correspondence, the identity indeed of much of Chesterfield's ethical teaching with that of Cicero,* will be at once apparent if we examine it for a moment in detail. The perfection of character consists in the maintenance of an exquisite and absolute equilibrium of all the

* It is scarcely necessary to say that Cicero was himself only popularising, with certain modifications of his own, the teachings of the Greek Schools and particularly of Panætius.

faculties

faculties and emotions of man, brought by culture to their utmost points of development and refinement in the case of the former, of refinement and temper in the case of the latter. It is not merely completed self-mastery, but the harmony of the ordered whole, and a whole in which each part has been perfected. This is not all. As man lives not for himself alone, but is a unit in society, the full and efficient discharge of his obligations to society, in the various relations in which he stands to it, is of equal importance. These, then, are the two great ends of education, the perfection of the individual character and the discipline of the individual with respect to social duties. And these are the ends at which Chesterfield aims. 'From the time that you have had life, it has been the principal object of mine to make you as perfect as the imperfections of human nature will allow.'

All the teaching proceeds on strictly systematic principles. It begins with laying the foundations of knowledge, with awakening interest in Ancient Mythology and Ancient and Modern History, suggesting at the same time such moral and religious instruction as would be intelligible to a child. Next comes the rudiments of rhetoric. The pupil is made to feel how and why beautiful composition and beautiful poetry are beautiful; he is initiated in the principles of good taste. Two exhortations are constantly repeated, the necessity of thoughtfulness and the necessity of attention. 'There is no surer sign in the world of a little weak mind than inattention. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and nothing can be done well without attention.' Step by step, with exquisite tact and skill and with unwearied patience, does the teacher proceed through these rudimentary stages, never above the capacity of his pupil, never losing sight of the final object. If we look closely, we shall see that the instruction which he will afterwards enforce with so much emphasis has been insinuated, that the very legends and fables narrated by him have had their object. The ground having been prepared, the foundations laid, the superstructure is commenced. And now Cicero is followed closely. What in the conception of both constitutes perfection of character we have seen, it is the *decorum* and the *honestum* qualities intellectually distinguishable, but essentially identical. And the *decorum* in its relation to the *honestum* in the abstract may be defined as 'whatever is consonant to that supremacy of man wherein his nature differs from other animals,' and in relation to the several divisions of the *honestum* as 'that quality which is so consonant to nature that it involves the manifestation of moderation and temperance with a certain air such

as

as becomes a gentleman.'* There is scarcely a letter of Chesterfield's which is not a commentary on some portion of this. It was his aim and criterion in the lesser as in the greater morals.

'The sure characteristic of a sound and strong mind is to find in everything those certain bounds, "quos ultra citrave nequit consistere rectum." These boundaries are marked out by a very fine line, which only good sense and attention can discover, it is much too fine for vulgar eyes. In manners this line is good breeding, beyond it is troublesome, short of it, is unbecoming negligence and inattention. In morals it divides ostentatious Puritanism from Criminal Relaxation. In Religion, Superstition from Impiety, and in short every virtue from its kindred vice or weakness.'

In Letter CX. he goes so far as to say 'that there is more judgment required for the proper conduct of our virtues than for avoiding their opposite vices.' Hence his constant warnings against excesses of all kinds: of sensual excesses, gluttony, drunkenness, and profligacy; of intellectual excesses, too great addiction to study and books; of any violent passions such as anger, or joy and grief in excess, or excess in admiration. 'I would teach him early the *nil admirari*,' he says with reference to his godson, as he had before said to his son. 'I think it a very necessary lesson.' And hence on the other hand his warnings—and in this, as he has said more than once, he was no Stoic—that the natural instincts and passions should not be suppressed, that pleasures should be freely indulged in provided they be within measure, and without grossness.† 'Vive la joy,' he writes to his grandson, 'mais que ce soit la joye d'un homme d'esprit et pas d'un sot.' And so of anger, it is not to be checked so entirely as to render a man liable to the charge of pusillanimous patience under insult, or grief to the point of improper insensibility. To the minutest details of life is the same principle extended, for in the phrase of his master, 'quidquam est decorum nihil est profecto magis quam æquabilitas universæ vitæ, tum singularum actionum,‡—all are notes in the harmony, which is character. 'I think,' he says (Letter CXXXII.), 'nothing

* 'Est ejus descriptio duplex. Nam et generale quoddam decorum intelligimus, quod in omni honestate versatur: et aliud huic subjectum quod pertinet ad singulas partes honestatis. Atque illud superius sic fere definiri solet: Decorum id esse quod consentaneum sit hominis excellentiæ in eo, in quo natura ejus a reliquis animantibus differat. Quæ autem pars subjecta generi est, eam sic definiunt, ut id decorum velint esse quod ita naturæ consentaneum sit ut in eo moderatio et temperantia appareat cum specie quâdam liberali.' ('De Officiis,' lib. i. c. 27.)

† See Letters *passim*, but particularly Letters CLXXXVII. and CLVIII., vol. i., and IV., XXVIII., vol. ii. In this point Cicero is opposed to Chesterfield, but see 'De Officiis,' lib. i. c. 30, 'Sin sit quispiam qui aliquid tribuat voluptati, diligenter ei tenendum esse ejus fruendæ modum.'

‡ 'De Officiis,' lib. i. c. 31.

above or below my pointing out to you or your excelling in.' The most interesting part of his teaching is where he dwells on the Becoming in relation to what may be called its minor manifestations, in its relation to manners and externals. Here, too, Cicero is his guide,* but he goes much more into details than his master does. Indeed, he attaches so much importance to this subject, and has allowed it to fill a space so strangely disproportionate to the space filled by instruction on the higher morals, that with most people his name has come to be associated with this portion of his teaching alone. The reason is given in the letters themselves. He found his pupil docile and plastic in all respects but one. He had no difficulty in making him a scholar, or in imprinting on him all that constitutes the 'respectable'; but in what constitutes the 'amiable' he was not only instinctively deficient, but to all appearance obstinately impervious to impression. As the letters proceed, the anxiety of the teacher on this point increases, till at last 'the graces,' their nature, their importance, and how they are to be acquired, come to predominate over all other subjects. We have reason to be thankful for the accident. It has enriched us where we were poor; it has instructed us in matters in which of all nations in the world we most need instruction. To say that the central idea of Chesterfield's teaching is the essential connexion of the good with the beautiful, would be to credit him with a far loftier philosophy than he had any conception of; but to say that, in discerning and in insisting on the alliance between the virtues and the graces, he inculcated a kindred truth, or to speak more correctly, a phrase of the same great truth, is no more than the fact. It is in his inculcation of this, in his never losing sight of it as a principle, and in his fine and subtle perception of what constitutes 'the graces,' that he fills a place such as no other teacher in our literature holds. We must go to Ancient Greece, we must go to Modern France, for writers occupying an analogous position.

His definition of the graces proceeds on the same principle as his definition of morals. They are the result of the application of the same rules, the products of the same culture, the fruits of the same soil. Judging as the world judges, a man may be perfect in the graces while altogether deficient in morals. Judging as Chesterfield judges, a man may indeed be deficient in the graces who is sound in morals; but no man can be perfect in the graces who is deficient in morals. So closely, however, in his conceptions are manners linked with

* 'De Officiis,' lib. i. cc. 35-38.

morals,

morals, the graces with the virtues, that he often regards them in the light of causes and effects, and even represents them as reciprocally productive. 'They are not,' he says, 'the showish trifles only which some people call or think them: they are a solid good; they prevent a great deal of real mischief: they create, adorn, and strengthen friendships: they keep hatred within bounds: they promote good-humour and good-will in families where the want of them is commonly the original cause of discord.' (Letter XXXVII., vol. ii.) 'Good manners are to particular societies what good morals are to society in general, their cement and their security'; 'and,' he goes on to say, 'I really think that next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing, and the epithet which I should covet most next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred.' (CLXVIII. vol. i.) They are as necessary, he says in another place, to adorn and introduce intrinsic merit and knowledge as the polish is to the diamond, for without that polish it would never be worn, whatever it might weigh; and weight without lustre is dead. But the graces will not come at the simple call: they must be wooed to be won. Good breeding is the result of great experience, much observation and great diligence in a man of sound character. 'It is a combination of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.' It is the perception of the fine line which separates dignity from ceremoniousness, gentility from affectation, refinement from effeminacy. It is the art of being familiar without being vulgar, of being frank without being indiscreet, of being reserved without being mysterious. It is the tact which knows the proper time and the proper place for all that is to be done, and all that is to be said, and the faculty of doing both with an air of distinction. A compound of all the agreeable qualities of body and mind, it is a compound in which none of them predominates to the exclusion of the rest. Thus far it is susceptible of analysis; but no analysis can resolve the secret of its charm. For it is the quintessence of the graces, and 'would you ask me to define the graces, I can only do so by the "Je ne scay quoy;" would you ask me to define the "Je ne scay quoy," I can only do so by the graces.'* Essentially connected with the higher morals, it includes truth, justice, humanity. As we have already seen,

* The *loci classici* in Chesterfield on the definition of good breeding are: 'Letters to Son,' vol. i. CXII. CLXVIII. CLXIX.; vol. ii. XXXVII. XXXIX.; 'To Godson,' CXVI. CXCIX; and the excellent paper on 'Civility and Good Breeding,' contributed to the 'World'; 'Miscellaneous Works' (Stanhope), vol. v. p. 346.

nothing is insisted on more emphatically in Chesterfield's teaching than strict veracity, and not less emphatically is the practice of justice inculcated. Thus in commenting on a remark which his son had made in a Latin exercise, he writes:

'Let no quibbles of lawyers, no refinements of casuists break into the plain notions of right and wrong. To do as you would be done by is the plain, sure, and undisputed rule of morality and justice.'—Letter CXXXII.

But if in his conception of the ideal character any virtue may be said to predominate, it is humanity. To remember that the distinctions made between man and man, except the distinctions made by virtue and culture, are artificial, and to deal with them therefore as with natural equals is a precept formally expressed indeed only in the later letters, but it is practically included in the teaching of the former. Few writers are, it is true, more essentially aristocratic, but he was aristocratic in the Miltonic rather than in the Byronian sense of the term. 'I used to think myself,' he says, 'in company as much above me when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes of Europe.' On his son and on his godson alike he is continually insisting on the duties of philanthropy:—

'Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duty obliges us to relieve, as far as we are able, the distresses and miseries of our fellow-creatures; but this is not all, for a true heartfelt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as we innocently may. Let us then not only scatter benefits but even strew flowers for our fellow-travellers in the rugged ways of this wretched world.'—'Letters to Godson,' CXXX.

Such is the ideal at which, in Chesterfield's conception, education should aim. It is the attainment and maintenance of perfect harmony among all the elements which make complete man; it is the adjustment of the whole nature in all its parts, in perfect symmetry, an endeavour to prevent, what Plato would prevent, a life moving without grace or rhythm.* It is curious to notice how near this rhythmic notion of culture and character sometimes brings him to the Republic. He does not indeed attach the same importance or see so clearly the same significance in gymnastics, dancing, and music, as Plato; and yet, when giving his godson a receipt for checking excessive emotion, he says, 'do everything in minuet time; speak, think, and move always in that measure, equally free from the dulness of slow,

* μετὰ ἀῤῥυθμίας τε καὶ ἀχαριστίας. (Rep. iii. 411.)

or

or the hurry and huddle of quick time:'* we see how much in this point, at least, his ideas were those of the Greeks.†

On an impartial review, then, of Chesterfield's theory of education, how little fault is to be found with it! Indeed it would be difficult to see in what respect a character formed on such an ideal could be regarded as deficient. In what virtue, in what accomplishment, would he be lacking, either in his relation to public or in his relation to private life? Where would he be weak, in what point unsound? And yet we cannot lay down these letters without a sense of their utter unsatisfactoriness as teachings. The impression they leave on us is very like that left on us by Seneca's 'Letters to Lucilius,' the impression of unreality; though for a very different reason. The impression of unreality in the case of Seneca is caused, not so much by what he preaches, as from the unconscious reflection in what he preaches of the insincerity of the preacher. We feel that his precepts and lectures are no more in keeping with the truth of his own life than his eulogy on Poverty was in keeping with the priceless table on which it was written. But the impress of sincerity is on every page of Chesterfield. The ideal he drew he had in himself realized. The unreality and unsatisfactoriness of his system lay in its attempt to revive an ideal, which it is now impossible to revive, at all events popularly. It lay, to employ a word which has little to recommend it, but for which our language has no equivalent, in its pure paganism. His whole philosophy is of the world, worldly. Of the spiritual or of the transcendental, nay, of the enthusiastic, it has nothing. He attaches, it is true, the very greatest importance to conventional religion, but he does so, it is evident, for the same reasons that the ancient legislators and moralists did so. The deference which he pays to Christianity is, we feel, no more than the deference which would have been paid to it by any wise and well-natured man of the old world, who knew the needs it was meeting and was aware of its virtues. Of its essence there is as little or as much as there is in the Ethics or in the Enchiridion. In one important point indeed, its teachings are set aside altogether, and that point a point on which the ancient standard of morals cannot be substituted for the standards now immutably fixed by Christian ethics. Again, no considerations either of a future state or of a divine guidance affect in any way what is prescribed or suggested. On the contrary, the sentiment of Juvenal, 'nullum numen abest si sit prudentia,' we have every

* Letter cxxxv.

† See, too, the remarkable chapters on this subject in Elyot's 'Governour,' Book I. cap. xxii. *seqq.*

deity

deity we need if we have prudence, is constantly quoted with the strongest expressions of approval. The end and aim of his teaching throughout is success in life, not as the vulgar estimate it, nor as transcendentalists like Plato would estimate it, but as Aristippus and Horace would estimate it.

A philosophy of this kind is now an anachronism. The Religion, which has revolutionized the world, has made havoc of such ideals. It has turned much which once passed for wisdom into foolishness. Much that in ancient days constituted the moral sublime is now impiety, and the sentiments in which it found expression, profanity. What in the eyes of Pericles and Cato were venial follies, have become deadly sins. Success in life, as success in life is defined even in the scriptures of the Lyceum and the Porch, is such as would ill satisfy the modern conscience. The very name of the quality on which ancient sages most prided themselves has been transformed into a term of opprobrium. The world cannot go back. And the fate of Chesterfield's teachings is indeed typical of what is likely to be the fate, and particularly in England, of all such teachings when they aspire to provide a complete rule of life. But no possible good can be done by misrepresentation and falsehood, and much as wise men must respect the prejudice which exists against these writings, the form, in which that prejudice has found expression, cannot be too strongly condemned. It is not to be condemned only, it is to be deplored. It is in the judgments of men like Chesterfield that conventional religious truths find their strongest collateral security. Absolutely unprejudiced, and absolutely independent, he brings to bear on the facts of life, of which he had had a much wider and more varied experience than falls to the lot of many men, an intellect of extraordinary acuteness and sagacity, a judgment eminently discriminating and sober, and a temper strictly under the dominion of reason. He had studied, with minute and patient attention, the questions which are of the most vital interest to man and society, and the conclusions at which he arrived he has, regardless of anything but what he believed to be the truth, and with no object but the purest and most unselfish of all objects, both set forth and explained. That these conclusions should in so many important respects be identical with those of Christian moralists, that they should have convinced him of the wisdom of the strongest conservatism in what pertains to our religious system, and of the folly and wickedness of attempting to undermine it, is surely testimony not interesting merely, but of much value. Truth has many sides, and has need of many supports. What Locke observed of Revelation, that it was a

republication

republication of Natural Religion, is in a measure, if we may say so without irreverence, applicable to such works as these; they are a republication, fragmentary indeed, and not without alloy, but in an independent form, of conventional truths.

Matthew Arnold has said of Butler's 'Analogy,' that, whatever may be thought of its philosophy, its perusal is a valuable exercise for the mind. We are tempted to make a similar remark about Chesterfield's writings. They are not, indeed, likely to be of benefit in the sense intended by Matthew Arnold. They will not, that is to say, discipline our reasoning faculties, or tend to form habits of close concentration; but they will be of benefit to us as communion with men of superior intellect and temper is of benefit. The charm of Chesterfield lies in his sincerity and truthfulness, in his refined good sense, in his exquisite perception of the becoming, finding expression in seriousness most happily tempered by gaiety. Of no man could it be more truly said that he had cleared his mind of cant. A writer more absolutely devoid of pretentiousness or affectation cannot be found. Of moral and intellectual frippery he has nothing. Sophistry and paradox are his abhorrence. All he has written bears, indeed, the reflection of a character which is of all characters perhaps the rarest—'the character of one'—it was what Voltaire said of him—'who had never been in any way either a charlatan or a dupe of charlatans.' He is one of the very few writers who never wears a mask, and in whose accent no falsetto note can ever be detected. In his fearless intellectual honesty he reminds us of Swift, in his pellucid moral candour he reminds us of Montaigne. To contemplate life, not as it presents itself under the glamour or the gloom of illusion and prejudice, as it presents itself to the enthusiast or the cynic, but as it really is; to regard ignorance as misfortune and vice as evil, but the false assumption of wisdom and virtue as something far worse; to be or to strive to be what pride would have us seem, and to live worthily within the limits severally prescribed by nature and fortune—all this will the study of Chesterfield's philosophy tend to impress on us. Nor is it in his judgments only on life and on life's important concerns that this sincerity, this pure sincerity, is conspicuous. It is equally apparent in all that concerns himself, in his frank admissions, in his letters to his son, of his own follies and short-comings, in the unaffected modesty with which he has spoken of his own writings, and in the remarkable illustration afforded by those writings themselves of the conscientiousness with which he carried out his own precept, that 'whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.' It is difficult

difficult to believe that these compositions, finished as they almost all of them are to the finger-nail, were intended for no eyes but those of his son and his son's tutor. And yet such, as we learn from the letters themselves, was the case.

In Chesterfield is united as in no other English writer is united, in equal measure, at least, so much of what is best in the intellectual temper of the French and in the intellectual temper of the English. He has much of the sterling good-sense of Johnson, and if we penetrate below the surface, much also of Johnson's seriousness and solidity. He resembles Swift, not merely in his intolerance of sophistry and dishonesty in all that pertains to sentiment and principle, but in his shrewd and homely mother-wit, and in his keen clear insight into positive as distinguished from transcendental truth. Franklin himself is not more purely practical, or Paley more purely utilitarian. But it was not these qualities which led St. Beuve to speak of him as the Rochefoucauld of England, nor is it these qualities which give him his peculiar place among English authors. It still remains, that in spite of so much which is characteristic of the English genius and the English temper, the impression he makes on us is that he is one of the most un-English of English authors. Nor is this strange. What strikes us in a building is not the foundation but the superstructure. In Chesterfield it is the foundation, and the foundation only, which is English, but the superstructure is French. Or, to employ his own happy illustration, what is English in him stands in the same relation to what is French, as the Tuscan order in Architecture stands to the Doric, Ionian, and Corinthian orders; as unadorned solidity stands to the charm in contrast of attractive ornament. We admire in him what we admire in La Bruyère and La Rochefoucauld, what we admire in Voltaire, what we admire, in fine, in the literature most characteristic of the Grand Siècle. But, if we look a little more closely, we cannot fail to be struck with the manner in which English characteristics in Chesterfield tempered the French. His solid good-sense never deserts him: he is at bottom serious, at bottom earnest. Thus, nice and delicate as his faculty of discrimination is, it never, as is so often the case with La Bruyère, refines itself into over-niceness and over-subtilty, and never, as is habitually the case with La Rochefoucauld, fritters itself away in brilliant falsehoods or brilliant half-truths. If he has much in common with Voltaire, he has nothing of Voltaire's recklessness, nothing of his shallow drollery, nothing of his mere frivolity.

The style of Chesterfield is the exact reflection of himself. It is the finished expression not of rhetorical culture, but of the culture

culture by which all that constitutes character is moulded. It is the unlaboured result of labour; the spontaneous product of a peculiar soil which had been assiduously cultivated during half a lifetime. Absolutely unaffected, simply original and without mannerisms of any kind, it is a style which no mechanical skill could have attained and which no mechanical skill can copy. It is not merely that it is distinguished by 'those careless inimitable graces,' which Gibbon in describing Hume's style speaks of himself as 'contemplating with admiring despair,' but that it has the indefinable charm, the incommunicable *timbre* of the perfect, of the essential aristocratic, of the aristocrat, it must now be added, of the old school. Its secret was no doubt partly learned in the salons of the Faubourg St. Germains and from intimate sympathetic communion with men and writers who, whether living or dead, whether in ancient Italy or modern England and France, belonged like himself either by birth or association to the Optimates. We know no writings from the pen of mere men of letters in which the note of Chesterfield is for a moment discernible. But as soon as we turn to the Epistles of Cicero and the Younger Pliny, to the letters and essays of Temple and Bolingbroke, to the writings of La Bruyère and La Rochefoucauld, we recognize at once the same tone and accent. We appear indeed to discern his models, but the resemblance, as we soon perceive, is not the resemblance of imitation, it is the resemblance of kinship. In two respects the diction of Chesterfield is especially noticeable. We refer to its exquisite finish, and to its scrupulous purity. It is the perfection of the epistolary style, flexibly adapting itself with the utmost ease and propriety, to what in varying tones is expressed or suggested, — now neat, pointed, epigrammatic, now gracefully diffuse, now rising to dignity, but always natural and always easy. Though he abhorred pedantry, Cicero and Pollio themselves were not more scrupulous purists in Latinity than Chesterfield in the use of English. He had all that punctilious regard for the nicest accuracy of expression, which made Cicero at the most critical moment of his life almost as anxious about the correct employment of a preposition and a verb, as about the movements of Pompey. An ungrammatical sentence, a loose or ambiguous expression, a word unauthorized by polite usage, or if coined, coined improperly, a vulgarism or solecism indeed in any form, he regarded as little less than a crime in a writer. If it should be proposed to select the two authors, who in point of mere purity of diction stand out most conspicuous in our prose literature, it would, we think, be pretty safe to name Macaulay for the one, and Chesterfield

field for the other. We do not say that he is entirely free from blemishes,

'quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura,'

but we do say that he has fewer of them, with the exception of Macaulay, than any other English classic.

That of a man so truly remarkable—for if as a statesman Chesterfield played a subordinate he played a singularly interesting part—there should be no standard biography, that of writings which have so just a claim to be considered classical there should be no standard edition accessible, is not creditable to his countrymen. It is surely high time for both these defects to be supplied. The dull compilation of Maty, which is the only biography worth mentioning in existence, ought long ago to have been superseded. Lord Stanhope's edition of the works is now so costly, that it is not merely beyond the reach of most private individuals, but of most public libraries. We are glad to see an announcement that the Clarendon Press is about to issue a volume of 'Selections from Chesterfield,' and we are still more pleased to notice that the editor of the volume is the learned editor of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.' For we accept the omen. No living scholar could be more competent to supply the desideratum to which we have referred, and we trust that Dr. Birkbeck Hill will see his way to laying the readers of Chesterfield under as great an obligation as he has laid the readers of Boswell.

Johnson has said that all writers, who wish to acquire the art of being familiar without being coarse, and elegant without being ostentatious in style, should give their days and nights to the volumes of Addison. We are none of us likely to give our days and nights either to the volumes of Addison or to the volumes of Chesterfield. And yet in times like the present we shall do well to turn occasionally to the writings of Chesterfield, and for other purposes than the acquisition of style. In an age distinguished beyond all precedent by recklessness, charlatanry, and vulgarity, nothing can be more salutary than communion with a mind and genius of the temper of his. We need the corrective—the educational corrective of his refined good-sense, his measure, his sobriety, his sincerity, his truthfulness, his instinctive application of aristocratic standards in attainment, of aristocratic touchstones in criticism. We need more, and he has more to teach us. We need reminding that life is success or failure, not in proportion to the extent of what it achieves in part, and in accidents, but in proportion to what it becomes in essence, and in proportion to its symmetry.

ART.

ART. II.—*Die Begründung des Deutschen Reiches durch Wilhelm I.* Von Heinrich von Sybel. Vols. 1–5. Munich and Leipzig, 1889–90.

IT would be difficult to overrate the importance of the work which lies before us. The creation of a united Germany and of a united Italy are the two most striking political phenomena of our age. The history of the second of these two events, so rich in picturesque detail, in heroic self-sacrifice, in consummate statesmanship, still remains to be written. Germany has found a worthy narrator of her struggles. The first historian of his country, and perhaps since the death of Ranke the first in Europe, has given us within twenty years of its completion a history of the events which placed Prussia instead of Austria at the head of Germany, transferred the leadership of the Confederation from a Catholic and Conservative to a Protestant and Progressive Power, and set the crown of Charlemagne on the brows of a successor of Frederick the Great. The Prussian Government, with a wisdom and generosity which might well be imitated in our own country, has done everything in its power to further the task of the historian. The archives of the State and the correspondence of the Foreign Office have been opened to him without reserve. The minutes of ministers, the reports of ambassadors, the records of Conferences, telegrams and communications of all kinds, the notes and despatches of the representatives of foreign Powers, Parliamentary discussions, cuttings from newspapers, have been laid before him, arranged in a well-ordered series of several hundred volumes. Further information has been supplied by the acts of the ministry of State and of the military staff, as well as by oral communications with the actors in the events themselves. The archives of Hanover, Hesse, and Nassau, powers which were generally opposed to Prussian policy, have supplied useful corrections. The writer has been able to follow the history of these momentous years from day to day and from hour to hour in sources whose fidelity cannot be disputed. The result is, that many most important matters are now described for the first time, or are placed in a new light. This very fulness of information places the critic at a disadvantage; he cannot claim access to the same wealth of material. It may be supposed that Sybel would not have been allowed these exceptional privileges, unless it had been known that his verdict was likely to prove favourable to the Emperor and his minister. The volumes are penetrated throughout by a Prussian spirit. Bismarck makes no mistakes, and his opponents are seldom, if ever,

ever, in the right. Several generations may have to pass before we shall hear all sides of the question, and be in a position to form an impartial judgment. In the meantime let us be thankful for what we have. Sybel's reputation stands so high, and his history of the French Revolution is so free from party bias, that we have every reason to trust his honesty and sincerity. His thrilling narrative will never be superseded, and, whatever may be the fate of the Empire whose foundation it narrates, will remain as the classical account of the genius and patriotism of the great Chancellor.

Before we proceed to deal with the facts themselves we must award a due meed of praise to the manner in which they have been presented to us. The work traverses a wide range of subjects, constitutional struggles, international negociations, military campaigns, and parliamentary debates. The constitutional history of England is difficult for a foreigner to understand, and German constitutional history stands in the same relation to that of England, as the German language does to the English language. Yet whatever be the subject with which he has to deal, Sybel is always clear, impressive, and dignified. He shows that contemporary history may be as fitly the material for serious literary treatment as the events of a bygone age. He seems to have taken Clarendon for his model. His sketches of characters and personalities still with us, or recently passed away, are among the best parts of his book, and challenge comparison with that master of portraiture. The volumes before us close with the formation of the North German League in 1866; we may assume that the history of the four momentous years which followed will be given to the world with no unnecessary delay.

The Introduction presents us with a striking portrait of King Frederick William IV., who came to the throne on June 7, 1840. As a boy he exhibited a strong individuality and a firm will. He was gifted with capacities and interests of every kind. His education developed the religious, the æsthetic, and the intellectual, sides of his nature; so that when he grew up he was full of taste and knowledge, with a sparkling wit and diversified talent, pure in morals, but sentimental and emotional, enthusiastic for every high and noble purpose, and filled with warm reliance on God and mankind. Once convinced of a desirability of a course of action, nothing could shake him. If he was unable to carry it out in practice, he seemed to yield for the moment, but always recurred to his resolution on the first opportunity. 'His strength of will was rather passive than active, rather stubborn than energetic; his actions were determined

mined not so much by practical understanding as by warmth of heart and general principles.' Unlike most of his race, he had little taste for military affairs. He was stout, beardless, clumsy, and short-sighted; was too quick and superficial at reviews and parades for the taste of his generals; he had 'too many nerves and too little muscle.' His real passion showed itself in drawing ideal landscapes, in constructing romantic buildings, or in contemplating the contrapuntal mysteries of old Church music. Cornelius the painter praised him with tears in his eyes; Rauch the sculptor said that he had never seen greater delicacy and accuracy in the criticism of statuary. Ranke the historian said to King Max of Bavaria, in the presence of a learned throng, 'He is my master, he is your master, he is the master of all of us.' Alexander von Humboldt found every day wasted in which he did not spend some time in the King's society. His intimate friends, Gerlach, Bunsen, and Radowitz, were dominated by his personality. 'In this circle the wealth of his fancy and the stream of his ideas appeared inexhaustible; he was a master of eloquence in jest and earnest, in humour and pathos, and always had at his command an appropriate, or even a brilliant expression for any idea which occurred to him, whether political, æsthetic, or religious.' Nothing was more remarkable than the versatility with which he passed from the gravest subject to the most trivial.

Under this varied and original nature lay a solid kernel of the impressions which he had formed from the events of his early manhood. Banished into the furthest corner of his dominions by the Napoleonic war, he had conceived a life-long horror of the Revolution, and a deep antipathy to France. He acquired a corresponding enthusiasm for the Emperors, the prelates, and the Knights of the German Empire of the Middle Ages. The alliance of 1813 between Austria and Prussia for the liberation of Germany had made him resolved never to relax the tie which united them, but to strive under any circumstances with fidelity and unselfishness for the splendour and supremacy of the Holy Roman Empire. His ideal of a united Germany was that of Stein and Hardenberg: Austria in the seat of honour; Prussia the second in power; a hierarchy of princes and rulers, each in his own order, constituting an Imperial Diet, and deriving their authority from a divine consecration. This belief in a supernatural consecration was the centre of all his moral and political opinions. Following De Maistre, he believed that God was the foundation of all states and constitutions. For him the kingly crown was surrounded by a mystical splendour, and he who wore it possessed a fountain of

of inspiration which was not accorded to other mortals. He said to Bunsen in 1844, 'All of you mean well to me, and are good for carrying out my projects; but there are some things which no man knows unless he is a King, which I myself did not know as Crown Prince, and which I have only understood as sovereign.' It is easy to see how antagonistic these ideas were to the spirit of the age in which he lived, which demanded equality of political rights, criticized with sceptical distrust the claims of authority in Church and State, and sought for universal liberty in the diminished privilege of priests and nobles. The King appeared as the child of a past time, the citizen of another world, the speaker of a foreign language. It was not by a temper of this nature that German unity could be secured, or the long-standing strife between Prussia and Austria be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The natural result of the first decade of his reign was the humiliating treaty of Olmütz, when Prussia was forced at the bidding of Austria to retire from the position which she had taken up in Hesse and Schleswig-Holstein, to dissolve the Union which was a forerunner of the North German League, and to recognize the Imperial Diet which was under the influence of her rival.

It would be tedious to relate the various phases of the struggle, the successive plans for settlement, which were marked at one time by the hesitation of the King, at another by the jealousy of the minor states, or again by the superior statesmanship of Schwarzenberg. The advance of Prussia does not become interesting or even intelligible to the general reader until it falls under the direction of Bismarck, the one statesman of the time who knew his own mind and had the firmness to carry it out. The 'punctation of Olmütz,' as it was called, was signed on November 29, 1850; on August 29, 1851, Otto von Bismarck-Schönhausen delivered his credentials as representative of Prussia to the President of the Imperial Diet, then sitting at Frankfort, and began a political career which has profoundly affected the history of Europe. He was at that time thirty-six years old, in the full possession of the strength of manhood. He was taller by a head than the ordinary sons of men. 'His complexion radiated with health, his eyes shone with intelligence, his mouth and chin gave the impression of an iron will.' His conversation abounded in original thoughts, picturesque images, striking terms of expression; he was as fascinating and amiable in society, as he was direct and dominant in the conduct of affairs. He owed but little to education. At the University he prefered the duels and the drinking bouts of a *corps-student* to the tedious lectures of professors. Yet from his earliest years he

he was devoted to serious reading and congenial thought. At the University of Göttingen he was an intimate associate of the historian Motley, and their common studies and pursuits laid the foundation of a life-long friendship. As a boy he had been an ardent student of geography, and he often used to relate how the map of Germany, with its thirty-nine different frontiers each painted in its own colour, inspired him with the conviction that such an arrangement was contrary to nature. History, however, was his favourite pursuit. In the full maturity of his experience he delivered himself of the opinion, that a properly conducted study of history must be the necessary foundation of knowledge for every statesman; that by this means he can alone learn what is possible to attain in the various transactions with different states; and that the highest exercise of the diplomatic art lies in the capacity for recognizing the limits of the attainable. The whole of his later life is a practical commentary on this principle.

After leaving the University, Bismarck entered the Prussian Civil Service for a short period; but he found the air of a public office too oppressive, and retired to his own family seat, where he distinguished himself on the one hand as an indefatigable sportsman, a bold rider, and an invincible toper; on the other as a careful administrator, and excellent manager of his estate. He appeared in the Parliament of 1847 as a supporter of the King, and distinguished himself by mastery of language, purity of style, and power of repartee, as well by broad and statesmanlike views on purely Prussian questions. The revolution which overspread Germany in the two following years aroused the Conservative elements of his nature. He became a close personal friend of the King, who was attracted by his avowed belief in the divine right of Kings. It is strange that two such different natures should ever have come together. No one was more surprised at the choice than Bismarck himself. 'The King regarded me,' he used to say, 'as an egg from which he might hatch a minister.' He entered into a strange world, but he soon found himself at home. He was born a statesman. Nature had endowed him with all the capacities of a ruler, the power of seizing circumstances thoroughly and at once, the acute recognition of the strength and weakness of each position, and, above all, the sure insight into the manner in which the most different natures might be utilized for the furtherance of his purpose. He combined an immovable strength of will in the pursuit of ends, with an abiding elasticity of spirit in the means by which they could be attained. His correspondence at Frankfort, which has been published by the Prussian Government,

ment, exhibits these qualities in the clearest light. Manteuffel, his chief, was jealous of his assumption of infallibility, but could not avoid agreeing with his conclusions.

According to Sybel, the sole object of Bismarck's policy was the aggrandisement of Prussia: all other considerations were made subordinate to this. Questions of the highest importance —of Free-trade or Protection, of feudality or democracy, of religious freedom or the supremacy of the Church—were in his view nothing but means of securing the increased prominence of his own country. 'In the eyes of his opponents he was the most unprincipled of opportunists. He valued art and science only in proportion as each form of them was likely to contribute to his political ends.' Many stories, some serious and some humorous, are told of his struggles with Austria in these early days. His task, however, in the higher politics was perhaps rendered easier by the death on April 5, 1852, of Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, whose boldness and energy had led Austria from one success to another. His health had long been broken by excesses of all kinds, as well as by political labours. On the morning of the last day of his life he received an invitation to a ball, and said that he would certainly go to it unless he were dead. During the day he held several meetings and conferences, sent a bouquet to the lady whom he expected to meet at the ball, and was dressing for dinner, when he was suddenly seized by a fit of apoplexy and never recovered consciousness. Count Buol, his successor, could imitate his ideas, but had not the capacity to carry them out. The first effect of this change of Ministry was to form a closer tie between Austria and Prussia. A customs union as well as a commercial treaty was concluded for twelve years between the two States.

Bismarck made the influence of his personality felt in the attitude of Prussia during the Crimean war. The well-known conversation between the Emperor Nicholas and Sir Hamilton Seymour, British Ambassador in St. Petersburg, took place in February 1853. The Czar claimed for himself a protectorate over Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, and declared his readiness to leave Candia and Egypt to England. The interests of Austria, he said, were identical with those of Russia. Prussia he did not mention. He felt so sure of English co-operation that he prepared for immediate war. But the massacre of Sinope turned the sympathies of the Western Powers against Russia; the Russian Ambassadors were recalled from London and Paris, while the Conference at Vienna resulted in an identical note in a sense hostile to the Czar. Russia found herself alone

alone in Europe. Thus far the Four Powers were agreed. But in February 1854 it was a pressing question how far Austria and Prussia would give effect to these declarations. Austria was prepared to move, in the hope of obtaining at least a protectorate of the Danubian Principalities. In Prussia opinion was more divided. The Liberals looked with enthusiasm at an opportunity of humbling the great despot of the North, and repairing the humiliation of Olmütz by a chivalrous vindication of freedom. Bunsen, Bonin, the Minister of War, and the Prince of Prussia, supported these views. Even Manteuffel, the Prime Minister, inclined to the same opinion. The King, on the other hand, was inspired by an enthusiastic veneration for the sovereign who had protected Austria in 1849 and Prussia in 1850 from the demon of the Revolution, and who was now leading a crusade for the supremacy of the Cross above the Crescent. Bismarck saw nothing but disadvantage to Prussia in a war against Russia. The other Powers would risk little by it, and might gain a great deal. But with Prussia the case was different. The chief burden of the struggle would fall upon her, and even the most brilliant victory would bring her but little advantage. On the other hand, friendship with Russia might at some time or other be invaluable. What had Prussia to gain in the East? Her one serious antagonist was Austria, the only Power whose humiliation could be of any advantage to her. If Prussia must fight she had better take the side against Austria—a line of action which might obtain for her some considerable concessions in German questions. In the meantime a strict neutrality was the best course.

The King balanced these conflicting opinions with great care, and eventually decided for neutrality. The English Ministry were surprised to hear that Prussia offered her neutrality as a greater service than an army of 300,000 men, and demanded as the price of it not only a guarantee for the integrity of Prussian and German territory, but full scope in the reorganization of the German Confederation, and above all the restoration of the principality of Neufchatel in a general peace. Frederick William, however, could not dispel his apprehension of the 'Tiger-spring' of the Emperor Napoleon which might be preparing from the West. He concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with Austria for the mutual protection of their dominions. This alliance was rather a measure of present expediency than an act of disinterested friendship. By it Austria was secured from danger in any attack which she might make on Russia, and Prussia was pro-

tected against the cupidity of France. At the same time the neutrality of Prussia was emphasized by the recal of Bunsen from England, the dismissal of Bonin, and the degradation of the Prince of Prussia, who was even threatened with arrest. The alliance between Prussia and Austria rested on a very insecure foundation. The views of the two Cabinets became more and more divergent. On July 24, 1854, Austria joined the Western Alliance, and a short time afterwards presented the 'four points' as an ultimatum to Russia. Prussia was astounded to hear that her ally had thus independently taken a new step against Russia which might lead to war. The four points were rejected, and Prussia, by the advice of Bismarck, again asserted her neutrality. Austria was disinclined to act without her ally, to the great disappointment of the Western Powers. 'She rattled her sabre in its sheath, but would not draw it.' The end of the year saw a still closer alliance between Austria and the belligerent Powers. The prediction of Prince Schwarzenberg was justified, that Austria would one day astonish the world by her ingratitude. Gortschakoff was thunderstruck at this sudden blow, since Russia had a few days earlier accepted the four points. A new demand for the accession of Prussia to the Triple Alliance met with a decided refusal, while Austria suffered a humiliation by the entrance of Sardinia into the war. Count Buol said to Baron Bourqueney that the banner of Piedmont, even if it floated by the side of the French tricolour, could only be regarded by Austria as an emblem of hostility. In the beginning of 1855 the German Confederation refused to support the policy of Austria, which had lost its confidence.

The death of Nicholas on March 2 worked a change in the situation. Peace was now in sight, and the greatest danger to Prussia lay in a close alliance between Austria and France. Happily the policy of Napoleon III. did not point to this result. His main object was to prevent a close union between Russia, Austria, and Prussia. He desired the fusion of Spain with Portugal, and of Sweden with Denmark; the liberation of Poland from Russia, and of Italy from Austrian influence; but the unity either of Italy or of Germany, as independent nations, would not have answered his purpose. He hoped, however, to weaken the power of Austria by a limited support both of Piedmont and of Prussia, in whose aggrandisement he could see no danger to himself. Above all his sympathies with Italy made an Austrian alliance impossible. It was not long before this distrust between Paris and Vienna deepened into hostility. Prussia was not in the first instance invited to the Congress of Paris; but her exclusion would have done more harm to the other

other Powers than to herself. Sybel is of opinion that the course of events just described had been as favourable to Prussia as it was unfavourable to her rival. Austria by her selfish and uncertain policy had lost the respect of Europe, while the Cabinet of Berlin had maintained a firm and consistent neutrality. Above all, the influence of Prussia in the Confederation had largely increased, although the friendship of the smaller German States could be but little depended on in time of need. The year which followed the Treaty of Paris was occupied by Prussia mainly on the question of Neufchatel, the tortuous complications of which need not concern us. It was, however, a matter which lay deeply at the heart of the sentimental King. The ill-success of his attempt to recover the principality gave the last blow to his shattered health. In October, 1859, he became so incapable of business that his brother William, Prince of Prussia, was appointed Regent in his stead.

The future Emperor of Germany was at this time sixty years old. He often remarked in later years, that as a young man he had never contemplated the possibility of ascending the throne, that he had learnt how to manage a division of infantry, but had never troubled himself about affairs of State. This discipline, however, trained him in habits of quick decision, firm command, and unconditional obedience. His training was thorough rather than wide. His political convictions had occasionally differed from those of his brother; he would never have consented to the humiliation of Olmütz, and he would have drawn the sword against Russia in the Crimean war. His character, Sybel tells us, was based on deep but simple piety; he was scrupulously conscientious in forming his resolves, and fearlessly independent in carrying them out. Without the brilliancy of his brother, he possessed the natural gifts of understanding what was attainable, and of effecting his object by clear insight, and a knowledge of mankind which was never at fault. A strong Conservative by nature, he did not oppose reforms which he knew to be necessary. He believed that the only safe government for a State like Prussia, surrounded by powerful and jealous neighbours, was a strong monarchy, unaffected by the gusts of public opinion which sway more democratic constitutions. He compared the duty of government to the regulation of a river:—

'The banks,' he said, 'must be secured, the dams must not be too narrow or too broad—above all they must not be built at right angles to the stream. In England they are too broad, in Electoral Hesse and in Hanover they are too narrow. Let us hope that in Prussia we may hit upon the golden mean.'

His personal feelings towards the House of Austria were as warm as those of his brother, but he desired the absolute equality of the two great German Powers in the Confederation. In a conversation with Sir Andrew Buchanan in January 1863, he said:

'I have never asserted that either I, or my son, or my grandson, will see the unity of Germany; on the contrary, I have declared that in all probability I shall not live long enough to witness it. But I hope at all events that the unity will be accomplished in the lifetime either of my son or my grandson.'

His indefatigable energy was characterized by his dying words, 'I have no time to feel weary.' He did his best to qualify himself for the duties of his office and to supply the defects of his education. At the age of seventy he made a systematic study of jurisprudence, in order that he might better understand the law reforms which were then in contemplation. He had no natural taste for art, but it was due to his personal decision, against the opinion of his ministers, that the excavations at Olympia were continued. He was true in his friendships and generous in his enmities. He was for more than thirty years the working head of the Prussian State. The window of his study looked on the busiest part of the Unter den Linden at Berlin. Thither each Prussian turned as to the mainspring of the machine of government, or waited with deep respect till the grey head appeared in conference with a minister or in acknowledgment of the salute of a passing regiment.

The position of affairs at this time was very serious. The questions left in dispute by the Crimean war divided Europe into two camps. Austria and England were on one side, France, Russia, and Prussia, upon the other. The Triple Alliance of the Eastern Powers, which had subsisted since 1815, was broken. The designs of Napoleon III. were inscrutable, but Bismarck had good reason to believe that his next move would be against Austria in favour of Italy. Cavour was at Baden-Baden in the summer of 1858, and had spoken to some Prussian statesmen of his interview with the French Emperor at Plombières. He said that, if war broke out between Sardinia and Austria, France would take the side of Sardinia. He believed that a step of this nature would awaken the sympathy both of Russia and Prussia. On the other hand the views of England, which had just entered into a close connection with Prussia by the marriage of the Princess Royal, and those of the smaller German States were favourable to Austria. The thunder-cloud which was lowering over Europe broke into flame

flame by the declaration of Napoleon III. on New Year's Day, 1859. When war between France and Austria was imminent, Bismarck was sent to St. Petersburg, and found the Russian Court in joyful expectation of the humiliation of their haughty rival. When the war broke out Prussia remained neutral, but offered her mediation. Austria would be contented with nothing less than the deposition of the French usurper and the restoration of Henry V. When the victory of the French became certain and danger appeared to threaten the Rhine, the Regent declared to the Cabinets of London and Petersburg his determination to inaugurate an armed intervention. At the same time he ordered the mobilization of the Prussian army, and would have placed in a few weeks a force of 400,000 men upon the Rhine. The sudden conclusion of the Peace of Villafranca prevented this from being carried out, and the feeling between Austria and Prussia was bitterer than ever. Austria felt that she had been deserted in her hour of need by her natural ally, and that the tardy measure of assistance had been rendered rather in the interests of Prussia than of herself. The spectacle of Italian unity inspired a meeting of German patriots at Eisenach with a view of procuring a similar benefit for their Fatherland. But the problem in the two countries was different. Bavarians, Saxons, Swabians, wished to be German, but not to be either Austrian or Prussian. The ruling houses in the Italian provinces were of foreign blood; the Papal government was notorious for its badness and incapacity. In Germany, on the contrary, the princes sprang from the same stock as their subjects; bad government was an exception. It is not surprising, therefore, if the German people as a whole regarded unity as a beautiful theory, but preferred self-government and particularism in practice.

Bismarck said at a later period that he was convinced from the very first that the rivalry between Prussia and Austria could only be settled by war. For success in the struggle it was necessary that the Prussian army should be able to meet all the demands which might be made upon it. At the accession of the Prince Regent this was far from being the case. By the laws of 1814 and 1815 every Prussian subject was bound to military service. He had to serve three years in a line regiment, then two years more in the reserve, and after that seven years in the first and seven years in the second division of the *Landwehr;* which only performed garrison duty. In 1815 the population was a little over ten millions, which was calculated to give a yearly supply of 40,000 soldiers. In 1855 the population had increased to eighteen millions, which should have

have afforded a yearly contingent of 65,000 men. But the regiments remained on their old footing, and at least 25,000 capable young men escaped military service altogether. Besides this, the *Landwehr* had lost all military spirit and was scarcely available for any useful purpose. The Prince Regent, who was every inch a soldier, set himself to remedy these defects. He determined to add thirty-nine infantry and ten cavalry regiments to the force of the line, and to reform the *landwehr* so that the younger members of it might be available for active service. This would require an additional expenditure of 9,500,000 thalers. Public opinion was strongly opposed to these changes. What was the good of this increased number of regiments only to make a better show on parade and to provide commissions for impecunious younger sons? Parliament represented the feeling of the country. General von Bonin, although he entirely approved of the reform, was not strong enough to withstand the opposition which it called forth. His place was taken by General Albert von Roon, who declared himself willing to carry out the designs of his sovereign in the face of all difficulties. The discussion of the scheme occupied the session of 1860. The Government Bill was withdrawn, but a provisional credit of nine million thalers was voted for the improvement of the army. Before the end of the year the reform was accomplished and 117 battalions were added to the Prussian army. The Opposition declared that they would resist every additional expense, year by year, and step by step. On January 2, 1861, King Frederick William IV. died, and at the opening of the *Landtag* on January 14 the new sovereign could declare that the reformed army was an accomplished fact, and that he trusted his Parliament would not refuse to maintain and to foster the new creation. The propositions of the Government were violently opposed in the Lower House, but the necessary supplies were again provisionally voted.

The *Landtag* was now dissolved and new elections were at hand. The extreme left of the Lower House constituted itself as the 'party of progress' (*Fortschrittspartei*) and strained every nerve to secure a victory. Its programme was war against the Upper House, rejection of army reform unless the *landwehr* was maintained in its present state, and the time of service limited to two years, with a corresponding diminution of expense. It also looked forward to the summoning of a German Parliament, and the establishment of Prussia as the central power in Germany. Its objects were the same as those of Bismarck and the King, but it believed that they could be attained without a war with Austria. The result of the elections which took place at the close

close of 1861 was a crushing defeat for the Conservatives, and a corresponding triumph for the Progress-party and the moderate Liberals, who were their close friends. The conflict was not long in coming. The proposition of the Government was rejected. General von Roon declared that a system of two-years' service was entirely inadmissible, and that he was determined to maintain the present state of things. The only resource of the Lower House was to refuse the supplies. A motion in this direction was carried by a majority of thirty-four. This declaration of open war was received with enthusiasm throughout the country. The Cabinet had no course left to them but to resign. The struggle, however, went on with increasing severity. New elections in May gave an accession of strength to the Opposition. At last, on September 13, 1862, the additional supplies for the army were positively refused. This was nothing less than an order to the Government to disband the 117 battalions which it had recently called into existence.

On the following day Bismarck was nominated Prime Minister. No one had an idea that his appointment was the beginning of a new era for Prussia, for Germany, and for Europe. The new minister was looked upon as the champion of the Feudal party, as a servile aristocrat, who had opposed the Constitution, sacrificed German unity, and defended the policy of Olmütz. His first step, however, was one of conciliation. He summoned the leaders of the old Liberal party, expounded his views to them, and offered them some seats in the Cabinet. They were astonished at this proceeding, but declined to desert their associates. The conflict went on. The Budget as altered by the Lower was introduced into the Upper House. It was rejected there by a large majority, and the propositions of the Government accepted in its place. The differences between Prussian and English ideas of parliamentary government need scarcely be pointed out. It was admitted on all hands that the sovereign had the right to fix the number of the army. In England the number is determined every year by the Mutiny Act. It was claimed, however, that it was within the province of Parliament to approve or to disapprove of the expense of the military establishment. This power the Lower House had exercised in rejecting the supplementary supplies. This rejection was now overruled by the Upper House. In the language of our constitution, the House of Lords had rejected a Money Bill sent up to them by the House of Commons, and had substituted for it a Money Bill which had been previously rejected by the Lower House. The Chamber

Chamber of Deputies declared this step to be unconstitutional, upon which Bismarck closed the Session, and announced in the speech from the Throne his determination to uphold the army in its present strength, and to provide for its payment in the best way he could. In other words, Bismarck determined to govern without a Parliament, or more correctly, without reference to the adverse votes of Parliament. The struggle thus begun was only terminated by the victory of Sadowa in 1866.

The views of Bismarck on the constitutional question appear to have been as follows. In England the control of the purse is given to the House of Commons; but we are living in Prussia and not in England. In Prussia there is no difference between a Money Bill and any other Bill, they must all be passed by the three constituents of Parliament—King, Lords, and Commons. If the Budget Bill does not pass in the regular way, no taxes can be collected and no supplies will be forthcoming. But if this is done, how is the Government to be carried on? Some provisional course is necessary for this purpose. The duty of the Government in such a crisis is to do all it can to bring about an understanding between the three factors of the State, but in the meantime it will pay all possible respect to any previous decisions which the three factors may have come to in common. Bismarck, therefore, was able with a certain show of reason to maintain the previous provisional arrangements as permanent, until they were superseded by some measure on which all three factors of Parliament should be agreed.

After the close of the Session, Bismarck assumed the portfolio of foreign affairs, and sent Count Bernstoff to London, von Roon still remaining Minister of War. Bismarck remained firm in the opinion that the present position of Prussia in the German Confederation was intolerable, that in the last resort the strife must be decided by 'sword and fire.' He held that all German questions depended on the relations in which the two great German Powers stood to each other. It was extremely unlikely that the final decision could be peaceful, but for Prussia to engage in any war before the inevitable war with Austria would be a culpable expenditure of powder and shot. These considerations guided his policy in the revolution which now broke out in Poland, stimulated by the desire of Napoleon to liberate that country as he had liberated Italy. It is difficult to determine whether the success of the Polish insurrection, or the establishment of an autonomous Poland under Russian and French protection, would have been most fatal to the interests of Prussia or to the views of Bismarck. He had therefore no

no hesitation in concluding a treaty with Russia for the purpose of crushing the rebellion, and made no secret of the policy he was pursuing. He told Sir Andrew Buchanan, that Prussia would never endure an independent Poland on her frontiers; that, if the Poles seemed likely to succeed, Prussia would occupy their country in force. 'Europe would never allow that,' said Sir Andrew. 'What is Europe?' replied Bismarck. 'Certain great nations,' said the ambassador. 'Are they all agreed upon the subject?' asked Bismarck. Sir Andrew gave no answer, but suggested that France would not suffer a new oppression of Poland. 'For us,' said Bismarck, 'the suppression of the insurrection is a matter of life and death.' Napoleon III. went so far as to propose to England and Austria a common attack upon Prussia. This was rejected by England, and the intervention of the Great Powers against Russia in favour of Poland substituted. This, however, did not find favour in France. Bismarck's policy was violently attacked at home. After a three days' debate the Lower House resolved by a large majority that the interests of Prussia demanded a strict neutrality in the Polish struggle. The Opposition, Sybel tells us, had little idea that the Convention with Russia was the foundation-stone of Prussia's future greatness. In the meantime the Cabinets of Paris and London were working in favour of the Poles, and were doing their utmost to obtain the co-operation of Austria. The actual terms offered are not known, probably the possession of Silesia and Roumania in return for the cession of Venice. After some hesitation Austria consented to desert her position of neutrality. There were reports of a descent in Courland or of an attack upon Trieste. The Emperor of Russia with dignified firmness denied the right of foreign Powers to interfere with his domestic affairs. Indeed the intervention did more harm than good. All Russia rose to reduce the rebels to obedience. Russia had soon half-a-million soldiers at her disposal, and sent a message to Berlin suggesting a common declaration of war against France and Austria. The proposal was a tempting one, as Austria was entirely unarmed. But Bismarck was afraid that the whole strength of France might be directed against Prussia, and that the peace which concluded the war might be more favourable to Russia than to her ally. The proposition was therefore declined.

A last attempt to place Austria at the head of Germany was made by the invitation of all German Princes to Frankfort to discuss the formation of a new Federal Constitution. This design was communicated by the Emperor Francis Joseph to King

King William, at Gastein, on August 2, 1863, and fell upon him like a thunderbolt. There was little chance from the first of the invitation being accepted. The King of Prussia could easily excuse himself on the score of health. Every effort was made to induce him to attend. The venerable King John of Saxony, the most pious and the most learned of monarchs, was sent to Baden to shake his resolution; every art of female persuasion was employed to cajole him. His good-nature would have led him to acquiesce, but Bismarck declared that he would indeed go to Frankfort, if his sovereign commanded him, but that he would in that case never return as minister to Berlin. The King said 'Thirty princes invite me and send me a king as courier, how can I refuse?' At last, after much delay, a letter was sent declining the invitation. No sooner had the door closed behind the King of Saxony than Bismarck threw down a table with glasses on it, and smashed them to pieces. 'I must break something,' he cried. 'Now I breathe again.'

The desired opportunity of a war with Austria that should secure the supremacy of Prussia was offered to Bismarck by the Schleswig-Holstein question, which at this period entered upon an acute phase. It would be impossible within the limits of this article to give any satisfactory account of a dispute, which had its roots in the fifteenth century, which dealt with the most complicated points of the law of infeudation and of the private succession of sovereigns, which was involved in national hatreds and national ambitions, and which had been obscured by storms of passion the more severe because they raged in a small compass. Lord Palmerston once said that the Schleswig-Holstein question was so difficult that only three men had ever understood it. The first was Prince Albert, and he was dead; the second was a Danish statesman, and he had gone mad; the third was Palmerston himself, and he had forgotten it. Suffice it to say that while the inheritance to the Danish monarchy was continued in the female line, that of the three Duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg was confined to the male line; that Schleswig was to a great extent Danish, that Holstein was undeniably German, and indeed an integral portion of the German Empire. At the same time the separation of the two Duchies, giving one to Denmark and the other to Germany, was impossible, because they had always been united, and were determined to remain so. The Conference held in London in 1852 had confirmed the succession to the Danish monarchy as well as the Duchies to Prince Christian of Sonderburg-Glücksburg, but the line of Augustenburg had never properly surrendered

surrendered their rights to the southern province, and the Protocol of London had never been acknowledged by the German Confederation. In default of larger interests, the patriotic feelings of Danes and Germans had been roused to fever-heat about the provinces of these tiny territories, the almost forgotten cradle of the English race. The 'Eider-Danes' demanded the incorporation of Schleswig with Denmark, and did not care much what became of Holstein. The Germans were indignant that a fragment of the Empire should be torn from them, and that a German population should be taught the Danish language, and fleeced by Danish tax-gatherers. The population of the Duchies clamoured for their ancient union, elevated the popular song 'Schleswig-Holstein sea-surrounded,' to the dignity of a national hymn, and tossed up their caps for their hereditary land-prince Frederick of Augustenburg. Bismarck expressed the opinion in December 1862 that the question could not be settled in a manner favourable to Prussia without war, and that it would be easy to find a favourable opportunity for beginning it. It was unfortunate that Prussia had signed the London Protocol, but Austria was in the same position.

The 'Eider-Danes' had persuaded King Frederick VII. to issue an edict on March 30, 1863, which incorporated Schleswig with Denmark, and gave very scanty recognition to the rights of Holstein. This was regarded by the Diet as a breach of faith, and in consequence a Federal execution was ordered, or, in other words, an occupation of Holstein by the troops of Hanover and Saxony. The English Government had a natural affection for the conditions of the London Protocol. Denmark, as the smaller State, was popular in this country, a feeling which was strengthened by the marriage of the Prince of Wales with a Danish princess. In the midst of these perplexities King Frederick died on November 15. Only ten days before, the Emperor Napoleon, on opening the Chambers, had declared 'the Treaties of 1815 have ceased to exist; what can be more sensible than to summon the European Powers to a Congress, which will decide as a high tribunal over all questions in dispute?' On the same day invitations were sent to all sovereigns to attend a Congress in Paris. A new Constitution for Denmark and Schleswig had been offered to Frederick on his death-bed. 'I will not sign it,' he said; 'Christian may do so if he likes.' This was the first question the new sovereign had to decide. At the same time the Duke of Augustenburg assumed the government of Schleswig and Holstein under the title of Frederick VIII., in spite of the London Protocol.

Three

Three days after his accession King Christian found a surging crowd under the windows of his palace. His Prime Minister said to him, 'Sire, if you do not sign the new Constitution I cannot answer for your life or for that of your family.' Yielding to the advice of his mother-in-law, Princess Charlotte, he took the fatal step. All Germany was in flames. The Schleswigers shouted 'free from Denmark.' Cabinets, Chambers, Peoples, repeated the cry. Bismarck was rejoiced that Denmark had been the first to break the treaty. But he determined to act with caution. 'We found,' he said, 'in 1849 that it is bad to stand one against four; it is better to be two against three.' He was determined to act, if possible, in concert with Austria. On November 24 he came to an agreement with Count Karolyi, that the two Powers should support the action of the Confederation, and that the execution should be carried out as soon as possible. They thus adhered to their obligations as signatories of the London Protocol. The world was astonished to see the two rivals walking hand-in-hand, and supporting the integrity of the Danish monarchy, while the smaller German States were clamouring for the erection of the Duchies into a separate principality.

The English Government strained every nerve to preserve peace. The French Emperor, on the other hand, saw in the dispute excellent material for his favourite project of a Congress. In the meantime he suggested a possible annexation of the Duchies by Prussia, and dropped hints of an alliance with Prussia against Austria. These overtures were coolly received by Bismarck. His policy, so far as it was then known, was not approved of by the Prussian Parliament, which voted by a large majority, that the honour and interest of Germany demanded that Frederick of Augustenburg should be recognized as Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. The threatened execution lost its natural course. By this time the English Government had definitely declined the invitation of Napoleon III. to a Congress, and the relations between the two Powers became strained. Prussia suggested a Congress of ministers instead of a meeting of sovereigns, as a practical compromise. Lord Wodehouse was sent on a special mission to Berlin in favour of peace, but he produced no effect on Bismarck. The minister declared his regret if war should break out, but laid the blame on Denmark, which had been the first to violate the arrangements of 1852. At the close of the year the Federal troops, under General Hake, entered Holstein, the Austrian reserve posting itself at Hamburg, and the Prussian at Lübeck. No act of war was committed, as the Danes retired at their approach. The Holsteiners

Holsteiners considered this advance as a step in favour of their Duke, but this was far from the mind of Bismarck. His views are expressed in an important minute to the King:—

'There are three courses,' he says, 'before us. The first would be to repudiate the Treaty of London, and to march into Schleswig. This would be open war. The fate of the Duchies would be uncertain, and we should break with the Great Powers, especially with England. The second course is to repudiate the Treaty of London without engaging in war. The Confederation might then decide the question of the disputed succession, and settle the Prince in Holstein. But Schleswig would then remain unprotected. We could not intervene, as we should have destroyed the treaty which gave us the right to do so, and the Confederation would have no business to interfere with a non-German State. We should indeed rescue Holstein from Denmark, which may be effected without war, but we should sacrifice Schleswig. The third course is for Prussia and Austria to say nothing about the Treaty of London, but to base their action on the duty of Denmark to fulfil the obligations of 1852. We might present an ultimatum, or march into Schleswig without an ultimatum. That would mean war with Denmark, which we must carry out as quickly and energetically as possible. The Powers would have no right to interfere. None of them would fight, except possibly Sweden. Our position in a Congress would not be less favourable because the object of contention was already in our possession.'

In pursuance of this last view an invitation was sent to Austria, which resulted in the signature of a treaty on January 16, 1864. Denmark was required to withdraw the Constitution of November under the penalty of the occupation of Schleswig by the two Powers. If war should break out, and the treaty of 1852 be annulled, the future of the Duchies was to be determined by the common consent of Austria and Prussia. The advance into Holstein begun almost immediately under the command of General Wrangel, then eighty years old. When Hake indignantly refused the offer of placing himself under Wrangel's command, Bismarck quietly replied, 'we should have been so glad to have given the brave troops of the Confederation a share in the patriotic and glorious work.' It is difficult to see how Austria fell so easily into the trap thus skilfully prepared for her. Europe imagined that she contemplated the establishment of an independent Duchy; it is quite certain that Bismarck contemplated nothing short of a union of both Schleswig and Holstein with the crown of Prussia, probably at the expense of a war with Austria.

In the meantime Lord John Russell was indefatigable with his despatches. He summoned the Powers to a Conference, he warned Prussia and Austria by identical notes not to occupy Schleswig,

Schleswig, he pressed the King of Denmark to recall the Constitution of November. He begged the Cabinets of Vienna and Berlin to guarantee the integrity of the Danish monarchy, he threatened to send a fleet into the Baltic, he called on all the Powers to crush Augustenburg, he begged that the Austro-Prussian ultimatum might be deferred for six weeks. Everywhere he found a deaf ear. The Danes had placed themselves in the wrong. Russia welcomed their humiliation, and owed some gratitude to Prussia for her attitude in the Polish rebellion. Napoleon wished for the friendship of Prussia, and desired nothing more than to see Prussia and Austria at loggerheads. A last effort of Lord Palmerston to procure the postponement of military operations failed. The two Powers marched forward to their destiny; Bismarck certain of his own mind, Austria following blindly into the unknown.

Moltke's plans for the conduct of this campaign were as follows. 'The war,' he said, 'is easy to conduct but difficult to finish.' The only way of bringing it to a conclusion was, in his opinion, to cut off all supplies from the enemy by occupying as much territory as possible. The Danewerk must first be attacked, and this not in front but by turning its eastern flank. If Prince Frederick Charles could cross the Schlei and make a forced march on Flensburg, the retreat of the Danish army to the north and east would be cut off; it would be driven to the west, and there annihilated. If these operations were not sufficient to compel the Danes to peace, it would be a loss of time and a waste of life to attack the lines of Düppel. It would be better to overrun and occupy the whole of Jutland. If this should not lead to peace, the third step would be to mask the fortress of Fredericia and to throw a large force on to the island of Fünen, which would certainly bring about the desired result. Unfortunately these plans were not carried out by General Wrangel. A surprise which Moltke had not foreseen was in store for the Prussians. On the night of February 5, the Danewerk was evacuated. This unexpected event produced a great sensation in Europe. The fortifications which Napoleon had predicted would hold out for two years had fallen in five days. Still it was not an advantage to the Prussians. The strict carrying out of Moltke's designs would have reduced the war to a military promenade. That General now went to the scene of action and ordered Prince Carl to watch Düppel with the first corps, while Gablenz with the division of Guards marched against Jutland. This was opposed by Austria for political reasons, and eventually forbidden by Bismarck. Wrangel wrote angrily to the King that diplomats who

who interfered with the finest operations of war deserved hanging. Bismarck obtained knowledge of this despatch, and when Wrangel returned to Berlin treated him on all occasions with absolute neglect. One day when they were seated side by side at the King's table, Wrangel said to Bismarck, 'My son, canst thou not forget?' 'No,' was the answer. After a short pause the General said again, 'My son, canst thou not forgive?' 'With all my heart,' said Bismarck, and they remained ever after good friends. In the meantime the continuance of the operations was beset with difficulties. The war was unpopular in Austria. There were symptoms of an increased intimacy between France and Italy. The opposition of England to the war became more and more bitter. Napoleon, supported by Palmerston, threatened an armed intervention. Moltke, however, said with truth, 'If Napoleon has not attacked us for the sake of Schleswig, he will not do so for the sake of Jutland.' At last, on March 1, a compromise was effected by a new treaty between Austria and Prussia. The most important result of this was that the arrangements of 1852 were considered definitely at an end.

The storming of Düppel formed part of the new agreement with Austria. Moltke was opposed to it, but gave way on the consideration that the success of the operation might confer honour on the Prussian arms, and might bring diplomatic hindrances to a speedy termination. The English Government was anxious that the proposed Conference should meet on April 12. Bismarck replied that the date would suit him as well as any other, but that he could give no formal acceptance until the Conference had been approved of by the German Confederation. It was very important that Düppel should be taken before this date. Sonderburg was bombarded at the beginning of April. Although due notice had been given, all the inhabitants had not left the town, and some women and children fell victims. Sir Andrew Buchanan wrote a private note to Bismarck asking him if this was true, and received the answer that he had no information upon the subject, and that he was astonished that such a question should be addressed to him by a friendly Government. The matter was discussed in the English Parliament. Lord Shaftesbury declared that Prussia could no longer be reckoned amongst civilized nations. Lord Palmerston expressed himself in the same sense. Bismarck contented himself with publishing in the Berlin newspapers a list of the coast towns and fishing villages which the English fleet had bombarded and plundered in the Crimean war. The storming of the lines of Düppel did not take place till April 18, but after

after five hours' severe fighting ended in a complete victory for the allies. King William received the news just as he was returning from the review of a regiment of Guards. He hurried back to give the joyful message to the troops, and then hastened to the scene of action. The whole of Schleswig was now in German hands, but the Danes still held out. Moltke strongly urged the occupation of Fünen. This victory of the allies produced a considerable change in the public opinion of Europe. The French Government declared that the union of the Duchies with Denmark was now impossible. The correspondent of the 'Times' in the Prussian lines wrote in the same sense. Similar views began to make their way in England. King Leopold of Belgium persuaded Queen Victoria that such a union would be as great a failure as the union between Belgium and Holland had been. Bernal Osborne gave utterance to the same idea in the English Parliament.

On April 9, before the opening of the London Conference, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, held an important conversation with Count Goltz, the Prussian Ambassador in Paris. He stated that the design of England was to secure the integrity of the Danish monarchy—a programme which could not be accepted by Germany, and which France was prepared to oppose. The arrangements of 1852 and the personal union were equally inadmissible: the only solution was to cut off Holstein and Southern Schleswig from Denmark. The future of the Duchies should be determined either by a *plébiscite* or by a representative assembly. France would be sorry if the inhabitants voted for an independent government under the Prince of Augustenburg. On the other hand, if they decided for annexation to Prussia, the Emperor would support that view at the Conference. He would not ask Germany for any surrender of territory, but only for such compensation as would be generally acceptable. In this manner the incorporation of the Duchies with Prussia, which had long been in the air, was now officially suggested by the French Government. Bismarck's answer to that proposal was very cautious. He thought it unwise to say anything about annexation with Prussia until it was quite clear that this was the only alternative to incorporation with Denmark. He said that he should propose at the Conference the personal union of the Duchies with Denmark, with the inclusion of Schleswig in the German Confederation; an offer which was certain to be rejected. Napoleon, who had become still more friendly to Prussia after the taking of Düppel, agreed to this course. The understanding between the two Powers was veiled, of course, in the

the deepest secrecy. The Conference met in London on April 25. Its first act was to demand a cessation of hostilities. On the following day the first division of the Austrian fleet under Admiral Tegethoff was sighted off Deal. Lord Palmerston told Count Apponyi, that the appearance of this squadron in English waters, to take part in a war which England had always considered unjust, was an insult to the English nation; that, if Tegethoff sailed into the Baltic, the English Channel fleet would follow him to protect Denmark, and a war between Austria and England would be inevitable. An armistice for one month was at length concluded on May 12, and on the same day an engagement took place between the Austrian and Danish fleets. The voice of the Duchies was now loudly raised in favour of separation from Denmark, and an address signed with 30,000 names asked that they might form either a separate State under Prussian protection, or an integral part of the Prussian kingdom. Bismarck encouraged the agitation. He wrote to Zedlitz: 'Let the whole pack give tongue.' Whether they voted for Augustenburg or not was all the same to him. The important thing was the separation from Denmark and the annihilation of the treaty of 1852. The secret papers placed at Sybel's disposal show that Bismarck urged his Austrian colleagues to demand the independence of the entire Duchies and the personal union with Denmark, in the full knowledge that the proposal would be rejected. The proposition, in fact, was never definitely made. It was dead before it was born. It was evidently inadmissible, and it became necessary to look for some fresh arrangement. The English Cabinet was in favour of the partition of Schleswig according to nationalities.

Bismarck now sent a very crafty despatch to Vienna. He said that, since the personal union had failed, it was necessary to demand the separation of the whole of Schleswig from Denmark. To leave any portion under the Danish Crown would only lead to future trouble. He said that he had no particular objection to the succession of the Prince of Augustenburg, if the population should desire it; but in this case the Prince must first retire from his surroundings and leave the matter entirely in the hands of the two allies. In conclusion he remarked that the annexation of the Duchies to Prussia had been suggested, but that the King would take no step in the matter without the full concurrence of his Imperial ally. Bismarck was obliged to move cautiously. Both his sovereign and the Crown Prince were in favour of the Augustenburg succession. Austria was naturally of the same opinion, and was strongly opposed to any increase of Prussian territory.

Now to their surprise Bismarck was preparing the very solution which they most desired. At the beginning of June the young Prince came to Berlin, but seemed little inclined to submit to the influence of Prussia. At the same time the Duke of Oldenburg began to assert his claim to the Duchies which had been made over to him by the Emperor of Russia, head of the House of Gottorp. Bismarck did not reject his aspirations, but said that he preferred the choice of Augustenburg. It is needless to follow the mazes of the Conference. Bismarck contrived to mould each proposition into a form in which he knew it would be rejected. The last sitting was held on June 25. Lord Clarendon said to Bernstoff on the following day: 'You have up till now won your game; you entered the Conference as you leave it, masters of the situation. It is for you to see how long this will last. War must first decide whether the confidence of the Danes in the impregnability of their islands is well-founded.'

The war was renewed by the capture of Alsen. The Danes began to lose heart from the failure of the Conference and the unwillingness of England to assist them. Lord Palmerston had sounded both France and Russia with regard to an armed intervention, and had met with refusal in both quarters. Immediately after the fall of Alsen, King Christian ordered his ambassador in Paris to ask the Emperor whether Denmark might expect any assistance. On the morning of July 8 a telegraphic answer arrived, 'All is lost, the Emperor will do nothing for us.' The King summoned Monrad, the Prime Minister, to his presence, and said, 'All is lost if I do not change my ministry.' Monrad, pale as death, replied, 'Sire, I agree with you entirely, I could not sign such a peace as is now alone attainable. Your Majesty will do what you consider necessary for the good of our country, which has been the object of all my efforts. I offer my resignation.' The King cried, 'Yes, you resign after accomplishing the ruin of the kingdom, and yet you dare to pose as the saviour of the State, that is too much.' Monrad bowed with a low obeisance. 'History,' he said, 'will one day do me justice; I have done my duty.' With these words he left the Chamber.

The terms proposed by Bismarck were the entire surrender of all territory south of Königsau, and a recognition of any arrangement which the allies might make about the three Duchies of Schleswig, Holstein and Lauenburg, including the *enclaves* of Jutland in Schleswig. Any inclusion of Denmark in the German Confederation was impossible. These conditions were eventually accepted. An attempt was made to retain

retain the northern portion of Schleswig in exchange for Lauenburg, which undoubtedly belonged to the Danish Crown, but this failed. The preliminaries were signed on August 1, 1864. Bismarck had his way. His conduct, as we have traced it, had certainly been most astute. He had secured the friendship of Russia by attacking the Polish insurrection, the good-will of France by opposing the meeting of Princes at Frankfort. Friendship with France had been further stimulated by the support of the Napoleonic Congress, and the result had been a *rapprochement* between Prussia and Austria. To have withdrawn from the London Protocol of 1852 would have placed Prussia in the wrong before the eyes of Europe. He left the breach of this treaty to Denmark herself, who thus gave an opportunity for Prussia and Austria to intervene without any violation of international law. With the outbreak of war previous arrangements naturally fell to the ground. In the London Conference he avoided at once the appearance of a breach with existing treaties, and the pronouncement of any irrevocable decision. He used the agitation for Augustenburg to bind Austria to the alliance, and the Danish sympathies of Palmerston to secure the entire defeat of the Danes. Bismarck always considered these transactions as the greatest triumph of his diplomatic skill. The ways of the two allies now lay apart. Prussia desired to incorporate the Duchies in her own dominions; Austria, if possible, to replace them under the protection of Denmark.

The affairs of Italy now gave Bismarck an opportunity for the further prosecution of his policy. The Peace of Villafranca had left Venetia unliberated. A French garrison still occupied Rome. Cavour, before his death, had bequeathed the acquisition of Rome as an heritage to his successors. Napoleon III. still clung to the idea of a divided Italy. He now favoured a Northern Kingdom, with the addition of Venetia, a Southern Kingdom, and a reformed Papal State between the two. Minghetti at this juncture made advances to the Emperor for the settlement of the Roman question. All that could be obtained from him was the permission to remove the capital from Turin to Florence, which appeared to Italian patriots as a halfway house towards Rome, and to pious Catholics as a sign that the Italians were willing to surrender the hope of Rome altogether A treaty was signed between France and Italy in September, which seemed to secure independence to the Pope, and the ultimate withdrawal of the French garrison, with the future possession of Venetia to the Italians. Before Bismarck could make use of these altered circumstances the spoils of victory had to

be divided between the conquerors. Mensdorff laid the matter before the Prussian minister in three long despatches. He declared the annexation of the Duchies to Prussia to be inadmissible; the creation of a semi-sovereign State to be impossible; the only solution was an independent Schleswig-Holstein. The second despatch argued that the sovereign of this new State should be chosen, not by the Confederation, but by the Allied Powers; the third declared the right of Augustenburg to be superior to that of Oldenburg. At the same time it had been stated by word of mouth, that Austria might consent to the annexation of the Duchies, if she were compensated by a cession of territory. Bismarck's first step was to get rid of the Confederate troops from Holstein, which was not effected without considerable difficulty, and even some danger of war. Not till this was done did he answer Mensdorff's three despatches. He declined to decide in favour of either of the two claimants, and emphasized the very important interests, both naval and military, which Prussia had in the disposition of the Duchies. At the same time a Commission was appointed to enquire into the conflicting claims of the pretenders, which might take years and must take months before it reported. The military staff declared it to be indispensable for Prussian interests that she should have full command over army and fleet, the possession of Kiel and Düppel, as well as a garrison in Rendsburg. A conversation between Bismarck and Karolyi in February 1865, which is reported at length by Sybel, did not help to mend matters. The Prussian demands were formally presented on February 22. They contained, besides what we have already mentioned, the union of the Duchies with the Zollverein, and the introduction of Prussian posts and telegraphs. Prussian officials were to administer the country, and the troops were to take an oath of allegiance to the King of Prussia. In short, the newly-conquered lands were to become a Prussian province. These demands naturally aroused great dissatisfaction in Germany.

Napoleon viewed with pleasure the growing mistrust between Prussia and Austria. He urged Bismarck to annex the Duchies, and declared that he would support the arrangement if the North of Schleswig were restored to Denmark. Bismarck was reluctant to take a step which would lead to a breach with Austria, until he was more certain of what he might obtain from France. He wrote to Goltz on February 20:—

'I consider that the advantages of an alliance with Austria are not yet exhausted, and that we can do better by keeping Vienna balanced between the hope of our support and the fear of our going over to the enemies of Austria, than we could by unnecessarily compelling her to break

break with us. It seems to me more prudent to continue the present marriage in spite of a few family jars, and when the divorce becomes necessary, to take the circumstances as they may then happen to be, than to break the bond now, under all the disadvantages of indubitable perfidy, without the *certainty* that we can find better conditions in a new union at the present time than we can at a later period.'

The rejection of the Prussian proposal followed shortly after the date of this despatch. Matters continued in the same unsatisfactory state. The popular agitation in favour of Augustenburg became vehement. On March 24, King William issued an order to his Minister of Marine to transfer the station of the Prussian fleet from Danzig to Kiel, in order to show to all the world that Prussia did not intend to be driven from the Duchies either by the Diet or the friends of Augustenburg. At the same time Bismarck said to Karolyi, 'We have come to a point where our roads diverge, and I hope that they will not lead us too far apart. As matters stand, our railway-tickets are for different lines, and we cannot, this journey, get into the carriage which you already share with others.' The Diet proceeded to declare in favour of Augustenburg, while Austria protested against the occupation of Kiel. Bismarck replied, with his usual cynicism, that each of the allies had the right to use the bays and harbours of the Duchies for his own purposes, provided he did not interfere with the others. If the geographical conditions of Austria were such that she could not use the harbour of Kiel for the fleet, that was no reason why Prussia should allow it to remain useless. Austria had long been aware that no settlement was possible, which did not secure to Prussia the possession of Kiel. Austria continued to grumble, but had to content herself with accomplished facts.

As a conflict seemed to be imminent, Bismarck cautiously sounded the disposition of Italy, and discovered from Usedom at Florence, that, if a great war should break out between Prussia and Austria, Italy would immediately attack Austria with 250,000 troops, and that Napoleon would neither have the power nor the will to prevent her. The next step was to remove the Prince of Augustenburg from Holstein. For this purpose Bismarck proposed, that the Parliament of the Duchies should be summoned, and argued, with some show of reason, that the Prince ought not to be on the spot while the elections were taking place. The whole situation was carefully considered in a sitting of the Prussian Cabinet on May 29, under the presidency of the King, at which Moltke and the Crown Prince were present. Bismarck declared for a formal demand of annexation. This would probably lead to a war with Austria;

Austria; but the situation of Europe was favourable, and the neutrality of France and Russia certain. 'A war with Austria,' he said, 'cannot be avoided sooner or later.' Most of the ministers declared for the annexation, but not in a manner which would lead to war. The Crown Prince opposed it, and supported the claims of Augustenburg under Prussian protection. Bismarck, in answer, denied that a war with Austria was to be regarded as a civil war. The King was averse to a breach with his old ally. He asked Moltke what was the opinion of the army. Moltke replied that his personal feeling was in favour of annexation, and that the gain was so great that it was well worth a war. He also presaged a victory for Prussia. The King reserved his decision. It is seldom that the record of so momentous a Conference has been preserved to history with such minuteness. It is needless to follow the illusory negociations which succeeded. During the summer the Commission, which we have previously mentioned, declared by a majority against the claims of Augustenburg. In the beginning of July Bismarck was assured that Prussia could in four weeks' time place 250,000 men in Bohemia, and 46,000 in West Germany, leaving a force of 200,000 for reserve and garrison duty; that the ordnance was in a satisfactory condition, and the necessary money was forthcoming. An ultimatum was drawn up to be presented to Austria. For the moment, however, the question of peace or war depended on the readiness of Italy to attack Austria, and on the consent of France. The attitude of both these Powers was undecided, and negociations with Austria were continued.

Bismarck now proposed that Holstein should remain in possession of Austria, Schleswig in that of Prussia. Prussia was to possess a right of way and a telegraph line through Holstein, with leave to make a canal and a railway. Kiel was to be a federal harbour, Rendsburg a federal fortress. Both Duchies were to join the Zollverein. These terms were agreed upon at Gastein on August 14, and were immediately carried out. Manteuffel was appointed Governor of Schleswig, and Gablenz of Holstein. Four days later the two monarchs met at Salzburg with every mark of friendship. Although this treaty was violently opposed in Austria and in the smaller States as being much too favourable to Prussia, it would not have been consented to by Bismarck, if he could have counted on the support of Italy and France. The very day after the treaty was signed, La Marmora, who had received new information from Paris, announced to Count Usedom that, if Prussia would begin a really *great* war against Austria, Italy would join her

her in the attack. The offer came too late. Napoleon, indeed, was discontented with the treaty. His feelings at this time seem to have been directed towards the aggrandisement of Prussia and the abasement of Austria. He had no desire to see the renewal of an Austro-Prussian alliance. He invited Goltz to a private dinner, and expressed his dissatisfaction. At the close of the evening they walked together in the garden, when the Emperor said, 'Write to Count Bismarck, that in the event of a war between Prussia and Austria, I would preserve a friendly neutrality, but that I am surprised, very much surprised at what has taken place.' Goltz asked whether the same promise would hold good in any future crisis. 'Certainly,' said the Emperor; 'but I complain that Prussia is more and more untrue to her mission, which is to place herself at the head of the national movement in Germany. If the King announces a liberal and national programme for which he requires a war, all liberal elements in Germany will naturally adhere to him, and these miserable party conflicts and this wretched question of the Duchies will be forgotten.' The conversation was followed by a violent circular from France against the treaty, which was characterized as having no other foundation except force, and no other justification except the convenience of the partitioning power. Lord John Russell expressed his entire approval of the French despatch, with all the more freedom because the Queen was very much annoyed at the passing over of Augustenburg. Bismarck thought it best to go to Biarritz, where he would meet the Emperor. Napoleon asserted his regret at the time and the publication of the despatch, ignorant that Bismarck had already learnt from Rouher that it had been drawn up with his approval. Bismarck pointed out that a powerful North Germany, under the leadership of Prussia, would be a valuable ally for France, a subject which he afterwards developed in a despatch to Goltz. The Emperor gave no promise, but suggested the idea of an international league against the cholera, which was spread over Europe by the concourse of pilgrims at Mecca. Bismarck returned to Berlin with a general idea that France would regard the aggrandisement of Prussia with favour.

As might be expected, differences arose in the administration of the Duchies. Manteuffel was a straightforward, honest man, bluff, and even rude in speech. He desired to govern in accordance with the wishes of the population, and went so far as to restore some of the Danish officials, a course which was sternly forbidden by Bismarck. He was constantly interfered with by the Cabinet of Berlin, and was allowed very insufficient means

to

to carry out his views. Bismarck had apparently no desire that Schleswig should be well administered; a condition of discontent and unrest was better suited to his policy. A breach between the two allies was not far distant. In the autumn of 1865, La Marmora sent an emissary to Vienna to propose that Italy should purchase Venetia from Austria at the price of a thousand million *lire*. Italy was ready to conclude a commercial treaty with Austria, to guarantee a proper treatment of the Pope, and in the event of a war between Austria and Prussia would support the cession of Silesia. Austrian finance was in so bad a condition that the offer had its tempting side. At the same time a proposal came from Bismarck to purchase the Duchies from Austria for a sum of money. The ancient pride of the Hapsburgs revolted at these humiliating suggestions. The Emperor pronounced an emphatic 'No.' He would not part with Schleswig except for an indemnification in kind, and Venetia could only be ceded at the close of an honourable war. During the autumn the relations between Manteuffel and Gablenz, which had at first been excellent, became strained. This was chiefly due to the attitude which the Governor of Holstein assumed towards the claims of Augustenburg. Manteuffel wrote to Bismarck that it was absolutely necessary to insist upon the banishment of the Prince. Bismarck now stood on the eve of a great crisis. The keynote of his policy had been to liberate Prussia from the domination of Austria in the German Confederation. Three ways were open to him—a joint supremacy with Austria, a partition of Germany between the two Powers, and the exclusion of Austria from the Confederation, which would then remain under the primacy of Prussia. This last step could not be taken without a war. To this he saw no alternative. The two first courses were impossible. Nothing remained but the choice between a second Olmütz or a war with Austria. Therefore, on January 13, 1866, he sent instructions to Usedom to open negociations with the Court of Florence. Ten days later a popular demonstration was organized at Altona by the leaders of the Augustenburg party. There was also a rumour that Prince Christian of Augustenburg, who was betrothed to Princess Helena of England, was about to take up his residence in Schleswig. Bismarck therefore addressed to Vienna a peremptory demand to adopt a different system in Holstein, or to consider the alliance at an end. On February 7 Austria rejected these demands in a haughty tone, and little hope of peace remained.

Bismarck's course was now clear. It was to propose a reform of the German Confederation in a sense favourable to Prussia, and,

and, if Austria objected, to crush her opposition by sword and fire. For this purpose it was necessary to secure the friendship of France and an alliance with Italy, and further, to strike the blow against Austria with overwhelming force and without delay. It was no easy matter to obtain the consent of his sovereign. King William was quite willing to engage in a war with Austria, if it were necessary for the honour of his country. But he was drawn to his brother Emperor by political principles, family recollections, and personal relations, and was especially averse to any alliance with Napoleon. He and his Prime Minister passed many anxious hours together, and the difficulty of decision was complicated by other influences at work in the royal palace.

An important Cabinet Council was held on February 28, in which, besides the ministers and the Crown Prince, Count Goltz, and Generals Moltke, Manteuffel, and Alvensleben, took part. Bismarck spoke strongly for an immediate war with Austria; the various ministers declared that the guns, the money, and the men, were forthcoming for the purpose. Goltz reported that Napoleon would be neutral during the war, and favourable to Prussia in the arrangements which might follow it. Moltke said that the active co-operation of Italy was absolutely necessary. If this were the case, Austria could only bring 240,000 troops into Bohemia, while Prussia would have the same number, not including the *landwehr*, together with 50,000 men to control Bavaria and the South German States. Manteuffel was strongly for war. Bismarck replied to Moltke that it was not certain that Bavaria would be hostile. He suggested that Moltke himself should proceed to Florence to conclude an alliance. The Crown Prince vehemently opposed the war as unnatural, and certain to lead to foreign intervention. Eventually the King decided that the possession of the Duchies was worth a war, but that it would be better to obtain this object by friendly means if possible. Goltz, on his return to Paris, informed Napoleon that a war with Austria was probable, not only for the possession of the Duchies, but to place Prussia at the head of a reformed German Confederacy. The Emperor replied that France would expect some compensation for the aggrandisement of Prussia. Various countries were passed in review, Southern Belgium, French Switzerland, Landau and Saarbrück, the frontiers of 1814. One thing was certain, Prussia would never consent to the alienation of an inch of German territory. The price to be paid for the Emperor's friendship was left undetermined. At the same time Napoleon advised Italy to make an alliance with Prussia.

Just

Just at this time a revolution had driven Prince Cusa from the throne of Roumania, and it was suggested by the Italian Government, that the Danubian Principalities might be offered to Austria as a compensation for Venetia. Napoleon observed that Austria was not likely to agree to this exchange without pressure, and that the best means of bringing it about was for Italy to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance with Prussia. La Marmora therefore sent General Govone to Berlin just at the time when Moltke was on the point of leaving for Florence. The only object of his mission was to frighten Austria into accepting the exchange of Venetia for Roumania. Bismarck proposed that Italy should bind herself to declare war against Austria as soon as Prussia took up arms, in order to carry into effect the reform of the Confederation. Govone had no instructions for this purpose. The negociations continued for some days. Bismarck insisted on the great perils of a war with Austria, and the probability of a friendly arrangement which would leave Italy in the lurch. In the meantime the Roumanian project ended in smoke. England and Russia declared positively against it; Austria refused to have anything to do with it. All hope of obtaining Venetia by peaceful means vanished. Austria began to arm.

Sybel gives the weight of his authority to a story about Bismarck, which is both characteristic and amusing. Dining one day at the Saxon Embassy at Berlin, he was asked by Countess Hohenthal, the wife of the Ambassador who was sitting next to him: 'Is it true, Excellency, that you intend to go to war with Austria and to conquer Saxony?' 'Certainly it is true, my dearest Countess,' replied Bismarck; 'I have never had any other idea since the beginning of my ministry; our cannon are already founded, and you will see that they are far superior to the Austrian artillery.' 'Horrible!' cried the lady; 'but give me a piece of advice, as you are in a communicative humour. I have two country places, in which shall I take refuge, my property in Bohemia or my castle near Leipzig?' 'If you take my advice,' answered Bismarck, 'do not go to Bohemia, for it is there, and just in the neighbourhood of your property, unless I am mistaken, we shall beat the Austrians. Go quietly to Saxony, nothing will happen at Leipzig, and no soldiers will be quartered upon you, for your castle of Knauthayn does not lie on any military road.' When Bismarck was interrogated as to the conversation he treated it as a jest, but Beust took it more seriously, and wrote to Vienna urging Austria to prepare herself. The treaty with Italy was signed on April 8. It provided that, if Prussia declared war in consequence

sequence of the failure of its demands for the reform of the Confederation, Italy should immediately declare war against Austria, after which neither Power was to make peace nor conclude an armistice without the concurrence of the other. It was understood that the objects of the war were the cession of Venetia, and the supremacy of Prussia in Germany. The treaty was not to take effect unless Prussia declared war within three months, that is before July 8. It should be noticed that the treaty was one-sided so far as Italy was concerned. It imposed duties, but conferred no rights.

Bismarck's next step was to propose to the German Diet the convocation of a German Parliament, with universal suffrage. This motion met with general opposition both in Germany and in Europe. France alone expressed herself as favourable towards it. It would have been rejected at once if put to the vote, but at the advice of the Bavarian representative, Pfordten, it was referred to a committee. This was done in the interests of peace. But alarming reports reached Vienna of military preparations in Italy. The English Government, through Lord Bloomfield, did its best to persuade Austria to the peaceful cession of Venetia. On April 21, the Military Council at Vienna ordered the mobilization of a large portion of the Austrian army. The command of the southern army was given to Archduke Albert, that of the northern to Field-marshal Benedek. Throngs of military trains passed from north to south and from south to north, recruits were drilled, fortresses armed, and a loan of sixty million *gulden* contracted. Horse-dealers and contractors had merry times. At the same time Mensdorff attempted to secure the neutrality of France and Italy by promising the cession of Venetia so soon as the Austrians should have conquered Silesia. The mobilization of the Italian army was also determined on April 21, and was received with an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm. Before the middle of May the arming of Prussia and the smaller German States was complete. The whole of Germany was transformed into a large camp. All business was at a standstill. No one but the King of Prussia appeared to think that peace could any longer be preserved.

At the same time some well-meant efforts were made towards pacification. Napoleon had recourse to his favourite panacea of a European Congress. Bismarck accepted the proposal with alacrity, but said that he should wish to have a previous understanding with the French Government. At the same time a certain change was visible in the Imperial policy. It is probable, but not certain, that Austria made offers of the Rhine as the price

price of French assistance. Napoleon considered the cession of Venetia as more important. He said to Lord Cowley, 'Unless the work of Italian liberation is completed, my son's throne will rest upon a volcano.' Thiers made a powerful speech in the Chamber against German unity, arguing that it was fatal to the interests of France. The French Generals were of the opinion then commonly held in Europe, that the Austrian army would prove infinitely superior to its antagonists. On May 5 the Emperor communicated to Count Nigra, the Italian minister, that Austria was willing to surrender Venetia as soon as Silesia was conquered. France and Italy must promise not to support Prussia, and to remain neutral. Venice would be delivered to the Emperor, who would hand it over unconditionally to Italy. The only chance of these conditions being accepted by Italy lay in the one-sided character of the Prusso-Italian treaty. In case Austria should invade Italy, Prussia was under no obligation to assist her. This difficulty was, however, removed by the assurance of King William and his minister, that they would not desert their ally in the hour of need. Austria now offered to cede Venetia without waiting for the conquest of Silesia. But to the credit of the Italian name La Marmora remained firm. Anxious as he was to avoid a war, he saw that such a traffic would be disastrous as well as dishonourable. At the same time he pointed out that the treaty with Prussia expired on July 8, and that after that date Italy would be entirely unfettered.

A last proposal for a pacific solution was made by Gablenz. The terms offered were a Prussian Prince for the Duchies, the reform of the Confederation in the sense that Prussia should command the northern forces and Germany the southern, the possession of Kiel by Prussia on payment of a sum of money, and the garrisoning of Rendsburg by Prussian troops. Bismarck was too astute to reject these proposals, although he must have known their inadequacy. They were finally rejected by Austria herself. Indeed with a deficit of eighty millions, the pressure of financial distress and an entire absence of credit, war was not the worst of the evils which threatened her. A brilliant victory might restore her prospects, and crush the enervating machinations of internal dissensions.

The Emperor Napoleon was now in a very difficult position. He had a character to keep up as the arbiter of Europe; public opinion in France was decidedly opposed to the aggrandisement of Prussia, yet a war in Germany was the only means of liberating Venetia. He now conceived a new series of arrangements. Austria was to receive Silesia as compensation for Venice. Prussia

Prussia was to obtain the Duchies, as well as Saxony and one or two small German States; she was also to have the military leadership in North Germany. The expropriated Princes were to receive compensation on the Rhine, where they would belong to the German Confederation, but be under French influence. The Southern and Central States of Germany were to form a league of their own, balancing the two great Powers of Austria and Prussia. It might also be possible to constitute the smaller Rhenish States from Alsace to the frontier of Holland into a neutral State, after the model of Belgium. If this scheme were laid before a Congress, negociations might be spun out till after July 8, the date at which the alliance between Prussia and Italy came to an end. In this case Italy might consent to remain neutral on receiving Venetia. If Austria would not accept Roumania, and Silesia proved to be impossible, Bosnia might be given her as a substitute. There were, however, considerable difficulties in carrying out the scheme. Italy was not disposed to accept Venetia as a present from the hand of a benefactor, she would only receive it as the result of a popular vote, or as the prize of victory sealed by Italian blood. The Empress Eugénie was also averse to any arrangement which might bring about an understanding between Italy and the Pope, and substitute Italy for France as the protector of Roman Catholic interests in the East. On the other hand there were dangers to Napoleon's policy in the event of an Austrian success. Benedek would overrun the Marches and the Legations with 100,000 men, and the fabric of Italian liberation would be annihilated. The dread of a war redoubled the efforts at negociation between the Courts of Vienna and Paris. The cession of Venetia was almost secured; when, however, the point of decision was reached, it was found that matters had proceeded too far for a peaceful solution. The question at issue was whether Austria or Prussia should possess the hegemony of Germany. Half-a-million warriors were in the field; financial pressure became stronger every day. Austria had no other course before her than to reject the invitation to a Congress, and the idea had consequently to be given up.

Napoleon was very angry at this refusal, and told Count Goltz that he considered Austria responsible for the war, and that he should accord a benevolent neutrality to Prussia. At the same time he considered it prudent to secure himself against the possible results of an Austrian victory, which the best judges considered certain. His scheme was to obtain Venetia for

for Italy, but to prevent the supremacy of Austria endangering the independence of Prussia, so that the balance of power might be preserved in Germany in a sense favourable to French interests.

The Treaty of Vienna, signed on June 12, provided that Austria should surrender Venetia to France on the condition of preserving the temporal power of the Pope, of receiving pecuniary compensation for the Quadrilateral, and of Italy undertaking a certain proportion of the Austrian debt. Italy was of course to promise neutrality as the price of Venice. At the same time Napoleon agreed not to interfere with any movement of reaction which might arise against Italian unity, and to find some compensation out of Italy for the dispossessed sovereigns of Tuscany and Modena. In the words of Sybel, France sacrificed the unity of Italy to Vienna; Austria, the independence of Germany to France. Although Bismarck could not have known of these negociations, yet he understood the Emperor far too well to trust him. On June 2 he received the parting visit of Govone. He asked the General whether in case of war he might reckon on the assistance of Italy against France. Govone answered decidedly in the negative, and besought Bismarck not to breathe such a proposition to any one else, as it was sure to come to Napoleon's ears. The Emperor, on the other hand, was unable to obtain any offer of compensation from Prussia except the city of Trêves, which might be united with Luxemburg. He had indeed no idea of the extent of the military resources of Prussia, he intended to let her lose a few battles and then to settle Germany according to his fancy. His next step was to sow mistrust between Italy and Prussia. He then rested from his labours, with the conviction that, however matters turned out, he would be master of the situation.

The war was now close at hand. On June 4, Bismarck issued a circular which argued that the refusal of a Congress by Austria showed that she had made up her mind for war. On June 10, he sent to all German governments the sketch of a new constitution. It comprised the exclusion of Austria from the Confederation, and the creation of a Federal navy; the military command was to be given in the north to Prussia, in the south to Bavaria; a Parliament was to be summoned, elected by universal suffrage. The Prussian troops then entered Holstein, the Austrians retiring before them. Austria called upon the Diet to mobilize the army of the Confederation, an act which Prussia regarded as a declaration of war. The vote upon this question was taken on June 14, 1866, a truly momentous date in the history

history of Germany. The proposition of Austria, modified in a more peaceful sense by Bavaria, was carried by nine votes to six. Luxemburg, Ducal Saxony, Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, and the Hanse Towns voted against the proposal; Baden remained neutral. The representative of Prussia then declared that the tie of the Confederation was dissolved, and war began.

The last volume of Sybel's History contains a narrative of the war in Italy, Central Germany, and Bohemia, and an account of the foundation of the North German League. The limits of our space do not permit us to treat of those subjects at present, although it would be tempting to trace the astuteness by which Bismarck evaded the claims of Napoleon to receive compensation for the aggrandisement of Prussia. Much that we have written will be new to our readers. The book is undoubtedly an apology for Prussia, and there may be a great deal to be said on the other side. It would be well if other governments concerned would, by allowing access to authentic documents, make it possible to modify or correct the statements of our historian. In the meantime we cannot be too grateful for this clear presentation of the conduct of a great statesman in a crisis of the highest importance, not only to Germany but to the world.

ART. III.—*Œuvres Complètes d'Ernest Renan.* Paris, 1890.

A RECENT writer has observed that the two greatest intellectual forces in France, at this moment, are M. Renan and M. Taine. Probably that is so; certainly, of these two eminent writers, M. Renan is just now incomparably the more influential. In the event, it may, very likely, be otherwise. The work, so thoroughly accomplished by M. Taine, of demolishing the revolutionary legend, and of exhibiting the veritable 'sources of contemporary France,' may well prove of more enduring value than all M. Renan's manifold and multiform writings put together. But the present generation of Frenchmen will not read M. Taine. He has become their enemy, because he tells them the truth. M. Renan, on the other hand, is a prophet abundantly honoured in his own country and wherever the language and literature of his country are known. His sound has gone out into all lands. It would be difficult to mention any living man of letters whose influence in the civilized world is more diffused, more penetrating, and more effective. We shall endeavour, in the present article, to investigate the causes and character of that influence, and to form some judgment concerning it as a factor in the intellectual and spiritual history of the nineteenth century.

Now, by common consent, one of the chief causes of M. Renan's influence is to be found in his incomparable style. It is just twenty-seven years ago that he found himself famous. His 'Vie de Jésus' took the world by storm. The effect which it produced on the public mind may be judged of from the fact that, in France alone, fifteen hundred books or pamphlets about it were published within twelve months from its appearance; most of them, we needly hardly add, attacking it with extreme severity. But whether men applauded or anathematized the 'Vie de Jésus,' none could deny the high gifts of which it made full proof. It may, or it may not have been, what is called 'an epoch-making book.' It certainly made the literary fortune of its author. Not even the most superficial of 'general readers' could be insensible to its delightful phrases, so finely chiselled, to its flowing and harmonious periods—recalling the cadences of music—to the artistic perfection of its word painting, to the exquisite grace of its delicate dilettantism, to the seductive sweetness of its sceptical piety. Savants might gibe at it as a mere literary perfumery, fit only to titillate the nostrils of the multitude. But they have had to reckon with it. Not even the most orthodox of subsequent commentators on the evangelical history have written as they would have written before

before it was published; while those of doubtful orthodoxy, or of no orthodoxy at all, have found in it a rich mine of ideas, a full fountain of inspiration. But although the most popular of M. Renan's works—some three hundred thousand copies of it have been sold in France alone—we feel sure that neither its author, nor any competent critic, would account it the best. The 'Essay on Averroes,' the 'General History of the Semitic Languages,' the 'Studies in Religious History,' the work on the Book of Job, the 'Ethical Essays'—all published before the 'Vie de Jésus'—are not of less account than it from the point of view of scholarship, and certainly are not inferior in literary workmanship. The same may be said of the remaining volumes of his 'Sources of Christianity,' of his 'Philosophical Dialogues,' of his very striking dissertations entitled 'Contemporary Questions,' of his 'Philosophical Dramas,' of his 'History of the People of Israel.' The mere mention of these works—and they are by no means a complete list—is enough to indicate another of the causes of M. Renan's influence. One of the most opulent natures that have adorned modern literature, he takes captive his readers by the breadth of his erudition and the abundance of his ideas, no less than by the magic of his style. A philologist—he is that first and foremost—a historian, a theologian, a philosopher, a publicist, he appeals to thoughtful men of every variety of intellectual character. And he seldom appeals in vain. It is hard for even the most inveterate prejudice to refuse to hear the voice of the charmer; the more especially as to his '*illecebræ suaviloquentiæ*'—to use St. Augustine's phrase—he adds the fascination of subtle and stimulating paradox. Mordant irony lurking beneath the most ingenuous candour, voluptuous sensism extracted from the purest idealism, universal pyrrhonism expressed in the language of religion—such is the piquant ragout which M. Renan serves up, in the lordly dish of his superb French, to the jaded palate of the nineteenth century. It is not difficult to understand how the century has relished it. But it is very difficult to bring so unique an artist within the ordinary formulas of criticism; or adequately to estimate his multiform achievements within the twenty or thirty pages of a Review article. M. Sainte-Beuve felt the difficulty a quarter of a century ago. 'Pour parler convenablement de M. Renan,' he writes, 'si complexe et si fuyant quand on le presse et quand on veut l'embrasser tout entier, ce serait moins un article de critique qu'il conviendrait de faire sur lui qu'un petit dialogue à la manière de Platon.' Similarly, M. Renan himself finds that, in the present state of the human intellect, the dialogue alone is

suitable for the exposition of his philosophic ideas. 'Truths of this order,' he writes, in the Preface to 'Le Prêtre de Némi,' 'should be neither denied nor affirmed directly. They are not the subject of demonstration. All we can do is to present them in different aspects and to exhibit their strength or their weakness, their necessity, their equivalence.' Unquestionably, this form of composition suits M. Renan admirably, and he has used it with supreme skill to exhibit himself according to his own humorous description, as 'a tissue of contradictions, one half of him engaged in demolishing the other half, like the fabulous beast of Ctesias who ate his paws without knowing it.' 'The clear perception of a truth,' he tells us, 'does not in the least hinder one from discerning the opposing truth, the next minute, with just the same clearness.' The contradictions with which his writings are replete are no accident. They are a habit; nay more, they are a law of his nature. Indeed, he finds in them an evidence of veracity: 'Malheur à qui ne se contredit pas une fois par jour.' No doubt all this may be, to some extent, conceded. Certain it is that the mere juxtaposition of divergent elements of thought often gives us more help towards grasping the verity underlying them, than that which would be afforded by a premature and arbitrary synthesis. But the dialogue has peculiar dangers and temptations of its own for a mobile and subtle intellect. Even Plato himself did not altogether escape them. They are dangers and temptations to which a Frenchman is especially exposed. For as Amiel says, truly enough, 'the Frenchman's centre of gravity is always outside himself; he is always thinking of others; always playing to the gallery.' M. Renan, throughout his brilliant volume of 'Dialogues Philosophiques,' reminds us of one of Moore's nymphs.

> 'Lesbia has a wit refined;
> But when its points are gleaming round us,
> Who can tell if they're designed
> To dazzle merely, or to wound us?'

There is a marvellous coquetry in his intellect; at one moment dallying with materialism, at the next fondly embracing the ideal; now, passionate in professions of mysticism; then, cold and disdainful in negation or indifference. Yes; the dialogue is admirably suited to M. Renan's genius. And no doubt it would serve excellently well for an entertaining and instructive exhibition of him as an artist. But for the sober estimate of him as a teacher, which we are about to essay, 'the critical article,' in spite of the difficulties pointed out by M. Sainte-Beuve,

M. Sainte-Beuve, has its advantages. It serves better than the dialogue to present definite conclusions.

In order to understand the influence exercised by M. Renan's writings upon the public mind, we shall do well to inquire first into the intellectual constituents of his character. And here we shall derive signal help from his intensely interesting volume, 'Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse,' —a work, which, as he tells us, he wrote 'in order to transmit to others the theory of the universe which he carries in himself.' The book is full of charms of every kind; admirable bits of description, as the pictures of old Brittany; masterpieces of rhetoric, as the famous prayer on the Acropolis; finished pages of irony, as the account of M. de Talleyrand's conversion. But, to our mind, its greatest charm lies in its veracity. In this species of composition it is very difficult to avoid the artistic insincerity of which, perhaps, the most conspicuous example is afforded by Rousseau's 'Confessions.' Throughout M. Renan's 'Souvenirs,' there breathes that antique candour which so mightily fascinates us in a very different book—Cardinal Newman's 'Apologia.' We may remark, in passing, upon the curious and instructive parallel which these two works offer, both of them of the highest value as documents for the spiritual history of the nineteenth century. We may observe, too, that all the other writings of both masters may, in a true sense, be regarded as commentaries upon, or explanations of, their autobiographies. There is not a page of Cardinal Newman which is not a real revelation of its author. The same may be said of the works of M. Renan, who, very early in life, felt, that 'to write without expressing something of one's own personal thought was the vainest exercise of the intellect.' Of course M. Renan does not mean us to suppose that everything in his 'Souvenirs' is to be taken absolutely. Like the author of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and the Hebrew prophet whose example Bunyan imitated, he has used similitudes. 'All that I have written is true,' he testifies, 'but not of that kind of truth which is required for a Biographie Universelle. Many things have been introduced to provoke a smile (*afin qu'on sourie*); and, if only custom would have allowed, I should have written here and there, in the margin, "cum grano salis."' Nay, as he tells us elsewhere, he indulges sometimes in 'little literary evasions (*petits faux-fuyants littéraires*) required by the view of a higher truth, or by the exigences of a well-balanced phrase.' If, after these admonitions, the reader chooses to misapprehend our author, why he must thank his own dulness for his mistakes. We

may, on the whole, fully credit M. Renan when he claims for himself, 'Dans mes écrits j'ai été d'une sincérité absolue.' Indeed, it is this very sincerity which is his greatest offence in the eyes of some of his critics. He is 'the candid friend,' in whom the Anti-Jacobin poet discerned the worst of foes.

And now, in considering M. Renan a little more closely, let us, according to the fashion of the day, begin with heredity, the force of which, indeed, in the determination of moral and mental qualities, no candid investigator can deny. M. Renan is a Breton. And in him, as in Chateaubriand and Lamennais before him, the qualities of his race are strongly marked. Physically he resembles hundreds of good curés who may be seen in Lower Brittany. A friend of the present writer, indeed, not long ago was greatly astonished at finding, as he thought, in one of the parish churches there, the author of the 'Vie de Jésus' clad in strange ecclesiastical costume, and devoutly sustaining some humble part in the offices of religion. He rubbed his eyes, and after a few minutes discerned his error. It was an obese and orthodox beadle whom he had mistaken for the Administrator of the College of France. The characteristics of the Breton are as clearly imprinted upon M. Renan's intellectual constitution as upon his physical form. One of the chief of them is idealism; the vivid yet chastened and inexpansive imagination, the heritage of the people dwelling in that land of mysterious ocean, and melancholy plains, and grey skies, and desolate rocks, which M. Renan has himself so admirably described in his 'Poésie des Races Celtiques': 'Quelque chose de voilé, de sobre, d'exquis, à égale distance de la rhétorique trop familière aux races latines, et de la naïveté réfléchie de l'Allemand.' But M. Renan has also Gascon blood in him through his mother, whom he describes as lively, candid, and inquisitive (*curieuse*). To her he owes, as he tells us, 'une certain habileté dans l'art d'amener le cliquetis des mots et des idées,' and 'le penchant gascon à trancher beaucoup de difficultés par un sourire,' 'but for which,' he piously adds, 'my salvation would have been better assured.' In this complexity of origin he finds the source, to a great extent at all events, of his apparent contradictions. 'I am double,' he writes; 'sometimes one part of me laughs while the other weeps. That is the explanation of my gaiety. As there are two men in me, there is always one who has reason to be satisfied.'

Ernest Renan was born in 1823, at Tréguier, a small town which had grown up under the shadow of a vast monastery founded in the last year of the fifth century, by St. Tudwal. The

The monastery has disappeared, but the cathedral remains, 'chef d'œuvre de légèreté, fol essai pour réaliser en granit un idéal impossible.' This architectural paradox, he tells us, was his first master. Under its vaulted roof he passed long hours, breathing the monastic atmosphere in this highly unmonastic age. The town and its neighbourhood presented the same ideal and religious character. It was a great school of faith and reverence, in which his childhood was passed. His father, the master of a small coasting boat, was drowned when Ernest was three years old. And this misfortune, doubtless, served to enhance the piety of the devout household. The boy grew up with the fixed determination to be a priest. Good and devout, he accepted the faith of his fathers, as 'the absolute expression of truth,' 'the supernatural summary of what man ought to know.' His state of mind at twelve, nay at fifteen, was precisely 'celui de tant de bons esprits du xvii^e^ siècle, mettant la religion hors de doute.' His intellectual superiority over his comrades was marked from the first. Criticism and philosophical sagacity, of course, did not enter into the instruction of those excellent priests who were his first masters, he tells us. 'But they taught me,' he adds, 'what was worth infinitely more: love of truth, respect for reason, the seriousness of life.' Everything in his early years predestined him to a modest ecclesiastical career in Brittany. 'I should have made a very good priest,' he thinks; 'indulgent, paternal, charitable, blameless in my life and conversation. My career would have been on this wise. At twenty-two I should have been Professor in the College at Tréguier. At fifty, Canon, and probably Vicar-General at St. Brieuc: very conscientious, much respected, a good and safe director. No very enthusiastic admirer of the new dogmas, I should have dared to say, like many worthy ecclesiastics, after the Vatican Council, "Posui custodiam ori meo." My antipathy for the Jesuits would merely have led me not to speak of them. A substratum of modified Gallicanism would, however, have lain concealed under a profound knowledge of canon law.' Such was the prospect before M. Renan, when, at the age of fifteen, a slight incident completely changed his future.

That incident was that his success at the College at Tréguier, where he had carried off all the prizes of his class, attracted the notice of the Abbé Dupanloup. This eminent ecclesiastic—subsequently famous as Bishop of Orleans—had been appointed by the Archbishop of Paris, superior of the Little Seminary of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, and was anxious to fill his house with promising recruits. He offered Ernest Renan a place there,

there, and the offer was accepted. At first, the change did not suit the young Breton. He fell ill. It was the Abbé Dupanloup's care of him, he thinks, which saved his life. He gradually became accustomed to the routine of seminary existence. M. Dupanloup he found 'un éveilleur incomparable,' absolutely unrivalled in the power of drawing out what was best in each of the young students. The education at St. Nicholas was literary to an extent very unusual in Catholic seminaries. M. Renan tells us that he had come to Paris 'morally formed, but as ignorant as he well could be.' He now learned 'that something existed besides antiquity and the Church; that there were contemporary French authors worthy of some attention.' Despite its claim to be an asylum 'far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,' the atmosphere of the century circulated pretty freely in St. Nicholas. It was M. Dupanloup's wise design to form priests who should be not merely theologians with Moses on the mount, but 'learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians,' among whom their work was to lie. To St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, M. Renan owes his initiation into modern literature. But if 'the superficial humanism,' which he acquired there, destroyed the first *naïveté* of his faith—as he thinks it did—it by no means planted in his mind anything that could properly be called doubt. When, at the end of his first year in the college, 'a full *bourse*' was awarded him, and he was told that it was given with no restriction as to his future career, he replied calmly, 'I shall be a priest.' And during the whole of his course there, no question as to his vocation to the ecclesiastical state occurred to him.

When his three years at the Little Seminary were completed, M. Renan quitted it for the Grand Seminary of Saint Sulpice, where four years more of training awaited him. The first two of these were spent at the 'succursale' of Issy, and were devoted to philosophy. The philosophy taught was scholasticism in Latin; 'not the barbarous and infantine scholasticism of the thirteenth century, but what may, perhaps, be called the Cartesian Scholasticism, which was generally adopted for ecclesiastical instruction in the eighteenth century, and stereotyped, so to speak, in the work known as 'La Philosophie de Lyon.' 'I owe,' M. Renan writes, 'the clearness of my intellect, and in particular a certain skill in division—an art of the first importance, for it is one of the conditions of the art of writing—to the scholastic exercises, and above all to geometry, which is the application par excellence of the scholastic method.' Here M. Renan obtained some acquaintance with the philosophical writings of Cousin, and of Jouffroy,

Jouffroy, and heard rumours of German thought. But the authors he read habitually were Pascal, Malebranche, Euler, Locke, Leibnitz, Descartes, Reid, Dugald Stewart. The physical sciences—especially general natural history and physiology—greatly attracted him, and his studies in this department shook his confidence in metaphysics. 'J'aperçus l'insuffisance de ce qu'on appelle le spiritualisme : les preuves Cartésiennes de l'existence d'une âme distincte du corps me parurent toujours très faibles : dès lors j'étais idéaliste et non spiritualiste, dans le sens qu'on donne au mot. Un éternel *fieri*, un métamorphose sans fin me semblait la loi du monde. La nature m'apparaissait comme un ensemble où la création particulière n'a point de place, et où, par conséquent, tout se transforme.' Do we ask how it was that these conceptions did not banish from M. Renan's intellect scholasticism and Christianity, with which they are clearly at variance? He replies: 'Parce que j'étais jeune, inconséquent, et que la critique me manquait.'

But others, or at least one other, already saw in M. Renan, what his youth, his want of logic and of criticism, prevented him from seeing in himself. His professor of philosophy, M. Gottofrey, observed him narrowly; and, with the instinct of piety, divined the true state of his mind. At last, upon a certain occasion, M. Renan was engaged in a public disputation, upon some philosophical matter; when the vigour of his objections to the orthodox position, his manifest dissatisfaction with the arguments traditionally accredited and received, provoked a smile from some of the listeners, and M. Gottofrey, who was presiding, stopped the argument. In the course of the evening, the Professor sent for the too candid disputant, and, with the eloquence of deep conviction, warned him that overweening confidence in reason was contrary to the spirit of Christianity—that rationalism was incompatible with faith. Growing strangely animated, M. Gottofrey went on to reproach the young man with his too exclusive devotion to study. 'Research? What is the good of it? All that is essential has been already found. It is not by science that souls are saved.' And then, gradually becoming more excited, he said, in passionate accents, 'You are no Christian.'

'I have never in my life,' M. Renan tells us, 'felt more fright than that which I experienced on hearing those words uttered in a ringing voice. I tottered, as I left the room. And all night long "You are no Christian" resounded in my ears like a great peal of thunder.' The next day he poured his trouble into the ear of his confessor, an excellent man, who saw nothing, and wished to see nothing; who soothed him with pious

pious words, and bade him dismiss the matter from his mind. 'He did not in the least understand the character of my mind, nor divine its future logical evolution. M. Gottofrey did. He saw clearly enough. He was right; fully right. I now recognize it completely. Writing thirty-five years afterwards, I discern the deep penetration of which he gave evidence. He alone was clear-sighted, for he was quite a saint. It needed his transcendent illumination of martyr and ascetic to discover what completely escaped those who directed my conscience with so much sincerity, so much goodness, in other matters.'

Yielding, then, to the counsels of his confessor, M. Renan put aside, for the time, the revelation of himself made to him by M. Gottofrey; and, when his two years at Issy were accomplished, proceeded for his theological studies to Saint Sulpice. There his conduct was irreproachable, as it had been throughout the whole of his previous career, and in due course he received the tonsure and was admitted into minor orders. Theology and Biblical exegesis were now his chief subjects of study, with results which all the world knows. But it is necessary, for our present purpose, to indicate, briefly, how those results were reached. At the basis of dogmatic theology lies the treatise, 'De Vera Religione,' the object of which is to prove the supernatural character of the Christian religion—that is, of the canonical scriptures and the Church. The next step is to prove the dogmas of the Church by Scripture, the Councils, the Fathers, and the theologians. M. Renan gradually became convinced of the impossibility of demonstrating that the Christian religion is, more specially than any other, divine and revealed; nay, further, it appeared to him certain, that in the field of reality accessible to our observation, no supernatural event, no miracle has ever occurred. He was led to the conclusion of M. Littré, that 'investigate as you will, you will never find that a miracle has been wrought under conditions where it could be observed and verified.' Again, historical facts seemed to him absolutely irreconcilable with the theory that the doctrines of Christianity, as they were defined at Trent, or even at Nicæa, were what the Apostles originally taught. While his mind was revolving these weighty matters, he betook himself to the study, first of Hebrew, and then of German, which introduced him to the new exegesis, distinctive of the nineteenth century, and led him to apply to the Semitic documents of Christianity the grammatical and historical interpretations which are applied to the other books of antiquity. The result was that 'the traditional thesis' as to the date, authorship, and inerrancy of the Hebrew Sacred Books—a thesis which he had been taught to consider

consider essential to Christianity—soon grew incredible to him. But let us, in this connexion, quote his own words:—

'Dans un livre divin, en effet, tout est vrai, et, deux contradictoires ne pouvant être vraies à la fois, il ne doit s'y trouver aucune contradiction. Or l'étude attentive que je faisais de la Bible, en me révélant des trésors historiques et esthétiques, me prouvait aussi que ce livre n'était pas plus exempt qu'aucun autre livre de contradictions, d'inadvertences, d'erreurs. Il s'y trouve des fables, des légendes, des traces de composition tout humaine. Il n'est plus possible de soutenir que la seconde partie d'Isaïe soit d'Isaïe. Le livre de Daniel que toute orthodoxie rapporte au temps de la Captivité, est un apocryphe composé en 169 ou 170 avant Jésus-Christ. Le livre de Judith est une impossibilité historique. L'attribution du Pentateuque à Moïse est insoutenable, et nier que plusieurs parties de la Genèse aient le caractère mythique, c'est s'obliger à expliquer comme réels des récits tels que celui du paradis terrestre, du fruit defendu, de l'arche de Noé. Or on n'est pas catholique si l'on s'écarte sur un seul de ces points de la thèse traditionnelle. Que devient ce miracle, si fort admiré de Bossuet: "Cyrus nommé deux cents ans avant sa naissance"? Que deviennent les soixante-dix semaines, bases des calculs de *l'Histoire universelle*, si la partie du livre d'Isaïe où Cyrus est nommé a été justement composée du temps de ce conquérant, et si pseudo-Daniel est contemporain d'Antiochus Épiphane? L'orthodoxie oblige de croire que les livres bibliques sont les livres de ceux à qui les titres les attribuent. Les doctrines catholiques les plus mitigées sur l'inspiration ne permettent d'admettre dans le texte sacré aucune erreur caractérisée, aucune contradiction, même en des choses qui ne concernent ni la foi, ni les mœurs. . . . Cette théorie d'inspiration, impliquant un fait surnaturel, devient impossible à maintenir en présence des idées arrêtées du bon sens moderne.'*

The conclusion of the whole matter for M. Renan was that 'his direct study of Christianity, undertaken in the most serious spirit, did not leave him enough faith to be a sincere priest; while, on the other hand, it inspired him with too much respect to allow of his resigning himself to playing an odious comedy with beliefs most worthy of respect.' He had the courage of his convictions. On the 6th of October, 1845, he quitted Saint-Sulpice, leaving behind him the faith which he had once hoped to teach. It was with him as with the Patriarch of old, 'when with his staff he passed over that Jordan. He parted with all that his heart loved, and turned his face towards a strange land. He went with the doubt whether he should have bread to eat or raiment to put on.' 'Ceux qui me connaissent,' he wrote to his confessor, 'avoueront, j'espère, que ce n'est pas l'intérêt qui m'a éloigné du Christianisme. Tous mes intérêts

* 'Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse,' p. 292.

les

les plus chers ne devaient-ils pas m'engager à le trouver vrai? Les considérations temporelles contre lesquelles j'ai à lutter eussent suffi pour en persuader bien d'autres ; mon cœur a besoin du Christianisme ; l'Évangile sera toujours ma morale, l'Église a fait mon éducation, je l'aime. Ah ! que ne puis-je continuer à me dire son fils ! Je la quitte malgré moi. . . . Le Christianisme suffit à toutes mes facultés, excepté une seule, la plus exigeante de toutes, parce qu'elle est de droit juge de toutes les autres.'

Religious unbelief, contemptible when it is the outcome of animal passions, rebelling against 'creeds that refuse and restrain,' is, at all events, respectable if it is the result of conscientious inquiry. There is a true sense in the oft-quoted lines of Lord Tennyson concerning the faith that lives in honest doubt. It is not surprising to learn that M. Renan met with nothing but kindness from the worthy ecclesiastics with whom his youth had been passed. M. Dupanloup, in particular, was goodness itself to the ex-seminarist, as might, indeed, have been expected from so noble and generous a nature. 'Are you in need of money?' he wrote. 'It may well be that you are. My poor purse is at your service. Would that it were in my power to offer you goods more precious. I trust that my very simple offer will not hurt your feelings.' M. Renan expressed warm thanks for this proposal, as indeed he well might ; but he did not avail himself of it. His deeply-cherished sister, Henriette, placed at his disposal twelve hundred francs, which she had saved ; and this sum, relieving him from immediate anxiety as to the morrow, was, he tells us, the foundation of the independence and dignity of his life.

It would be beside our present purpose to follow, in detail, M. Renan's subsequent career. At first he felt himself an utter alien—*dépaysé*—in this work-a-day world, where his lot was now cast. It was to him as a cold and arid desert, peopled by pigmies. And his distress was heightened by his mother's unhappiness ; her letters rent his heart. She passed her days in singing the old religious verses known as 'Les Cantiques de Marseilles,' her favourite among them being 'The Song of Joseph : '—

'O Joseph, ô mon aimable
Fils affable !
Les bêtes t'ont dévoré ;
Je perds avec toi l'envie
D'être en vie ;
Le Seigneur soit adoré !'

'I exerted all my ingenuity,' M. Renan says, 'in inventing ways of proving to her that I was still the same 'fils affable' as in

in the past. Little by little the wound healed. When she saw me still good and kind to her, as I always had been, she owned that there were several ways of being a priest, and that nothing was altered in me but my dress, which was indeed the truth.'

Yes, that was indeed the truth. 'Cucullus non facit monachum.' Secular costume does not make the layman. The external change which had passed over M. Renan made no change in his way of thought. 'The studies which I had so long pursued at the seminary,' he tells us, 'had taken such hold upon me that my only thought was to go on with them. The sole occupation which seemed to me worth living for, was to continue my critical researches upon Christianity by the more abundant methods which lay science offered.' M. Renan is what he has called himself, 'un prêtre manqué.' 'I was born a priest *a priori*,' he elsewhere says, and the work of his life has been to engraft modern criticism upon his sacerdotal temperament. It is a saying of Jouffroy, 'Man believes by instinct and doubts by reason.' The faith of his childhood dwells with M. Renan as a sentiment. Its poetry survives, side by side with the criticism which has been fatal to it as a creed. Here is an explanation of the two voices which are constantly heard throughout his writings. His utterances differ, according as he speaks, 'en prêtre,' or 'en critique.' It would be easy to accumulate from his volumes passages breathing the purest spirit of piety; that abnegation, that elevation, that idealism which are the essence of all religion. Indeed, as all the world knows, he has himself, for some years, cherished the project of extracting from his works a number of edifying extracts which might serve as a book of devotion for fair readers while assisting at Mass. The height of his ambition, he asserts, would be obtained if he might thus make his entry into the Church, 'sous la forme d'un petit volume in-18, relié en maroquin noir, tenu entre les longs doigts effilés d'une main gantée.' Unquestionably, the effect upon these charming devotees might be salutary if the compilation were made with sufficient care.

> 'Das ist alles recht schön und gut.
> Ungefähr sagt das der Pfarrer auch,
> Nur mit ein bischen andern Worten,'

says poor Gretchen, after listening to Faust's eloquent exposition of his somewhat nebulous creed. The fashionable lady might say the same of the volume of 'Lectures Pieuses' with which M. Renan thirsts to present her. Nay, it may even be conceded that he is not without warrant when he reproaches some

some of the manuals of 'La Petite Dévotion,' which he desires to supersede, as replete 'des faiblesses, des erreurs, des choses qui entretiennent la femme dans la fâcheuse habitude de trop practiser avec l'absurde.' More guarded must be our attitude towards his claim that he alone, in his time, has really understood the Divine Founder of Christianity, and the Umbrian Saint, in whom the image of the Crucified seems most perfectly reproduced ('J'ai pu seul en mon siècle comprendre Jésus et François d'Assise'). Still, unquestionably, whatever grave objections may be made, and ought to be made, from the point of view both of critical science and of religious reverence, to the 'Vie de Jésus,' we cannot deny that it presents a *living* embodiment of the purest idealism, where the popular theology had been too apt to offer a dead abstraction. M. Scherer claims for its author: 'C'est M. Renan qui, le premier, a fait rentrer Jésus dans le droit commun de l'histoire, et par conséquent dans la réalité. Il a rendu ainsi au Christianisme, au Christianisme durable, au Christianisme spirituel un service.'* No doubt this is too strongly put. But there is enough truth in the view which M. Scherer thus expresses to render his words worth citing. And assuredly there are in the 'Vie de Jésus,' as throughout M. Renan's writings, many passages which the most orthodox of his critics might be well pleased to have written. How true and how admirably expressed is the following!—

'Ce vrai royaume de Dieu, ce royaume de l'esprit, qui fait chacun roi et prêtre; ce royaume qui, comme ce grain de sénevé, est devenu un arbre qui ombrage le monde, et sous les rameaux duquel les oiseaux ont leur nid, Jésus l'a compris, l'a voulu, l'a fondé. . . . Il a conçu la réelle cité de Dieu, la "palingénésie" véritable, le Sermon sur la montagne, l'apothéose du faible, l'amour du peuple, la réhabilitation de tout qui est humble, vrai et naïf. Cette réhabilitation il l'a rendue en artiste incomparable par des traits qui dureront éternellement. Chacun de nous lui doit ce qu'il y a de meilleur en lui. . . . De nos jours mêmes, jours troublés où Jésus n'a pas de plus authentiques continuateurs que ceux qui semblent le répudier, les rêves d'organisation idéale de la société, qui ont tant d'analogie avec les aspirations des sectes chrétiennes primitives, ne sont, en un sens que l'épanouissement de la même idée, une des branches de cet arbre immense où germe toute pensée de l'avenir, et dont "le royaume de Dieu" sera éternellement la tige et la racine. Toutes les révolutions sociales de l'humanité seront entées sur ce mot-là. Mais entachées d'un grossier matérialisme, aspirant à l'impossible, c'est à dire à fondu l'universelle bonheur sur les mesures politiques et économiques, les tentatives "socialistes" de notre temps resteront infécondes

* 'Mélanges d'Histoire Religieuse,' p. 132.

jusqu'à

jusqu'à ce qu'elles prennent pour règle le véritable esprit de Jésus, je veux dire l'idéalisme absolu, ce principe que pour posséder la terre il faut y renoncer.' *

How profound again the dictum — which recalls one of Spinosa's weightiest sayings—'La plus haute conscience de Dieu qui ait existé au sein de l'humanité a été celle de Jésus.' And once more how penetrating the appeal in the 'Études d'Histoire Religieuse:' 'Si vos facultés vibrant simultanément n'ont jamais rendu ce grand son unique que nous appellons Dieu je n'ai plus rien à dire; vous manquez de l'élément essentiel de notre nature.'

True indeed. 'Das ist alles recht schön und gut.' But now, if we turn from the priest to the critic, we learn that it is very doubtful whether this Deity, concerning whom, and whose kingdom, such excellent things have been spoken, really exists. We read in the 'Souvenirs' that the clear scientific view of a universe where no volition higher than man's acts in an appreciable manner, has, since the first months of 1846, been to M. Renan an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. And again, in another page of the same volume, we are told, 'It is by chemistry at the one end, and by astronomy at the other, it is above all by general physiology, that we truly grasp the secret of existence, of the world, of what people call God.' And if we turn to M. Renan's last published volume,† as likely to contain the ultimate light which he is able to radiate upon the high theme we read as follows:—'The word God is in possession of the respect of humanity; it has in its favour a long prescription; it has been employed in the finest poetry. To suppress it, would be to turn humanity aside from its path (*dérouter l'humanité*). Although it is what the scholastics call "univocal," it corresponds to a sufficiently precise idea—the *summum* and the *ultimum:* the line at which humanity stops in the ladder (*échelle*) of the infinite . . . God, Providence, Soul, are so many good old words, a little heavy, but expressive and respectable. Science will explain them. It will not, with advantage, find substitutes for them. What is God for humanity but the transcendental summary of its supra-sensible wants, *the category of the ideal*—that is to say, the form under which we conceive the ideal, just as space and time are the categories under which we conceive bodies.' Do we say, Well and good; but are we to understand that this 'category of the ideal' exists? 'Ce Dieu est-il ou n'est-il pas?' M. Renan replies, 'Questions of being

* 'Vie de Jésus,' pp. 282–288, 7ème ed.

† 'L'Avenir de la Science: Pensées de 1848,' p. 475. This volume was published early in the present year.

are

are beyond us.' ('Les questions de l'être nous dépassent.'*) In which connection the conclusion of his eloquent prayer upon the Acropolis naturally occurs to the student of his writings. 'Un immense fleuve d'oubli nous entraîne dans un gouffre sans nom. O abîme, tu est le Dieu unique . . . Tout n'est ici-bas que symbole et que songe. Les dieux passent, comme les hommes, et il ne serait pas bon qu'ils fussent éternels. La foi qu'on a eue ne doit jamais être une chaîne. On est quitte envers elle quand on l'a soigneusement roulée dans le linceul de pourpre où dorment les dieux morts.'

M. Renan is, in fact, a priest, whose gospel is religious sentiment; and a critic, whose last word is that for such sentiment no basis of fact is within our reach. But his scepticism—wherein, as he tells us, he finds the happiness of his life—is not confined to the domain of religion. As his theodicy is the negation of God, so is his morality the negation of Duty. There is no real recognition in his writings of that eternal distinction between Right and Wrong—not made, but apprehended by our practical reason—which is the only true foundation of ethics: no confession of the moral law as a Divine order ruling throughout the universe, in voluntary submission whereunto human virtue consists. True, indeed, passages may be found in his writings, in which this august doctrine is proclaimed. Thus, in his Preface to his translation of the Book of Job, we read, 'Duty with its incalculable philosophical consequences, in imposing itself upon all, resolves all doubts, reconciles all oppositions, and serves as a foundation to rebuild what reason destroys, or allows to crumble away. Thanks to this revelation, free from ambiguity or obscurity, we affirm that he who has chosen the right is the truly wise man.' But here—and in other like utterances—we must take M. Renan to be speaking 'en prêtre.' If we turn to the critic, we find that this lofty teaching crumbles away at the annihilating touch of Positivism. 'The morality of the critical school,' he tells us, in his 'Philosophical Fragments,' rests not upon the Categorical Imperative, but upon 'a sentiment of the nobility of man.' It seems a frail foundation whereon to rear the moral order. Elsewhere, he asserts, 'le bien et le mal se transforment l'un dans l'autre

* We quote from the 'Table Analytique.' We give M. Renan's words as we find them. But when he writes 'univocal' we suspect he means 'analogical,' which is the proper school term. In his 'Philosophic Fragments,' M. Renan tells us. 'Toute proposition appliquée à Dieu est impertinente, une seule exceptée: "Il est."' But in another place, in the same volume, we read, 'L'absolu de la justice et de la raison ne se manifeste que dans l'humanité: envisagé hors de l'humanité cet absolu *n'est qu'une abstraction. . . . L'infini n'existe* que quand il revêt une forme finie.' The italics are our own.

par

par des nuances aussi indiscernables que celles du cou d'une colombe.' And all the world knows his famous phrase about 'l'énorme duperie qu'implique la bonté.' In his Discourse upon the occasion of the reception of M. Cherbuliez into the French Academy, he acquainted the world that his hesitation regarding the question, 'Où est le bien?' arose from 'the divine parable of the Prodigal Son.' 'Le plus bel enseignement du Christianisme,' he declares, 'est que la vertu consiste moins dans les œuvres que dans les sentiments du cœur, si bien que l'Éternel a des tendresses pour la faute qui vient d'une ardeur généreuse ou d'un égarement d'amour.' Remarking, in passing, upon M. Renan's ingenuity in extracting from the parable of the Prodigal Son the doctrine that the Eternal is indulgent towards, not the faulty, but their faults, not the sinner, but his sins, we go on to observe, that he is by no means sure how far old world moralists are well founded in accounting virtue our true end. He tells us in his 'Souvenirs' of his inability to rid himself of the idea that perhaps, after all, the libertine is right, and practises the true philosophy of life. It fills him with melancholy, as indeed it well may, when he reflects that it took him ten years of profound meditation, and unremitting intellectual toil, to reach a conclusion which the *gamin* of Paris attains at one bound.* M. Scherer, a warm admirer of M. Renan, seems to us to have correctly summed up his friend's real view of ethics. 'Sa pensée de derrière la tête, c'est que la vertu, non plus que toute autre chose ne supporte l'examen; on soulève le voile et, là comme partout, on découvre qu'il n'y a rien dessous.'† But whatever may be the real truth about virtue, M. Renan knows that beauty is just as good; nay, better. 'La beauté vaut la vertu,' he declares in his 'Marc-Aurèle.'‡ And in his 'Souvenirs' he goes further: 'La beauté est un don tellement supérieur que le talent, le génie, la vertu même ne sont rien auprès d'elle, en sorte que la femme vraiment belle a le droit de tout dédaigner.' M. Renan's practical conclusion is expressed in his declaration to the students at the Grand-Véfour, 'The old French gaiety is perhaps the profoundest of philosophies.' It is the philosophy practised by himself in the refined and cultivated form of a dilettante epicureanism to which, indeed, he

* 'Je n'arrivai pas au point d'émancipation que le gamin de Paris atteint sans aucun effort de réflexion, qu'après avoir traversé Gesenius et toute l'exégèse allemande. Il me fallait dix années de méditation et de travail forcené, pour voir que mes maîtres n'étaient pas infaillibles.' ('Souvenirs,' p. 15.)

† 'Études sur la Littérature,' vol. viii. p. 127.

‡ So also in his 'Fragments Philosophiques':—'Un beau sentiment vaut une belle pensée; une belle pensée vaut une belle action: une vie de science vaut une vie de vertu.' (P. 309.)

finds

finds himself inclined by nature: 'le fond de mon caractère est la gaîté et l'acceptation resignée du sort.' Of the two men who are in him, the Gascon—*l'homme qui rit*—has dominated his life since he left Saint Sulpice; and he has indulged to the full his 'penchant de trancher beaucoup de difficultés par un sourire.' Life, for M. Renan, is a comedy, and he thinks himself fortunate in being provided with a comfortable seat in the stalls from which to witness it: 'placé au point de vue d'une bienveillante ironie universelle.' Assuredly it is M. Renan himself who speaks to us by the mouth of Ganeo, in the 'Prêtre de Némi:' 'Jouissons, mon pauvre ami, du monde tel qu'il s'est fait. Ce n'est pas une œuvre sérieuse: c'est une farce, l'œuvre d'un demiurge jovial. La gaîté est la seule théologie de cette grande farce.' The French clergy may very likely be, as M. Renan alleges, 'respectablement bornés' in their view of the universe. But, assuredly, they can hardly be considered wrong in reckoning him among those 'inimicos crucis Christi, quorum finis interitus, quorum deus venter est, et gloria in confusione ipsorum: qui terrena sapiunt.'

It has been observed by Joubert that 'the authors who have influence are merely those who express perfectly what other men are thinking: who reveal in people's minds ideas or sentiments which were tending to the birth.' These words unquestionably indicate a chief cause of M. Renan's popularity. He has used his incomparable literary skill to interpret the mind of his generation to itself. He is, in intellect, a Positivist—we do not, of course, mean a professed follower of Comte, whom he rather despises—and so he appeals to the scientific feeling of his age as manifested in physics and the higher criticism. But he knows well that man does not live by the fruit of the tree of knowledge alone: that some transcendental ideal is, in the long run, necessary to humanity. And this renders him peculiarly acceptable to many. Some dozen years ago M. Berthelot began one of his books with these astounding words, 'Le monde est aujourd'hui sans mystère.' We may be sure—such is the influence of the Zeitgeist—that this eminent physicist, if writing now, would not express himself in that wise. There is, at the present moment, a strong revival of mysticism in France, by a sort of natural reaction from the coarse and vulgar earth to earth philosophy, which for so long has made such proud boasting in that country. We find its tokens everywhere in literature, from the reasoned treatise to the unreasonable romance. It may doubtless be, in many cases, mere affectation, mere dilettantism. But, taken as a whole, it is something more. It represents the insatiable craving

craving of man's spirit for nobler nourishment than the swinish husks which alone Materialism has to offer. It represents that aspiration after the supersensual, the eternal, the divine, which no fork of Positivism will ever expel from humanity. To this craving, this aspiration, M. Renan ministers, with poetry derived from the Old Testament, and with piety borrowed from the New. It is very possible that he may even yet favour the world with the manual of 'Lectures Pieuses,' of which we spoke in an earlier page. It would not be hazardous to predict for it a popularity as great as that which his 'Vie de Jésus' has obtained. But with its Positivism on the one side, and its Mysticism on the other, France is still at heart Voltairian. So is M. Renan. And 'cor ad cor loquitur.' In him his admiring countrymen have another, and, in some respects, a better Voltaire: a Voltaire with far less *esprit*, indeed, but with far greater intellectual cultivation, and far less sectarian animosity; preaching the same word of wisdom—the dictum of the elder sage, 'La vie est un enfant qu'il faut bercer jusqu'à ce qu'il s'endort,' sums up his successor's life philosophy—and exhibiting, to the last, the same inexhaustible gaiety:

'Toujours un pied dans le cercueil,
De l'autre faisant des gambades.'

M. Renan, then, is all things to such men. There is, in him, as he tells us, in an amusing passage of his 'Souvenirs,' an irresistible impulse to give to everyone that asketh of him just the answer which he knows will be agreeable.* 'Vous avez raison' is his habitual response in conversation. He interests, amuses, fascinates his generation. It is natural enough that he should be the fashion. But will the fashion last? We very confidently predict that it will not. Great literary artist as he is, M. Renan will not live, because, with all their varied erudition, his works enshrine no real contribution to the world's thought. It is the sad fate of the careful student of his writings 'au bout de tout de trouver presque rien.' He is a philologist, an historian, a philosopher. But in philology we owe to him rash conjectures and no discoveries: his history is inexact, speculative, and partisan; his philosophy is a thing of shreds and patches, starting from no principles, and leading to no conclusions.† Even to the discussion of that great religious question, with which all his writings, more or less directly, deal, he seems to us to have brought nothing of any real value.

* 'Mon attention, quand je suis avec quelqu'un, est de deviner ses idées et par excès de déférence de les lui servir anticipées.'—P. 152.

† He expressly tells us, indeed, 'Saisir la physionomie des choses, voilà toute la philosophie.'—'Fragments Philosophiques,' p. 299.

Let us now explain, in the fewest possible words, why we so think. We have seen, in a previous page, what were the reasons which led M. Renan, *malgré lui*, to throw off the faith of his fathers. Now, to begin with, if Christianity depended upon a pseudo-scientific view of its sacred books, formed at an unscientific period, and irreconcilable with the conclusions of real science, Christianity would be doomed. The 'traditional thesis,' as M. Renan expounds it, is, to a certain extent, in this case. We must say the same of old unhistorical views of Christian dogma: such as that which represents the doctrines of Christianity to have sprung, full formed, from its Divine Founder, like Pallas from the head of Zeus. The metaphysical formulas, in which faith embodies its ideals, have antecedents and require due preparation in time. Creeds are as essential to religion as words are to thought. Neither can exist without symbols. But the symbolized is greater and deeper and older than the symbol—'Alles vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichniss.' Nor does this view in the least deny or impugn the Christian revelation. The facts of the Divine Life, with their redemptive and recreative energy, are not the subject of evolution. The Confessions, in which we sum up our appreciation and interpretation of those facts, are slowly elaborated by the human intellect. It is impossible to deny this without shutting our eyes to the plainest lessons of ecclesiastical history. But we cannot, for one moment, allow that the historical fact of the gradual growth of the Christian creed—'occulto velut arbor ævo'—supplies a valid argument against it, any more than we can allow that facts established by modern exegesis regarding the date, authorship, or scientific language of the Christian Sacred Books, affect their real claims upon our religious reverence. Does M. Renan assert that this view of the Scriptures and dogmas of Christianity is not regarded as tenable by the Roman theologians? Well, we doubt much whether the Roman theologians,* to whose astuteness M. Renan, we think, does scanty justice, would acknowledge the things

* As to that apprehension of the gradual evolution of dogma, which M. Renan thought incompatible with the sincere profession of the Roman Catholic religion, we may remark that it is, in substance, the foundation of Cardinal Newman's 'Essay on Development,' the orthodoxy of which, so far as we know, has never been called in question by the authorities of his Church. The same eminent ecclesiastic, in his article 'On the Inspiration of Scripture'—published in the 'Nineteenth Century,' of February, 1884—observed: 'The titles of the Canonical books, and their ascription to definite authors, either do not come under their inspiration or need not be accepted literally.' 'Nor does it matter whether one or two Isaiahs wrote the book which bears that prophet's name; the Church, without settling this point, pronounces it inspired in respect of faith and morals, both Isaiahs being inspired: and if this be assured to us, all other questions are irrelevant and unnecessary.'

which

which he lays to their charge. That, however, is a matter which we are not concerned here to discuss. *Ipsi viderint.* Again, to M. Renan's peremptory declaration, that 'there never has been a supernatural fact,' we may reply: 'Quod gratis asseritur gratis negatur.' It is a question of evidence. M. Renan does not go by the evidence in this matter. His method is *à priori.* His argument really is, that a supernatural fact—a miracle—is impossible, because it would be abnormal; an infraction of the order of the universe; a violation of law. But everything depends upon what is meant by 'norm,' 'order of the universe,' 'law.' 'Le miracle c'est l'inexpliqué,' M. Renan tells us. Yes. It is that. But it is something more than that. Better is Kant's definition: 'Should it be asked what is to be understood by the word miracle, then—since all we are concerned to know is what miracles are for us, that is, what they are for the practical use of our understanding—we must define them as events in the world, with the laws of whose working we are, and always must be, unacquainted.'* M. Renan constantly speaks of the miraculous as 'irrational' and 'absurd.' But 'irrational' means contrary to reason; 'absurd' means contradictory, impossible. Do we assert that which is contrary to reason, or contradictory, or impossible, when we say that there are events with the laws of whose working we are, and ever must remain, unacquainted? As Kant well says: 'Sensible people willingly admit in theory that miracles are possible; but in the business of life they count upon none.'

But we must not further consider these great questions here. We will, in conclusion, merely observe, that in discussing them, no real help is obtainable from the *persiflage* of Voltaire or the *badinage* of M. Renan. There is profound truth in Goethe's dictum, that the mere Understanding finds matter for laughter in everything, the Reason in hardly anything. 'Der Verständige findet fast alles lächerlich, der Vernunftige fast Nichts.' Reason—'Vernunft'—is an endowment in which M. Renan, like Voltaire before him, is terribly deficient. And it is precisely the quality essential for a just view of those supreme problems of thought with which he has so much occupied himself. Hence it is that he has left them just where he found them. He has, in effect, added nothing to the doctrine which Voltaire's 'esprit infini' taught a century ago. And, to quote certain words of his own, written in another connection, we may say, 'Voltaire suffit:' one Voltaire is enough.

* 'Religion innerhalb der Grenzen der blossen Vernunft,' book ii. apot. 2.

ART. IV.—*The Journal of Sir Walter Scott*, 1825–1832. From the Original Manuscript at Abbotsford. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1890.

SIR WALTER SCOTT records in his Journal that he dined with the Duchess of Kent on the 19th of May, 1828, and was then 'presented to the little Princess Victoria.' Thirty-nine years later 'the little Princess' of Sir Walter's day paid a visit as Queen to Abbotsford, and was shown the most interesting of the many treasures which are fondly preserved there; this being the manuscript Journal in two volumes wherein Sir Walter entered the inmost thoughts of his heart during the closing and overcast years of his life. Her Majesty wrote her name on the inner side of the vellum cover of the first volume in remembrance of her visit.

In Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' a work which has but one equal in English biographical literature, it is stated that, in the autumn of 1825, the late Mr. Murray sent Lockhart a transcript of the Diary which Byron kept at Ravenna, and gave him permission to hand it to Sir Walter, who, being impressed with what he read, resolved to follow Byron's example. Accordingly, he procured a thick quarto volume, bound in vellum and fitted with a lock and key, and wrote on the title-page, 'Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Bart., his Gurnal.' This was followed by the motto:—

> 'As I walked by myself,
> I talked to myself,
> And thus myself said to me.'—(*Old Song.*)

A footnote to 'Gurnal' runs:—'A hard word, so spelt on the authority of Miss Sophia Scott, now Mrs. Lockhart.' When his elder daughter was a little girl she had kept a note-book during an expedition to the Highlands and styled it her 'Gurnal.' The first entry which Sir Walter made is dated the 20th of November, 1825, and he then wrote:—'I have all my life regretted that I did not keep a regular Journal. I have myself lost recollection of much that was interesting, and have deprived my family and the public of some curious information, by not carrying this resolution into effect.' Lockhart reproduced many passages from this Journal. Before doing so, he wrote that no chapter in it could 'be printed *in extenso* within a few years of the writer's death,' and that he had 'found it necessary to omit some passages altogether—to abridge others—and very frequently to substitute asterisks or arbitrary initials for names.'

Nearly sixty years have now elapsed since Sir Walter's death,

death, and the reasons which rightly weighed with Lockhart are no longer valid, and Mrs. Maxwell Scott, the possessor of the Journal, has very properly decided to give it to the world. Mr. David Douglas, who has edited the Journal with great care and ability, has had at his disposal unpublished letters of Scott, the 'Reminiscences' in manuscript of James Skene, one of Sir Walter Scott's oldest and most intimate friends, as well as those of James Ballantyne, who was Sir Walter's school companion and partner in the printing business. Many explanatory notes, drawn from these unpublished sources, appear in the Journal; they throw a new light upon the things and persons mentioned in the text, while other notes elucidate references and quotations which might puzzle those readers whose acquaintance with literature and history is less minute and comprehensive than that of Mr. Douglas.

Lest it should be supposed that the extracts given in Lockhart's 'Life' represent the greater part of what was worth reproducing from Sir Walter's Journal, it may be stated that nearly half of the matter in the two printed volumes is now made public for the first time, while much that is familiar to the readers of the 'Life' had passed through the editorial alembic and undergone a change in the process. Lockhart's task was very delicate and trying. He had to choose between suppressing interesting matter which might give offence to living persons, and producing passages which would excite controversy as well as cause annoyance. Though acting on the whole with singular skill and discretion, yet he may have been too rigid at times in his editorial supervision. The reader of the extracts given by him would naturally ask:—'Would Sir Walter approve of any part of the Journal being published?' This question remains unanswered, though the answer was easy. The second sentence in the Journal puts Sir Walter's view beyond doubt, as he says he regrets not having kept a regular Journal on the twofold ground, that he had lost recollection of much that was interesting, and had deprived his family 'and the public' of some curious information. Lockhart struck out the words 'and the public,' and by so doing he left a doubt as to his father-in-law's expectation concerning the fate of his Journal. Yet he had no doubt in his own mind, as is shown by the following words in a letter which he wrote to Croker on the 26th of May, 1853: 'Scott clearly, and indeed avowedly, considered himself as writing [in his Journal] what would one day be published.'

On the 18th of December, 1825, when Sir Walter's fears as to impending bankruptcy had been momentarily dispelled, he writes:—'An odd thought strikes me: when I die will the Journal

Journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read as the transient pout of a man worth 60,000*l.*, with wonder that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced such a hitch?' It is obvious from the foregoing references, that Sir Walter looked forward to the words, which he committed to paper in the privacy of his study, being printed and circulated. He may also have foreseen with indifference or equanimity the editing which his distinguished son-in-law thought fit to exercise. Indeed, Sir Walter's own words can be cited to show how ready he was to submit to editorial supervision in his own case, and others are on record showing that he was rigidly opposed to suppressing or attenuating anything from the pen of a classical writer. When forwarding the manuscript of a review of 'Pepys's Diary,' Sir Walter wrote to Lockhart: 'Perhaps I have made it too long, or introduced too many extracts—if so, use the pruning-knife, hedge-bill, or axe, *ad libitum*. You know I don't care a curse about what I write, or what becomes of it.' While, then, Lockhart may have considered himself fully authorized to edit the Journal with unswerving strictness, it is open to question whether he was uniformly discreet. Though some of the omissions and alterations may be justifiable, others scarcely admit of defence, and the following is one of them. When Sir Walter was preparing a new edition of 'St. Ronan's Well,' he commented upon the work, and said among other things:—'I must allow the fashionable portraits are not the true thing. I am too much out of the way to see and remark the ridiculous in Society.' The last sentence as quoted by Lockhart runs:—'I am too much out of the way,' those words not conveying a clear notion of what Sir Walter meant. It is unnecessary to multiply instances in which the passages which are given in the 'Life' differ from those in the Journal, and which now appear in the volumes before us as they were originally penned. Moreover, the Journal in its present form is a chronological record, whereas many passages were transposed by Lockhart, and others were separated, to make room for the insertion of letters and remarks. In short, with the exception of a few details of purely 'family and domestic interest,' the reader has now before him a faithful transcript of Sir Walter Scott's Journal, and the work in its present shape has all the flavour and interest of novelty.

While reading it we share Sir Walter's regret that he had not kept a Journal all his life; at the same time, the part of his life whereof it gives a faithful and vivid picture is the most chequered and also the most creditable in his whole career, and we rise from perusing the narrative of Sir Walter's feelings and his

his struggles with heightened admiration for him as a man. He was great in his prosperity; but he was almost sublime in the dark days of adversity. Few among the sons of men had a nobler and finer spirit than Sir Walter Scott, and no man has ever lived whose life abounds in brighter illustrations of the virtues which ennoble humanity.

Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' is so popular a work, and its interesting contents are so familiar to the public, that it is only necessary to allude to the most striking events in Scott's career, in order to render the Journal more intelligible, and enable the reader to sympathize more fully with its writer.

Sir Walter had ancestors of whom he was proud and half ashamed: they were of gentle birth and doubtful character. Not remembering the Spanish proverb, 'There is little curiosity about the pedigree of a good man,' Sir Walter wrote:—'Every Scottishman has a pedigree,' and he was pleased to trace his descent from men who had been notorious in their day, and whose achievements largely consisted in cutting their neighbours' throats and carrying off their cattle. When Sydney Smith was pestered by a lady as to who his grandfather was, he silenced her by remarking that his grandfather 'disappeared about the time of the assizes, and we asked no questions.' Sir Walter would have thought it no cause for shame if one of his ancestors had been hanged, provided it was for rebellion in 1715 or 1745.

Born on the 15th of August, 1771, he was smitten at the age of eighteen months with a malady which crippled him for life, his right leg becoming powerless in a night. Everything that medical art could accomplish proved ineffectual, and, though the boy regained strength and was able to walk, his right leg never served him so well as the other. Among other experiments, a course of waters at Bath was prescribed, and he spent a year there. Little Walter was taken to Bath when he was four, and he left it no better in physical health, yet mentally advanced, having acquired his first elements of reading at a day-school, kept by an old dame.

He was in danger of being murdered by a lunatic nurse to whom he was entrusted when an infant; happily, the nurse confessed to the housekeeper that the devil had tempted her to cut the child's throat with a pair of scissors, and the child was at once taken out of her hands. At the age of twenty-one Scott had a narrow escape when on a visit to Rosslyn, his foot slipping as he was scrambling towards a cave and, as Mr. Gillies says, 'had there been no trees in the way, he must have been killed, but midway he was stopped by a large root of

of hazel, when instead of struggling, which would have made matters greatly worse, he seemed perfectly resigned to his fate, and slipped through the tangled thicket till he lay flat on the river's bank.' Later in life his amanuensis, Henry Weber, became insane, produced a pair of pistols and proposed that a duel should be fought across the writing-desk in the study. As Scott did not lose his presence of mind, he succeeded in soothing the maniac, and Weber was in due time secured and deprived of the power to work mischief. We now learn from his Journal that he had several other hair-breadth escapes. On the 19th of December, 1827, he wrote: 'I have had madmen on my hand too, and was once nearly Kotzebued by a lad of the name of Sharpe.' Indeed, there are nearly as many romantic incidents in Scott's career as in some of his novels.

His most serious illness in early life occurred when he was in his fifteenth year. Twelve months previously he had been apprenticed to his father with a view to becoming a Writer to the Signet, and had entered, as he writes, 'the dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyances.' A blood-vessel in the lower bowel having burst, his life was in jeopardy; his uncle, the eminent physician, Dr. Rutherford, 'considered his recovery as little less than miraculous.' Scott records that with this illness he 'bade farewell both to disease and medicine,' and that his frame gradually became hardened with his constitution, and adds that,—

'being both tall and muscular, I was rather disfigured than disabled by my lameness. This personal disadvantage did not prevent me from taking much exercise on horseback and making long journeys on foot, in the course of which I often walked from twenty to thirty miles a day.'

While Scott was brimful of life and energy, reading, walking, hunting and shooting with intense and untiring eagerness, and excelling in whatever was his fancy for the moment, he failed in one of the desires of his heart, and that was to become an artist. In the fragment of Autobiography he writes that—

'the humble ambition, which I long cherished, of making sketches of those places which interested me, from a defect of eye or of hand was totally ineffectual. After long study and many efforts, I was unable to apply the elements of perspective or of shade to the scene before me, and was obliged to relinquish in despair an art which I was most anxious to practise.'

This was written in 1808; in his Journal he wrote the following passage on the same subject, which Lockhart did not publish:—

'I took

'I took lessons of oil-painting in youth of a clever Jew animalcule, a smouch called Burrell, a clever sensible creature though; but I could make no progress in painting or drawing. Nature denied me correctness of eye and neatness of hand, yet I was very desirous to be a draughtsman at least, and laboured harder to attain that point than at any other in my recollection, to which I did not make some approaches. My oil-paintings were to Miss ——, above commemorated, what hers are to Claude Lorraine. Yet Burrell was not useless to me altogether neither; he was a Prussian, and I got from him many a long story of the battles of Frederic, in whose armies his father had been a commissary, or perhaps a spy. I remember his picturesque account of seeing a party of the Black Hussars bringing in some forage carts, which they had taken from a body of the Cossacks, whom he described as lying on the top of the carts of hay, mortally wounded, and, like the Dying Gladiator, eyeing their own blood as it ran through the straw. I afterwards took lessons from Walker, whom he used call Bluebeard. He was one of the most conceited persons in the world, but a good teacher—one of the ugliest countenances he had too. . . I did learn myself to take some vile views from nature. . . . Going down to Liddesdale once, I drew the castle of Hermitage in my fashion, and sketched it so accurately, that with a few verbal instructions Clerk put it into regular form, Williams (the Grecian) copied over Clerk's, and *his* drawing was engraved as the frontispiece of the first volume of the Kelso edition, "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Do you know why you have written all this down, Sir W.? Because it pleases me to record that this thrice-transmitted drawing, though taken originally from a sketch of mine, was extremely like Hermitage, which neither of my colleagues in the task had ever seen.'

After relinquishing the hope of becoming an artist, Scott also relinquished the profession of which his father was an ornament, and he studied for the Scottish Bar, to which he was called in 1792. He was a jovial companion, given to good fellowship, being the soul of the company. He 'had his time of merry doings,' as he wrote in his Journal on the 1st of February, 1828, adding, 'But it was for the sake of sociality —never either for the flask or the venison.' As a young man he was pronounced 'a comely creature' by a lady of high rank, and though physically disqualified for shining in a ball-room, he was not wholly out of his element even there when a lady was at his elbow who could appreciate his conversation. 'It was a proud evening with me,' he said to Lockhart, 'when I first found that a pretty woman could think it worth her while to sit and talk with me, hour after hour, in a corner of the ball-room, while all the world were capering in our view.' This pretty woman married another, to his sorrow, and then he found another to marry him. On the 24th of December, 1797, he

he was wedded in St. Mary's, Carlisle, to Margaret Charlotte Carpenter, whose mother's name was Charpentier, a French lady in whose welfare and that of her daughter the Marquess of Downshire took a personal interest. The Marquess acted as guardian to the daughter, and gave his consent to the marriage. Though Scott's practice at the Bar was not large, it was increasing, and his income, joined to that of his wife, formed a sum large enough for the requirements of both. Two years after his marriage he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and this added 300*l.* a year to his income. An uncle died in 1804, leaving him a legacy, and then his fixed income did not much fall short of 1000*l.*

Before marriage he had written verses; but little had proceeded from his pen which was markedly superior to the rhymes of the day. A translation of Bürger's 'Leonore' caused Miss Cranstoun to remark: 'Upon my word, Walter Scott is going to turn out a poet—something of a cross, I think, between Burns and Gray.' In 1802 the first and second volumes of Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' appeared, the work being so successful that a third volume was added to it. The compiler was satisfied with the sum of 78*l.* 10*s.*, which he obtained for the first edition. Writing to his friend Ellis a few months after its publication, he says: 'As for my own employment, I have yet much before me; and as the beginning of the letting out of ink is like the letting out of water, I daresay I shall go on scribbling one nonsense on another to the end of the chapter.' At the beginning of January 1805, the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' was published, and its extraordinary success made literature the business of Scott's life. While this poem was the subject of general talk and praise, its author was engaged in a prose work, of which he wrote seven chapters, and laid the manuscript aside because his friend, William Erskine, afterward Lord Kinnedder, pronounced an unfavourable judgment upon it. These chapters are the opening ones of 'Waverley.'

While Scott's popularity was in its bloom, he visited London with a view to secure the office of Clerk of the Court of Session, which he effected, though he did not receive the salary, which was 1300*l.*, till 1812, and then his official income was nearly 2000*l.* a year. Scott received 269*l.* 6*s.* as his share of the profits of the 'Lay,' and then he sold the copyright for 500*l.* As many as forty-four thousand copies were disposed of before 1830, when the edition of his works with biographical introduction was prepared. The same year in which Scott achieved his first great success as a poet he perpetrated the greatest blunder of his life. Then

Then it was that he became a partner in the printing firm of Ballantyne and Co. He had made James Ballantyne's acquaintance at the Kelso Grammar School; afterwards he had helped Ballantyne with advances of money, and now, instead of lending him more money, he consented to embark capital in the printing business and become his partner.

On the 23rd of February, 1808, 'Marmion' appeared, and its popularity was instantaneous and striking. A quarto edition of 2000 copies, at the price of a guinea and a half each, was sold within a month, and editions followed each other in rapid succession, till the total number of copies sold amounted to 56,000 at the time that Lockhart wrote Scott's 'Life.' Not satisfied with working his poetical vein, Scott engaged in editing editions of Dryden's Works, of Somer's Tracts, and the Sadler State Papers, much of this labour being designed to keep the presses going in the firm in which he had a third share.

Not satisfied with becoming his own printer, he also arranged to become his own publisher. In 1808 the firm of John Ballantyne and Co., booksellers, was formed, in which Scott appears to have found all the capital, though his own share is put at a half. James Ballantyne, the printer, was a shrewd man who had a taste for literature and considerable critical acumen. Whether he was the right man to manage a printing business may be doubted, but there is no question as to the incapacity of his younger brother, John, for conducting the business of publishing. When the world envied Scott his gains, and Byron thought it seemly to sneer at him as 'Apollo's venal son,' simply because his poems had been profitable, the money which he earned by his pen went to feed the Ballantyne companies, the sum sunk in them between 1805 and 1809 approaching 9000*l.*

The 'Lady of the Lake,' which had been expected with intense eagerness, was published in May 1810, and it surpassed the highest anticipations. Two thousand copies in quarto, at two guineas each, were sold immediately after publication, and 20,000 copies in octavo were disposed of within four months.

In 1811 Scott linked himself to his native soil for the rest of his life by becoming the possessor of the site on which Abbotsford now stands. He bought a small farm on the bank of the Tweed, which had once formed part of the lands attached to Melrose Abbey, and which bore the unattractive name of 'Clarty,' or 'Filthy, Hole.' Till then he had occupied Ashestiel; but the lease having expired, and 4000*l.*, the sum required

required for buying the farm, being in his possession, he gratified the desire of his heart and became a laird. 'We are not a little proud,' he wrote to his brother-in-law, 'of being greeted as *laird* and *lady* of *Abbotsford*,' the name which he gave to his property. He was intent upon adding to as well as improving his property, and he was delighted when, in the summer of 1813, he had enlarged the boundary of his estate to Cauldshields Loch, which formed a contrast at the one extremity to the River Tweed at the other. At this time Byron wrote in his Journal that Walter Scott 'is undoubtedly the Monarch of Parnassus.' He deserved the compliment. However, like many a wearer of a crown, he was oppressed with care and harassed almost to death.

The sums which he received from his works in verse and prose were so large as to have justified him in buying much land and building a house to suit his fancy, if he had not been a partner in the printing and publishing firms to which the Ballantynes gave their names and to which he furnished the capital. In consequence of mismanagement both firms became embarrassed, and the appeals to Scott for pecuniary help were so many, that he added the following significant and pathetic post-cript to a letter to John Ballantyne: 'For God's sake treat me as a man, and not as a milch cow.' He declared his intention of withdrawing from both firms; unfortunately for his peace of mind this good resolution was abandoned. An arrangement was made with Constable which enabled the two firms to continue business till the publishing one was dissolved and the printing one became bankrupt. While worried by the Ballantynes, and reduced to apply to the Duke of Buccleuch to become guarantor for 4000*l.*, a request which was instantly and gracefully acceded to, Scott was engaged in editing Swift's works, writing a Life of the Dean, and composing the 'Lord of the Isles.' One day in searching for some fishing-tackle in an old writing-desk, he put his hand upon the manuscript of 'Waverley' which had been written nearly ten years before, looked at five years later, and then mislaid.

It is scarcely possible now to realize the effect produced at the time by the publication of such a novel as 'Waverley' (1814). Though published at the dullest season of the year in the book market, the month in which it appeared being July, yet 1000 copies were sold within five weeks. A second edition of 2000 was rapidly disposed of, and a fourth edition appeared before the end of the year. Constable would not give more than 700*l.* for the copyright, but Scott refused to take less than 1000*l.*, a sum which Constable realized from his share of the

the profits before six months after publication. In a financial as well as a literary sense 'Waverley' was a marvel.

In January 1815, the 'Lord of the Isles' appeared, and, as Scott wrote to Morritt, this closed his 'poetic labours upon an extended scale.' He also told him, 'I want to shake myself free of "Waverley," and accordingly have made a considerable exertion to finish an odd little tale within such time as will satisfy the public, I trust; unless they suppose me to be Briareus.' This 'odd little tale,' the author informed Lockhart, 'was the work of six weeks at Christmas.' It appeared five weeks after the 'Lord of the Isles,' and was called 'Guy Mannering.' The general public was mystified. Walter Scott, the poet, was known to have official duties which occupied him during the greater part of each day when the Court of Session was sitting, while he had other duties as Sheriff which demanded much attention, and he was scrupulous in their discharge; how then, it was asked, could such a man possibly find time to write books like 'Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering'? Even now it is difficult to comprehend how Scott, who wrote so much and so well, who was painstaking as well as original, could actually perform such gigantic feats.

In May 1816 the 'Antiquary' was published, and though, as Lockhart says, it afterwards became the 'chief favourite among all his novels,' yet Scott's opinion of it at the outset was not high, as is shown in the following lines sent to Morritt shortly after it appeared:—

'The "Antiquary" is not so interesting as its predecessors—the period did not admit of such romantic situation. But it has been more fortunate than any of them in the sale, for 6000 of them went off the first six days, and it is now at press again.'

The physical labour which Scott expended on his works was severe; the mental worry due to his commercial associations was most trying; and it is less strange that Nature rebelled against the strain than that it was borne so long. On the 5th of March, 1817, when at dinner in his town-house he was seized with such a violent attack of cramp in the stomach that he could not repress a scream of agony. He remained ailing for some weeks, and this was the forerunner of other attacks quite as painful and dangerous.

In December of the same year 'Rob Roy' appeared, the title being suggested by Constable. The book was one of the most popular of the Scotch novels, 10,000 copies constituting the first edition, and 3000 more being demanded within a fortnight after publication.

Scott

Scott made Lockhart's personal acquaintance in May of the following year, and the intimacy soon ripened into friendship. At their first meeting he told Lockhart that 'Byron's countenance was a thing to dream of.' He was delighted to hear about Goethe from Lockhart, who had conversed with the great German, and he remarked, 'how I should like to have a talk with him about trees!' Throughout his life Scott had no greater enjoyment than in planting and pruning trees, watching their growth and rejoicing over the adornment which they added to the landscape. The woodland around Abbotsford is his own creation. He changed the face of that part of the country for the better by tree planting quite as much as his writings changed the literature of his native land. Writing in his Journal in April 1826, he says, 'from the number of birds drawn to these wastes, I may congratulate myself on having literally made the desert to sing.'

An intimation from Lord Sidmouth reached Scott in November 1818, to the effect that the Prince Regent purposed conferring a Baronetcy upon him, and at first he felt inclined to refuse the honour. The Duke of Buccleuch, whom he consulted, advised him to accept it; he thought, moreover, that his son Walter, who was entering the army, might benefit by the title.

A result of Lockhart's acquaintanceship with Scott was his marriage with Scott's elder daughter, Sophia, on the 29th of April, 1820. The union was both appropriate and happy. As a young man of letters, Lockhart had made his mark. Scott had a high opinion of his powers. Writing to Constable in 1822 he says: 'Lockhart will *blaze* one day; of that, if God spare him, there is little doubt.' Edward Everett, who was United States Minister to this country, visited Abbotsford in 1818, and records some noteworthy particulars about Sophia Scott. After saying that he admired her singing, he continues:—

'I said jokingly to Sophia that, after all, America was entitled to the credit of the novels, for, said I, people say your Uncle Thomas at Quebec writes them. She answered very quickly and warmly, "that if people said that, they said what was not true." "Oh, then," said I, "the secret is out, and your father is the author." Struck with the vehemence and warmth of her manner, she answered, "Your inference is a fair one from my exclamation; and I ought in candour to tell you that we all believe that our father is the author, but we do not know it."'

She afterwards added that, believing her father desired the authorship of the novels to remain concealed, she respected his wishes too much to pry into the matter, and she leaves upon us

us the impression of showing herself Everett's superior in spirit and good taste. George Ticknor, who visited Abbotsford a year later, was charmed with the family circle :—

'There was great frankness,' he writes, 'in the whole family, and the way they talked about one another. Mr. Scott said his great object with his children had been not to over-educate them, but to follow the natural inclinations of their characters rather than attempt to mould them. . . . Sophia, however, did not seem to be satisfied with her father's system of education in some respects; and when he was gone out of the room, said with her little Scotch idiom, "He's always *just* telling us of our faults, but never taking such serious pains to have us mend. I think sometimes that he would like to have us *different* from other boys and girls, though it should be by having us worse."'

From the year 1817 to 1820, Scott had gone on adding acre to acre and novel to novel, becoming, as he wrote to John Ballantyne, after buying Toftfield for 10,000*l.*, 'a great laird,' and continuing to be popular with the reading public. He said in a letter to Morritt, 'It is a general rule, whenever a Scotsman gets his head above water, he turns it to land.' Now, Scott not only bought land and planted trees, but he also took to building a house after his own heart. This house cost him much thought, time, and money, and he was very proud of it. In a letter inviting Lord Montagu to Abbotsford, he said:— 'It is worth while to come, were it but to see what a romance of a house I am making, which is neither to be castle nor abbey [God forbid], but an old Scottish manor-house.' This house which, as Scott wrote in another place, 'no one but he would have dreamed of erecting,' became the place of resort for all who wished to see him who was a great poet and who was believed to be the 'Great Unknown.' The visitors expected to be housed, and Abbotsford was usually crowded with guests when the family occupied it.

After considering the demands upon his temper and time as a host in the days of his glory, we do not wonder at his writing as follows in his Journal, when adversity lay heavily upon him :—

'I have now no pecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, now the shock of the discovery is past and over, I am much better off on the whole; I am as if I had shaken off from my shoulders a great mass of garments, rich, indeed, but cumbrous, and always more a burden than a comfort. I am free of an hundred petty public duties imposed on me as a man of consideration—of the expense of a great hospitality—and, what is better, of the great waste of time connected with it.'

Both

Both in the days when Scott and Abbotsford were in their glory, and in those when his trials were heavy and Abbotsford was deserted, his love for it was the same. After returning to it in November 1826, from a visit to Paris and London, he wrote the following words in his Journal, which Lockhart did not print:—

'I idled away the rest of the day, happy to find myself at home, which is home, though never so homely. And mine is not so homely neither; on the contrary, I have seen in my travels none I liked so well—fantastic in architecture and decoration, if you please—but no real comfort sacrificed to fantasy.'

Two years later he wrote of Abbotsford: 'It is a kind of Conundrum Castle, to be sure, and I have great pleasure in it, for while it pleases a fantastic person in the style and manner of its architecture and decoration, it has all the comforts of a commodious habitation.'

Sir Walter's sojourn at Abbotsford was often marred with severe suffering, the attacks being so serious at times that those about him feared they must prove fatal. During the intervals he produced some of his finest novels, the greater part of the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' the whole of the 'Legend of Montrose,' and almost the whole of 'Ivanhoe' being written to his dictation while he lay upon a sofa, striving to bear spasms of pain.

One night in June 1819, it seemed that the end was at hand. Believing that he was face to face with death, he summoned his children to bid them farewell. After speaking a few words of advice to each, he added:—'For myself, I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury, or omitted any fair opportunity of doing any man a benefit. I well know that no human life can appear otherwise than mean and filthy in the eyes of God; but I rely on the merits and intercession of our Redeemer.' Then laying his hands on their heads, he said; 'God bless you! Live so that you may all hope to meet each other in a better place hereafter. And now leave me that I may turn my face to the wall.' He then fell into a deep sleep, and when he awoke the crisis was over.

His works, of which several appeared yearly, continued to attract attention and enrich him. High-water mark was reached in 1819, when 'Ivanhoe' was published and 12,000 copies were sold at once. When 'Quentin Durward' appeared in 1823, Sir Walter was hailed in France as a master of fiction; indeed, the extent of his popularity is largely due to the vast amount of ground which he covers; the Scottish and the English,

English, the French and the German reader each finds among his romances some in which his country and his countrymen are depicted. None can be styled a complete failure. Even 'St. Ronan's Well,' which was not so popular as the other novels, is considered by some of our best critics, among others by Lord Sherbrooke (Mr. Lowe), as one of his finest productions.

It would appear from letters to intimate friends, that Sir Walter was apprehensive of some catastrophe, yet no data were then before him on which to base a forecast of the form which it would take. He apparently regarded himself as the spoiled child of Fortune, and he may have been of opinion that spoilt children sometimes get unexpected rebuffs. Indeed, his career from 1805, when the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' gave him the first rank among the successful authors of his time. down to the day when the reading public welcomed every page from his pen, appeared tinged with romance, and resembled a fairy tale rather than a piece of actual experience. When Sir Walter thought of what he had done and weighed his possibilities of achievement, he might well have reflected that the end could not be far off. He had worked far too hard and Nature was having her revenge. Lockhart suspects that he had been afflicted with a slight apoplectic seizure in 1822 and had concealed it.

Though his health was not good, his energies were unabated, and he felt his capacity for work to be equal to that in his prime. He had arranged with Constable for the publication of an unnamed novel, and received bills in advance, while he was contemplating adding land to his estate for which he would have had to pay 40,000*l.* At this time he was utterly ignorant of all the liabilities which he had incurred as a partner with James Ballantyne. He had been moderate in his personal expenditure and methodical in noting down every penny which he drew from his purse. This had been his practice for thirty years, yet, while he was noting where the pence went, his partner, in concert with Constable, was rendering him a debtor for tens of thousands of pounds. Lockhart affirms that the actual bill transactions between the two firms amounted to 25,000*l.*; that the actual bills were drawn in duplicate, and that when the hour of trial came, the duplicates were discounted and the liability was doubled, without a corresponding amount having been obtained by Scott or his partner. Constable's son calls in question the correctness of Lockhart's statement. Sir Walter wrote in his Journal on the 5th of September, 1827: 'The debts for which I am legally responsible, though no party to their contraction, amount to 30,000*l.*,' and no excuse,

which has been offered for Ballantyne and Constable, affects this painful fact in the slightest measure. Messrs. Hurst, Robinson and Co. were Constable's correspondents in London, and they had embarked in a speculation in hops to the extent of 100,000*l.* What with illegitimate ventures and reckless business ventures, the printing-house of James Ballantyne and Co., the publishing houses of Constable, and Hurst and Robinson, had incurred liabilities amounting in the aggregate to upwards of half a million. Of this enormous total, the sum for which Sir Walter could be held personally responsible was 130,000*l.* He could not have any knowledge of this liability when he contemplated buying more land at the price of 40,000*l.*

It was on the 20th of November, 1825, that Sir Walter began to keep the Journal, which is now published in its complete form. He had then returned from a visit to Ireland, about which Lockhart wrote to Constable from Edgeworthstown on the 31st of July: 'Sir Walter Scott is as well as I ever saw him in health, and I think he has enjoyed this tour as one of the happiest and proudest times of his life.'

At the outset, Sir Walter was 'enamoured of his Journal,' being regular in making an entry daily, and after doing this for several years, he remarks—

> 'I have sometimes wondered with what regularity—that is, for a shrew of my impatient temper—I have been able to keep this Journal. The use of the first person being, of course, the very essence of a diary, I conceive it is chiefly vanity, the dear pleasure of writing about the best of good fellows, myself, which gives me perseverance to continue this idle task.'

From the 8th of July, 1828, till the 10th of January, 1829, he made no entry, and on resuming his pen he expresses a doubt whether there is any use continuing the record, adding, 'But hang it! I hate to be beat, so here goes for better behaviour.' There is another gap between the 20th of July, 1829, and the 23rd of May, 1830, and the next entry is: 'About a year ago I took the pet at my diary, chiefly because it made me abominably selfish; and that by recording my gloomy fits I encouraged their recurrence, whereas out of sight, out of mind, is the best way to get rid of them; and now I hardy know why I take it up again, but here goes.' From these entries and others which might be cited, it is clear that Sir Walter was both in earnest and outspoken when writing his Journal, and his frankness is one of its great charms. While looking forward to the public reading at a future time what he committed to paper, he had neither the fear nor the smile of the public before his eyes. The real man

is

is revealed in this Journal. It is as honest and conscientious a piece of work as any of Sir Walter's writings.

He begins it by describing his trip to Ireland the year before; he goes on to record his impressions of those who had last dined with him, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe being one of them, who has since then been dubbed the 'Scottish Walpole.' On the 22nd of November, 1825, he gives this unpublished anecdote of diminutive 'Monk' Lewis, whom he styles 'a bore of the first description,' and says that he always looked like a schoolboy:—

'I remember a picture of him being handed about at Dalkeith House. It was a miniature, I think, by Saunders, who had contrived to muffle Lewis's person in a cloak, so as to give the picture the cast of a bravo. "That like Mat Lewis?" said Duke Henry, to whom it was passed in turn; "why, that is like a MAN!" Imagine the effect! Lewis was at his elbow.'

Sir Walter wrote the earlier pages of his Journal with a light heart, and seemed glad to fill them with anecdotes, but he soon changed his note. When he first heard that there were financial difficulties in London, and that Constable and his agents might be embarrassed, he thanked God that he had enough 'to pay forty shillings in the pound.' He wrote on the same day a sentence which we reprint in full, the words in italics having been omitted by Lockhart: 'Could not write to purpose for thick-coming fancies; *the wheel would not turn easily, and cannot be forced.*' An entry, now first published, was made on the 23rd of November: 'Constable has been here as lame as a duck upon his legs, but his heart and courage as firm as a cock. He has convinced me we will do well to support the London house [Hurst and Robinson]. He has sent them about 5000*l.* for their accommodation. J. B. and R. Cadell present. I must be guided by them and hope for the best. Certainly to part company would be to incur an awful risk.' Two days later he was inspirited with good news and wrote, 'For had the great Constable fallen, O my countrymen what a fall were there!' While in trepidation about his affairs, and determined to retrench and put himself beyond danger from commercial vicissitudes, he was able to record with extreme satisfaction that Lockhart had been appointed the editor of this 'Review,' ending his statement by saying, 'It was no plot of my making, I am sure, yet men will say and believe that [it was], though I never heard a word of the matter till first a hint from Wright, and then the formal proposal of Murray to Lockhart [was] announced. I believe Canning and Ellis were the prime movers. I'll

puzzle my brains no more about it.' On the 1st of December, he wrote: '*Nota Bene*, the day before yesterday I signed the bond for 5000*l.* with Constable, for relief of Robinson's house. I am to be secured by good bills.' If he had known how matters really stood he would have refused to make this advance, and thus he would have had less reason for complaint and for writing to Sir Alexander Wood of Constable after his death in 1828; 'he has cost me many a toilsome dreary day, and drearier night, and will cost me more yet.'

For several weeks Sir Walter lived in a state of uncertainty, now thinking the worst was imminent, and now that all danger had passed away. On the 18th of December he made an entry which fills nearly six printed pages, and of which but a small part was given by Lockhart. The following now appears in print for the first time:—

'Ballantyne called on me this morning. *Venit illa suprema dies.* My extremity is come. Cadell has received letters from London which all but positively announce the failure of Hurst and Robinson, so that Constable and Co. must follow, and I must go with poor James Ballantyne for company. I suppose it will involve my all. . . . I have been rash in anticipating funds to buy land, but then I made from 5000*l.* to 10,000*l.* a year, and land was my temptation. I think nobody can lose a penny—that is my one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall makes them higher, or seems so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. This news will make sad hearts at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford, which I do not nourish the least hope of preserving. It has been my Delilah, and so I have often termed it; and now the recollection of the extensive woods I planted, and the walks I have formed, from which strangers must derive both the pleasure and profit, will excite feelings likely to sober my gayest moments. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man where I was once the wealthy, the honoured? My children are provided [for]; thank God for that! I was to have gone there in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters; there may be yet those who loving me may love my dog because it has been mine. I must end this, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I find my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere—this is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things are. Poor Will Laidlaw! poor

poor Tom Purdie! this will be news to wring your heart, and many a poor fellow's besides to whom my prosperity was daily bread.'

The foregoing passage is not only most honourable to Sir Walter, but it is also one of the most pathetic which he ever penned. His thoughts were for others even more than himself, and he had to bear his own burden alone. He goes on to refer to his wife, after saying that Ballantyne behaved manfully:—

'Another person did not afford me all the sympathy I expected, perhaps because I seemed to need little support; yet that is not her nature, which is generous and kind. She thinks I have been imprudent, trusting men too far. Perhaps so—but what could I do?'

After noting some other matters his mind reverts to Abbotsford:—

'Yet to save Abbotsford, I would attempt all that was possible. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me, and the pain of leaving it is greater than I can tell.'

Then after expressing wonder as to how his younger daughter Anne will comfort herself, he adds, probably after having seen her:—

'Anne bears her misfortune gallantly and well, with a natural feeling, no doubt, of the rank and consideration she is about to lose. Lady Scott is incredulous, and persists in cherishing hope where is no ground for hope. I wish it may not bring on the gloom of spirits which has given me such distress. If she were the active person she once was that would not be. Now I fear it more than what Constable and Cadell will tell me this evening, so that my mind is made up.'

He then ceased writing further in his Journal. At half-past eight, as he notes, he resumes his pen and writes:—

'I closed this book under the consciousness of impending ruin, I open it an hour after, thanks be to God, with the strong hope that matters may be got over safely and honourably, in a mercantile sense. Cadell came at eight to communicate a letter from Hurst and Robinson, intimating they had stood the storm, and though clamorous for assistance from Scotland, saying they had prepared their strongholds without need of the banks. . . . But I will yield to no delusive hopes, and fall back full edge, my resolutions hold. I shall always think the better of Cadell for this, not merely because his feet are beautiful on the mountains who brings good tidings, but because he showed feeling—deep feeling, poor fellow—he who I thought had no more than his numeration table, and who, if he had his whole counting-house full of sensibility, had yet his wife and children to bestow

bestow it upon—I will not forget this if I get through. I love the virtues of rough and round men; the others are apt to escape in salt rheum, sal-volatile, and a white pocket-handkerchief.'

Sir Walter went to Abbotsford on the 24th and wrote these words in his Journal the following day, the words in *italics* being omitted by Lockhart. 'Our halls are silent compared to last year, but let us be thankful—*when we think how near the chance appeared but a week since that these halls would have been ours no longer.*' He had a severe attack of illness while at Abbotsford. He returned to Edinburgh at the middle of January and James Skene's unpublished 'Reminiscences' contain a minute account of what happened, the following passage from them being extracted by Mr. Douglas:—

'The family had been at Abbotsford, and it had long been their practice the day they came to town to take a family dinner at my house, which had accordingly been complied with on the present occasion, and I never had seen Sir Walter in better spirits or more agreeable. The fatal intimation of his bankruptcy, however, awaited him at home, and next morning early I was surprised by a verbal message to come to him as soon as I had got up. Fearful that he had got a fresh attack of the complaint from which he had now for some years been free, or that he had been involved in some quarrel, I went to see him by seven o'clock, and found him already by candle-light seated at his writing-table, surrounded by papers which he was examining. Holding out his hand to me as I entered, he said: "Skene, this is the hand of a beggar. Constable has failed, and I am ruined *de fond en comble*. It's a hard blow, but I must just bear up; the only thing which wrings me is poor Charlotte and the bairns."'

Two days later Sir Walter chronicled the occurrence of a painful scene after dinner and another after supper, 'endeavouring to convince them, these poor dear creatures, that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessened by patience and labour.' The unpublished 'Reminiscences' of Mr. Skene throw a clearer light than has yet been cast upon Sir Walter's attitude in the earlier hours of his catastrophe. On the 23rd of January he wrote a note, saying:—

'Dear Skene,—If you are disposed for a walk in your gardens any time this morning, I would gladly accompany you for an hour, since keeping the house so long begins to hurt me, and you, who supported the other day the weight of my body, are perhaps best disposed to endure the gloom of my mind.—Yours ever, W. S.'

After returning from the walk, Mr. Skene wrote down what had been told him during the course of it:—

'Of

'Of his power to rebuild his shattered fortunes, Scott said, "But woe's me, I much mistrust my vigour, for the best of my energies are already expended. You have seen, my dear Skene, the Roman coursers urged to their speed by a loaded spur attached to their backs, to whet the rusty metal of their age,—ay! it is a leaden spur indeed, and it goads hard." I added, "But what do you think, Scott, of the bits of flaming paper that are pasted on the flanks of the poor jades? If we could but stick certain small documents on your back, and set fire to them, I think you might submit for a time to the pricking of the spur." He laughed and said: "Ay! ay! these weary bills, if they were but as the thing that is not—come, cheer me up with an account of the Roman Carnival!" And, accordingly with my endeavour to do so, he seemed as much interested as if nothing had happened to discompose the usual tenor of his mind, but still our conversation ever and anon dropt back into the same subject, in the course of which he said to me, "Do you know I experience a sort of determined pleasure in confronting the very worst aspect of this sudden reverse,—in standing, as it were, in the breach that has overthrown my fortunes, and saying, Here I stand, at least, an honest man. And God knows if I have enemies, this I may at least with truth say, that I have never wittingly given cause of enmity in the whole course of my life, for even the burnings of political hate seemed to find nothing in my nature to feed the flame. I am not conscious of having borne a grudge towards any man, and at this moment of my overthrow, so help me God, I wish well and feel kindly to every one. And if I thought that any of my works contained a sentence hurtful to any one's feelings, I would burn it. I think even my novels (for he did not disown any of them) are free from that blame." He had been led to make this protestation from my having remarked to him the singularly general feeling of goodwill and sympathy towards him which every one was anxious to testify upon the present occasion. The sentiments of resignation and of cheerful acquiescence in the dispensation of the Almighty which he expressed were those of a Christian thankful for the blessings left, and willing, without ostentation, to do his best. It was really beautifully to see the workings of a strong and upright mind under the first lash of adversity calmly reposing upon the consolation afforded by his own integrity and manful purposes. "Lately," he said, "you saw me under the apprehension of the decay of my mental faculties, and I confess that I was under mortal fear when I found myself writing one word for another, and misspelling every word, but that wore off, and was perhaps occasioned by the effects of the medicines I had been taking, but have I not reason to be thankful that that misfortune did not assail me? Ay! few have more reason to feel grateful to the Disposer of all events than I have."'

On the day following this avowal of sentiments which were worthy of himself, Sir Walter went through the ordeal, which he greatly dreaded, of resuming his duties in the Court of Session

Session since his calamity had become the subject of common talk. He wrote that he felt like the man with the large nose who thought everybody was looking at him, and that he was supremely gratified with the kindly greeting which he received. We have the following evidence of his friend Lord Cockburn as to the way Sir Walter played his part: 'When he walked into court one day in January 1826, there was no affectation, and no reality of *facing it;* no look of indifference or defiance, but the manly and modest air of a gentleman conscious of some folly, but of perfect rectitude and of most heroic and honourable resolutions.' Cockburn adds that 'even Sir Walter's political opponents would have gladly given every spare farthing they possessed to relieve him.'

A tangible proof of his industry was afforded by the publication of 'Woodstock' within three months after his misfortune, and of the 'Life of Napoleon' in June 1827, the result being that his debts were reduced between January, 1826, and January, 1828, by nearly 40,000*l.* On the 17th of December, 1830, far more than the half of his indebtedness had been extinguished. At a meeting of the creditors on that day the following resolution was passed:—

'That Sir Walter Scott be requested to accept of his furniture, plate, linen, paintings, library, and curiosities of every description, as the best means the creditors have of expressing their very high sense of his most honourable conduct, and in grateful acknowledgment for the unparalleled and most successful exertions he has made, and continues to make, for them.'

Commenting in his Journal on this resolution he writes:—'I see some friends of mine think this is not handsomely done. In my opinion it is extremely so.' Moreover, he considered the gift to have a monetary value of 10,000*l.* While Sir Walter's creditors were rapidly receiving back the sums due to them, those of Constable had to content themselves with a dividend of 2*s.* 9*d.* in the pound, and those of Hurst and Robinson with one of about 1*s.* 3*d.*

The great value of this Journal is the vivid picture which it furnished of Sir Walter's fight for independence. His determination was to shake off the burden of indebtedness, and to do so single-handed. There is heroism in the struggle itself as well as in the sentiments which prompted Sir Walter to make it. Had he consulted his own ease he might have made arrangements, which would not have been dishonourable, and which would have left him free to live comfortably. He might have lived longer, if he had not strained his physical as well as his mental powers

powers to excess, yet it is questionable whether he would have been happier, even if his later years were less full of toil. He had a delight in battling with his difficulties. 'It is my dogged humour,' he wrote, 'to yield little to external circumstances.' He was fighting what he believed to be a good fight, and no one can read the declarations in his Journal without heightened admiration for Sir Walter as a strong, self-reliant and upright man. What Maria Edgeworth wrote to Constable in 1823, after seeing Sir Walter in his grandeur at Abbotsford, is still more applicable to his self-portraiture in the Journal: 'Many may be, and may seem *great*, while unknown, but few like him appear greater the more they are known.'

His wife had been ailing for some years, and the state of her health grew more precarious at the time when his own affairs were in confusion. Among the references to her which Lockhart omitted, the following are noteworthy. Sir Walter wrote on the 16th of April, 1826: 'Lady Scott suffers much occasionally, especially during the night. Sleeps a great deal when at ease; all symptoms announce water upon the chest.' His comment is, 'a sad prospect.' On the 19th, he says he had returned from a funeral to his own house, now the habitation of sickness and serious apprehension, and 'found Lady S. had tried the foxglove in quantity till it made her so sick she was forced to desist. The result cannot yet be judged.' On the 21st he wrote:—

'Had the grief to find Lady Scott had insisted on coming downstairs and was the worse for it. Also a letter from Lockhart, giving a poor account of the infant. God help us! earth cannot.'

He chronicles on the 23rd that 'Lady Scott is certainly better, and has promised not to attempt quitting her room.' Being obliged to go to Edinburgh on the 11th of May, he wrote on the preceding day: 'To what scene I may suddenly be recalled it wrings my heart to think. If she would but be guided by the medical people, and attend rigidly to their orders, something might be hoped, but she is impatient with the protracted suffering, and no wonder.' On the 15th he received news at Edinburgh of his wife's death. A note written by Sir Walter to Mr. Skene on the day after the funeral sets forth his feelings at the time:

'I take advantage of Mr. Ramsay's [the late Dean Ramsay] return to Edinburgh to answer your kind letter. It would have done no good to have brought you here when I could not have enjoyed your company, and there were quite enough friends here to ensure everything being properly adjusted. Anne, contrary to a natural weakness

weakness of temper, is quite quiet and resigned to her distress, but has been visited by many fainting fits, the effect, I am told, of weakness, over-exertion, and distress of mind. Her brothers are both here—Walter having arrived from Ireland yesterday in time to assist at the *munus inane;* their presence will do her much good, but I cannot think of leaving her till Monday next, nor could I do my brethren much good by coming to town, having still that stunned and giddy feeling which great calamities necessarily produce. It will soon give way to my usual state of mind, and my friends will not find me much different from what I have usually been.'

There are many affecting references to his deceased wife. On the 11th of June 'he had bad dreams about poor Charlotte.' On the 1st of September he wrote :—

'If there be further wrath to come, I shall be glad to bear it alone. Poor Charlotte was too much softened by prosperity to look adverse circumstances courageously in the face.'

He revisited Carlisle on the 3rd of April, 1828, and made this entry in his Journal :—

'A sad place in my domestic remembrances, since here I married my poor Charlotte. She is gone, and I am following faster, perhaps, than I wot of. It is something to have lived and loved; and our poor children are so hopeful and affectionate, that it chastens the sadness attending the thoughts of our separation.'

At first he did not find it an irksome task to write the 'Life of Bonaparte.' On the 31st of March, 1826, he says :—

'But I am "Nap. Bon." again, which is always a change, because it gives a good deal of reading and research, whereas "Woodstock" and such like, being *extempore* from my mother-wit, is a sort of spinning of the brains, of which a man tires.'

However, he began to weary of the 'Life,' the state of his health being unfavourable for the display of his energies, and he made the following entry on the 5th of June in the same year :—

'After all, I have fagged through six pages, and made poor Wurmser lay down his sword on the glacis of Mantua—and my head aches—my eyes ache—my back aches—so does my breast—and I am sure my heart aches—what can Duty want more?'

A reference to Duty is frequently made in the Journal, and the subject is always touched upon in a fresh or humorous way, such passages lighting up the more sombre pages, and we are surprised that Lockhart omitted any of them. At Abbotsford, on the 8th of August, 1826, he made this entry :—

'Wrote my task this morning, and now for a walk. Dine at Chiefswood to-day, have company to-morrow. Why, this is dissipation!

tion! But no matter, Mrs. Duty, if the task is done. "Ay, but," says she, "you ought to do something extra—provide against a rainy day." Not I; I'll make a rainy day provide against a fair one, Mrs. Duty. I write twice as much in bad weather. Seriously, I write fully as much as I ought. I do not like this dull, aching in the chest and back, and its giving way to exercise shows that it originates in remaining too long in a sitting posture.'

Recurring to the subject, he wrote on the 23rd and 24th of March, 1827:—

'When I was a child, and indeed for some years after, my amusement was in supposing to myself a set of persons engaged in various scenes which contrasted them with each other, and I remember to this day the accuracy of my childish imagination. This might be the effect of a natural turn to fictitious narrative, or it might be the cause of it, or there might be an action and reaction, or it does not signify a pin's head how it is. But with a flash of this remaining spirit, I imagine my mother Duty to be a sort of old task-mistress, like the hag of the merchant Abudah, in the "Tales of the Genii"—not a hag though, by any means; on the contrary, my old woman wears a rich old-fashioned gown of black silk, with ruffles of triple-blonde lace, and a coif as rich as that of Pearling Jean; a figure and countenance something like Lady D. S.'s twenty years ago; a clear blue eye, capable of great severity of expression, and conforming in that with a wrinkled brow, of which the ordinary expression is a serious approach to a frown—a cautionary and nervous shake of the head; in her withered hand an ebony staff with a crutch head—a Tompion gold watch, which annoys all who know her by striking the quarters as regularly as if one wished to hear them. Occasionally she has a small scourge of nettles, which I feel her lay across my fingers at this moment, and so *Tace* is Latin for a candle. I have 150 pages to write yet.

A month later he records that, having been confined indoors for three days, he felt a little nervous, and adds:—

'Well, I may be disabled from duty, but my tamed spirits and sense of dejection have quelled all that freakiness of humour which made me a voluntary idler. I present myself to the morning task as the hack-horse patiently trudges to the pole of his chaise, and backs, however reluctantly, to have the traces fixed.'

On the 24th of June, he again notes his failings:—

'I don't care who knows it, I was lazy this morning. But I cheated my laziness capitally, as you shall hear. My good friend, Sir Watt, said I to my esteemed friend, it is hard that you should be obliged to work when you are so disinclined to it. Were I you, I would not be quite idle though. I would do something that you are not obliged to do, just as I have seen a cowardly dog willing to fight with any one save that which his master desired him to yoke with. So

So I went over the review of the "Culloden Papers," and went a great way to convert it into the Essay on Clanship, &c., which I intend for the Prose Works.'

Though it was with great reluctance that Sir Walter composed the 'Life of Bonaparte,' yet he worked very hard at it, and he was most eager in obtaining information and careful in verifying facts. He wrote on the 12th of August, 1826:—

'James Ballantyne presages well of this work, but is afraid of inaccuracies—so am I; but things must be as they may. There is a kind of glamour about me, which sometimes make me read dates, &c., in the proof-sheets, not as they actually do stand, but as they ought to stand.

In March following he expresses his hope that the work will come to an end some day or other, adding that 'it drips and dribbles out on the paper.' Though the 'Life of Bonaparte' is not one of Sir Walter's great works, yet it was as successful as many of higher merit, and the chief object for which he toiled at it, that of clearing off his debts, was largely furthered by its sale. 'Woodstock,' which preceded it, produced 8000*l.*; the first and second editions of the 'Life' produced 18,000*l.*

There is a curious entry in the Journal respecting the 'Life,' and a letter from Fenimore Cooper about it is printed by Mr. Douglas. On the 13th of August, 1827, Sir Walter wrote:—

'A letter from booksellers at Brussels informs me of the pleasant tidings that "Napoleon" is a total failure; that they have lost much money on a version which they were at a great expense in preparing, and modestly propose that I should write a novel to make them amends for loss on a speculation which I knew nothing about. "Have you nothing else to ask?" as Sancho says to the farmer, who asks him to stock a farm for his son, portion off his daughters, &c. &c. They state themselves to be young booksellers; certes, they must hold me to be a *very* young author.'

Fenimore Cooper's letter is dated the 12th September in the same year:—

'The French abuse you a little, but as they began to do this, to my certain knowledge, five months before the book was published, you have no great reason to regard their criticism. It would be impossible to write the truth on such a subject and please this nation. One frothy gentleman denounced you in my presence as having a low, vulgar style, very much such an one as characterized the pen of Shakspeare!'

Reading the frequently recurring entries in the Journal of ill-health, we find it difficult to understand how Sir Walter could combine his task with the diligence which he displayed. His

His physical condition was seriously impaired by severe and recurring attacks of rheumatism, which were the result of sleeping in damp sheets during a visit to France in 1826. The lameness from which he always suffered was aggravated by the rheumatism, till walking became difficult, while his general health suffered if he did not take exercise in the open air. Moreover, be begrudged the time, even when his leg did not pain him. After complaining of headache caused by sitting too long and working too hard when in Edinburgh, he adds, 'I must inflict a walk on myself to-day. Strange that what is my delight in the country is *here* a sort of penance!' At Abbotsford on the 2nd and 4th of January, 1827, he writes:—

'I had resolved to mark down no more griefs and groans, but I must needs briefly state that I am nailed to my chair like the unhappy Theseus. The rheumatism, exasperated by my sortie of yesterday, has seized on my only serviceable knee; and I am, by Proserpine! motionless as an anvil. Leeches and embrocations are all I have for it. . . . My enemy gained some strength during the watches of the night; but he again succumbed under the scalding fomentations of camomile flowers.'

What wonder that he should write two days later! 'worked till dusk, but not with much effect; my head and mind not clear somehow.' It is surprising that, in the circumstances, he should have worked at all.

Several of the entries show his readiness to amend whatever was amiss. Even in old age he designed to take lessons for the improvement of his handwriting. On the 9th of April, 1826, he writes that he has been excessively fagged in correcting manuscript, adding, 'I was dead-sick of it by two o'clock, the rather as my hand, O revered Gurnal, be it said between ourselves, gets daily worse.' In July he chronicles a visit from Mr. Lewis, a smart Cockney, and describes how Mr. Lewis proposes to 'amend the handwriting,' by using a mechanical aid for keeping the fingers in a position, a system which he pronounces ingenious and thinks may prove useful. Sir Walter avows his intention of taking lessons should Mr. Lewis visit Edinburgh in the winter, and he adds:—'Bear witness, good reader, that if W. S. writes a cramp hand, as is the case, he is desirous to mend it.' Whether he took lessons or not is left undetermined, but the handwriting did not improve, as is shown by an entry during April in the following year: 'This hand of mine gets to be like a kitten's scratch, and will require much deciphering, or, what may be as well for the writer, cannot be deciphered at all. I am sure I cannot read it myself.' There is no doubt as to Sir Walter's handwriting gradually becoming

becoming less legible. The latest entries in his Journal are almost undecipherable.

Now and then the entries show Sir Walter enjoying himself, and he did so most of all when in the company of old friends. He notes on the 9th of August, 1826, that Mrs. Tytler, of Woodhouselee, the Hamiltons and Colonel Ferguson had dined with him, and remarks:—

'How many early stories did the old lady's presence recall! She might almost be my mother, yet there we sat, like two people of another generation, talking of things and people the rest knew nothing of.'

This resembles Horace Walpole's experience: 'Old friends are the great blessings of one's latter years—half a word conveys one's meaning. They have memory of the same events, and the same mode of thinking.' Sir Walter's reflections on the same subject are thus given, after chronicling on the 28th of February, 1827, that 'Sir Adam breakfasted':—

'In youth we have many companions, few friends perhaps; in age companionship is ended, except rarely and by appointment. Old men, by a kind of instinct, seek younger companions, who listen to their stories, honour their grey hairs while present, and mimic and laugh at them when their backs are turned. At least, that was the way in our day, and I warrant our chicks of the present day crow to the same tune.'

Though firm all his life in his political convictions, there was less narrowness in Sir Walter's nature than in that of some contemporaries, and he was always ready to associate with those from whom he differed politically. His maxim was the wise and gracious one that hospitality has no politics. It is not surprising, then, to find him chronicling on the 8th of December, 1826, that he dined with many of the leading Whigs; he remarked of the dinner:—'Very pleasant; capital good cheer and excellent wine—much laugh and fun.' On the following day he recurred to the subject and wrote:—

'I do not know why it is that when I am with a party of my Opposition friends, the day is often merrier than with our own set. Is it because they are cleverer? Jeffrey and Harry Cockburn are, to be sure, very extraordinary men, yet it is not owing to that entirely. I believe that both parties meet with a feeling of something like novelty. We have not worn out our jests in daily contact. There is also a disposition on such occasions to be courteous, and of course, to be pleased.'

After finishing the 'Life of Bonaparte,' he wrote in his Journal, 'And now, as Dame Fortune says in Quevedo's visions, *Go wheel, and the Devil drive thee.*' He had a new and

and a congenial work in hand, the result of a 'good thought' which, as he wrote on the 24th of May, had then entered his head: this was to write stories from the History of Scotland for his grandson, 'little Johnny Lockhart.' Such was the origin of the 'Tales of a Grandfather,' which were among the best and most popular of Sir Walter's productions in his later years. Some may have been repeated orally before being committed to paper. In June, his grandson was in Scotland with his parents and staying at Portobello, a sea-bathing place near Edinburgh, and then Sir Walter records:—'Went out to Portobello after dinner, and chatted with little Johnnie, and told him the history of the Field of Prestonpans. Few remain who care about these stories.' His friend and critic, James Ballantyne, was not pleased with the 'Tales,' and Sir Walter complains that, 'he found fault with them for being too historical, formerly it was for being too infantine. He calls out for starch and is afraid of his cravat being too stiff. O ye critics, will nothing melt ye?' On the other hand he had no reason to complain of Mr. Cadell, the publisher, who agreed to pay him 787*l.* 10*s.* for the first series.

An interesting fact is now disclosed with relation to 'Anne of Geierstein,' published in 1829, which was the last work of fiction from Sir Walter's pen that can be ranked with those written in his prime. Its composition gave him much trouble, as is shown by such an entry as the following: 'I muzzed on—I can call it little better—with 'Anne of Geierstein.' The materials are excellent, but the power of using them is failing.' Again, he complains that his duties in Court occupied so much of the day, and says 'the plague is that time is wanting when I feel an aptitude to work, and when time abounds, the will, at least the real, efficient power of the faculties, is awanting.' When well advanced with the novel, he spoke about it to his friend, James Skene, and the latter notes in his 'Reminiscences':—

'Upon his describing to me the scheme which he had formed for that work, I suggested to him that he might with advantage connect the history of René, king of Provence, which would lead to many interesting topographical details which my residence in that country would enable me to supply, besides the opportunity of illustrating so eccentric a character as *le bon roi René*, full of traits which were admirably suited to Sir Walter's graphic style of illustration, and that he could besides introduce the ceremonies of the *Fête Dieu* with great advantage, as I had fortunately seen its revival the first time it was celebrated after the interruption of the revolution. He liked the idea much, and accordingly a Journal which I had written during

during my residence in Provence, with a volume of accompanying drawings and Passow's "History of Provence," was forthwith sent for, and the whole *dénouement* of the story of "Anne of Geierstein" was changed, and the Provence part woven into it, in the form in which it ultimately came forth.'

A lighter passage than many others in the Journal may be given by way of relief. The entry is dated the 17th of July, 1827:—

'Here is a whimsical subject of affliction. Mr. Harper, a settler, who went from this country to Botany Bay, thinking himself obliged to me for a recommendation to General M'Allister and Sir Thomas Brisbane, has thought proper to bring me home a couple of Emus. I wish his gratitude had either taken a different turn, or remained as quiescent as that of others whom I have obliged more materially. I at first accepted the creatures, conceiving them, in my ignorance, to be some sort of blue and green parrot, which, though I do not admire their noise, might scream and yell at their pleasure if hung up in the hall among the armour. But your emu, it seems, stands six feet high on his stocking soles, and is little better than a kind of cassowary or ostrich. Hang them! they might [eat] up my collection of old arms for what I know. It reminds me of the story of the adjutant birds in Theodore Hook's novel. No; I'll no Emuses!'

Three days later Sir Walter writes, 'Offered my Emuses to the Duke of Buccleuch.' As the subject is not referred to again, it may be inferred that the Duke relieved him from the burden of the birds.

Sir Walter was an unconventional great man, and it is because he had none of the pomp or pretension which sometimes stamps and mars illustrious writers, that those who met him for the first time were often sceptical about his being the author of the 'Waverley Novels.' There are men of whom Sir Fretful Plagiary is a well-known type, who think themselves greater than they are; others, among whom Sir Walter is conspicuous, are unconscious of their greatness. That he knew his own limitations is clear from the following answer to James Ballantyne, when his fame as a poet filled the land. 'What do you think of your own genius as a poet, in comparison with that of Burns?' was Ballantyne's question. Scott replied, 'There is no comparison whatever—we ought not to be named in the same day.' One of the few references in his Journal to his position in literature was made after Mr. Cadell had told him that he disapproved of half the volume of the second series of 'Chronicles of the Canongate,' and then Sir Walter wrote: 'I was not fool enough to suppose that my favour with the public would last for ever, and was neither shocked nor alarmed to find that it had ceased now, as cease it must one day soon.' The entry from

from which these words are taken was written on the 11th of December, 1827; on the following day he wrote:—

'Reconsidered the probable downfall of my literary reputation. I am so constitutionally indifferent to the censure or praise of the world, that never having abandoned myself to the feelings of self-conceit which my great success was calculated to inspire, I can look with the most unshaken firmness upon the event as far as my own feelings are concerned. If there be any great advantage in literary reputation, I have had it, and I certainly do not care for losing it. They cannot say but what I *had* the *crown*.'

To these remarks we shall append one from Carlyle which does Carlyle credit and Sir Walter justice: 'Surely since Shakspeare's time there has been no great speaker so unconscious of an aim in speaking as Walter Scott.'

James Ballantyne, in some unpublished extracts from his 'Reminiscences,' now printed by Mr. Douglas, throws fresh light on this side of Sir Walter's character, saying of him:

'He laboured under the strangest delusion as to the merits of his own works. On this score he was not only inaccessible to compliments, but even insensible to the truth; in fact, at all times, he hated to talk of any of his productions; as, for instance, he greatly preferred Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein" to any of his own romances. . . . When I ventured, as I sometimes did, to press him on the score of the reputation he had gained, he merely asked, as if determined to be done with the discussion, "Why, what is the value of a reputation which probably will not last above one or two generations?"'

However absurd this under-estimate of himself may appear, there was no false modesty in it. He wrote because he had something to say; without dreaming of fame he became immortal. In corroboration of what Ballantyne noted, we shall cite a few words which he wrote in his Journal after quoting some lines from Burns:

'Long life to thy fame, and peace to thy soul, Rob Burns! When I want to express a sentiment which I feel strongly, I find the phrase in Shakspeare—or thee. The blockheads talk of my being like Shakspeare—not fit to tie his brogues.'

None of Sir Walter's countrymen and contemporaries is a man of greater originality than Carlyle, and none has made a greater and, perhaps, more lasting mark in our literature. Among all his writings nothing is less admirable or creditable to him than his Essay on Scott. According to him, Sir Walter 'with all his health, was *infected*, sick of the fearfullest malady, that of ambition.' Moreover,

'his life was worldly; his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material, of the earth earthy.

A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous, and graceful things; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men named minor poets; this is the highest quality to be discerned in him.'

The foregoing passage appeared a few years after Sir Walter's death. A few years before it, Carlyle wrote to him in a different strain. Mr. Douglas has recovered and printed Carlyle's letter. It was addressed to Sir Walter in London while he was on a visit there in April 1828, and it arrived at a time when he wrote in his Journal, 'In this phantasmagorial place the objects of the day come and depart like shadows.' It is probable that, being fully occupied, Sir Walter put the letter aside, and forgot about it, as there is no mention of it in his Journal or correspondence. He was punctilious in answering all the letters addressed to him. Possibly the feeling of Carlyle towards Sir Walter was affected by a disregard of his communication which is dated April 13th, 1828. After informing Scott that 'Goethe has sent two medals which he is to deliver into his own hand,' he gives an extract from Goethe's letter which related to the 'Life of Bonaparte,' saying, 'it is seldom such a writer obtains such a critic,' and Carlyle adds,—

'Being in this curious fashion appointed, as it were, ambassador between two kings of poetry, I would willingly discharge my mission with the solemnity that becomes such a business; and naturally it must flatter my vanity and love of the marvellous to think that by means of a foreigner whom I have never seen, I might soon have access to my native Sovereign, whom I have so often seen in public, and so often wished that I had claim to see and know in private, and near at hand. . . . Meanwhile, I abide your further orders in this matter; and so with all the regard which belongs to one to whom I, in common with other millions, owe so much, I have the honour to be, Sir, most respectfully, your servant, T. C.'

Posthumous disclosures are often damaging, and few men can throw open the windows of their soul and retain the esteem of mankind. Sir Walter Scott is an exception. Nothing of moment that passed through his mind while keeping his Journal has been kept back; it is a piece of vivid and lifelike self-portraiture, and now that the Journal is published almost exactly as it was written, every intellectual reader will rise from its perusal with his admiration for the writer heightened, with his sympathy in his sorrows deepened, and with his conviction confirmed that he was a most estimable as well as a very great man. His indomitable courage was as remarkable as the delicacy of his sentiments. When broken in health and staggering under the burden of his liabilities, he never flinched

flinched from what he held to be his duty, neither did he complain of the terrible burden which he had to bear. He had made a mistake, and he was prepared to pay the penalty, even if his life was the forfeit. In such noble words as the following he expressed his feelings and his determination :—

'Whether it is in human possibility that I am clear off these obligations or not is very doubtful. But I would rather have it written on my monument that I died at the desk, than live under the recollection of having neglected it.'

He struggled on, despite failing health, and the seriousness of his state was clearer to his friends than himself. The following passage, written in December 1830, will be read with mournful interest :—

'Last spring, Miss Young, the daughter of Dr. Young, had occasion to call on me on some business, in which I had hopes of serving her. As I endeavoured to explain to her what I had to say, I had the horror to find I could not make myself understood. I stammered, stuttered, said one word in place of another—did all but speak; Miss Young went away frightened enough, poor thing, and Anne and Violet Lockhart were much alarmed. I was bled with cupping-glasses, took medicine, and lived on panuda ; but in two or three days I was well again. The physicians thought, or said at least, that the evil was from the stomach. It is very certain that I have seemed to speak with an impediment, and I was, or it might be fancied myself, troubled with a mispronouncing and hesitation. I felt this particularly at the election and sometimes in society. This went on till last November, when Lord —— came out to make me a visit. I had for a long time taken only one tumbler of whisky and water without the slightest reinforcement. This night I took a very little drop, not so much as a bumper glass of whisky altogether. It made no difference on my head that I could discover, but when I went to the dressing-room I sank stupefied on the floor. I lay a minute or two—was not found, luckily, gathered myself up and got to my bed. I was alarmed at this second warning, consulted Abercrombie and Ross, and got a few restrictive orders as to diet. I am forced to attend to them; for, as Mrs. Cole says, "Lack-a-day! a thimbleful oversets me." To add to these feelings I have the constant increase of my lameness; the thigh-joint, knee-joint, and ankle-joint. I walk with great pain in the whole limb, and am at every minute, during an hour's walk, reminded of my mortality. I should not care for all this, if I was sure of dying handsomely.'

As a last resort, he resolved to visit Italy in the hope of being benefited in health, and on the 23rd of September, 1831, he left Abbotsford for London. A week before starting he wrote to the Duke of Buccleuch, saying: 'I am going to try whether

the air of Naples will make an old fellow of sixty young again.' Some time previously he had entered in his Journal with reference to his friend Colin Mackenzie what was equally applicable to himself now: 'Alas! long-seated complaints defy Italian climate.' The Journal contains many interesting details of his voyage to Italy and sojourn there; indeed, the entries are often so lively and cheerful in tone, that it is hard to realize when reading them how greatly Sir Walter's health was impaired and how much his mind was enfeebled. He appeared to consider it a duty to make entries in the Journal so long as he could hold a pen; and he did so till the month of April 1832, being five months before he breathed his last at Abbotsford. Mr. Douglas gives a facsimile in the Preface of the following words, which were the last that Sir Walter penned:—

'We entered Rome by a gate surmounted by one of the Old Pontiffs, but which I forgot, and so paraded the streets by moonlight to discover if possible some appearance of the learned Sir William Gell or the pretty Mistress Astly.

'At length we found an old servant who guided us to the lodgings taken by Sir William Gell, where all was comfortable, a good fire included, which our fatigue and the chilliness of the night required. We dispersed as soon as we had taken some food and wine and water.

'We slept reasonably but on the next morning,'

It is upwards of half a century since Carlyle wrote that Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' 'summons the world's attention round him, probably for the last time it will ever be summoned.' A further summons is unnecessary; his works and the story of his life have secured for him universal homage throughout all ages. His position is alike firm and lofty; it can neither be forfeited nor raised, any more than a dead man or woman who is beatified can cease to be a Saint or attain another dignity. Sir Walter Scott resembles the best of those knights in the olden days of chivalry that excited his imagination and inspired his pen. Like them, he lived without fear and died without reproach, his honour being dearer to him than his life-blood. We realize this better after perusing the vivid and instructive pages of his Journal. While reading it he seems to stand before us again as he was in the flesh, and we almost forget that his hallowed dust has long since mingled with that of his ancestors in Dryburgh Abbey. Although many of the details are melancholy, yet the interest of the whole is entrancing, and the Journal is a most precious relic of Sir Walter Scott.

ART. V.—1. *The Scientific Education of Dogs for the Gun.* By H. H. London, 1890.

2. *Dog Breaking. The most expeditious, certain, and easy Method.* By General W. N. Hutchinson. Ninth edition. London, 1890.

3. *History and Description of the Collie, or Sheep-dog, in the British Varieties.* By Rawdon Lee, Kennel Editor of 'The Field.' London.

WE must preface the remarks we have to make on the subject of this article by informing our readers at once that the author of the first of the three works above-mentioned is an enthusiast; an enthusiast after our own heart, no doubt, but one, nevertheless, whose ideas will meet with small sympathy from the rising generation of sportsmen, to many of whom they will probably seem as much out of date as Colonel Newcome's celebrated blue coat appeared to the rising race of dandies. They will pronounce the book an anachronism. Pointers and setters, they will say, are no longer used for partridge-shooting, and what is the use of all this long and elaborate code of rules for breaking them, demanding, as the author himself allows, not only a combination of patience, perseverance, and good temper, which is far from common, but also something akin even to supernatural powers in the shape of animal magnetism to control the dogs' will? The answer is, that H. H. is an enthusiast on the subject of dogs, and that the trouble which seems superfluous to ordinary men, does not seem so to him: and if we are to accept his book as evidence that he can still find sporting quarters where dogs can be used as of old with decided advantage to the gun, we think he is to be congratulated on his enthusiasm. Nor ought we to omit to call the attention of our readers to the well-known and excellent work of General Hutchinson, which has now reached its ninth edition.

There are, of course, three different ways of shooting partridges: there is the old-fashioned way; there is the system of walking them up in line, with retrievers following at heel; and lastly, there is the system of driving. The advantages of the second of these three plans we have never been able to understand. If birds will lie to a man they will lie to a dog: and the only reason in its favour, we suppose, is, that a larger party can go out together when birds are simply kicked up, than when dogs have to be manœuvred as well. Between the comparative attractions of driving and shooting over dogs the controversy still rages; but the former system is supported on two very different grounds and by two very different kinds of sportsmen, those

those who practise driving on compulsion, and those who do so from choice. There are those who say, that they have been forced into the new system through the practical failure of the old: that there is no longer sufficient cover on a moderately well-cultivated estate to give the dogs a fair chance; and that, if all the birds are driven into two or three turnip-fields, the dogs, besides being unnecessary, are apt to be demoralized by the bustle, and destroy all the charm which attaches to this particular form of shooting. They say, in short, that it is no longer good enough; and that though driving cannot be compared with what the old method was in its prime, it is better than it is in its decay. The strength of this argument all depends on the truth or falsehood of the minor premiss. That to shooting over dogs plenty of cover is essential, everybody knows. Is it then equally true that such cover is rarely to be found? This is a question of experience which we are much inclined to answer in the negative. We do not mean to say there may not be many parts of England in which there is not cover enough for large bags to be made over dogs. But those who decry the use of pointers and setters are in the habit of talking as if this were the universal rule, and as if no ground any longer existed in this country suitable to the old style. No doubt in the best-farmed districts, besides the disappearance of the stubble, draining, enclosing, and grubbing up, have left their mark upon the land. The wet rushy fields, which on hot days afforded capital lying for birds; the bits of common and heath, which in the days of old Leisure were still untouched; the wide straggling hedges, and the little strips of copsewood running along the brooksides —all these, beloved of the painter and the sportsman, have yielded to the march of improvement. But even here the turnips, the mangolds, the potatoes, the clover, the sainfoin, to say nothing of the fallows, where on a dry day the birds are often well scattered, afford plenty of opportunities for dog work. We have said nothing about the grouse, or the field which *they* afford for the exhibition of canine science. Our own impression is, that room enough may still be found for dogs in many partridge countries of Great Britain, and that an explanation of the disuse of them is rather to be found in the changed tastes and habits of sportsmen themselves, than in the different character of the ground, or the altered behaviour of the birds.

If from the man who thinks that by these causes he is obliged to fall back on driving, we turn to the man who openly proclaims his preference for it in the abstract, we are in the presence

sence at once of that changed conception of sport which, within the space of one generation, has spread so widely among almost all classes who are addicted to it. If our space permitted us, it might be interesting to trace this change to its source, noting all its tributaries as we went along. But it is sufficient to say here, that with the immense increase of fox-hunters, who hunt only to ride, has come a corresponding increase of game-hunters, who sport only to shoot. Formerly in a day's partridge-shooting firing at your bird was only part of the day's enjoyment; now, on the driving system, it is the whole. We quite understand what there is to be said for it. As sport comes more and more to be lost sight of in marksmanship, that kind of shooting is sure to be preferred which affords the best test of it. And unquestionably of the two, shooting driven birds is more difficult than shooting them to dogs. The difference, indeed, is not so great as is supposed. Take two boys of sixteen or seventeen; give them their first guns; and enter one at driven partridges, and the other at pointed ones. We are greatly deceived if the first would not make just as good a record as the second. It is the change from the one style to the other which causes middle-aged sportsmen to find the new system less easy. Of course there is a great deal of excitement in driving: more shots are got by each man; the sport is more continuous, and the old birds are more readily killed off by it. Men long accustomed to it naturally call the other system slow, as dram-drinkers call claret trash. We are not going to argue the question. We think only that H. H. will occasionally make some of these anti-canine gunners a little inclined to say to themselves, what a celebrated Liberal historian was overheard saying to himself after an interview with a great High Churchman, 'Can I, after all, have been mistaken?'

It is a matter of taste, all said and done. We all like what we are used to. Men of fifty who began to shoot as boys grew up under the old regime. It is less than thirty years ago since the practice of mowing stubbles became general; and men, who shot over highly-trained dogs for the first twelve or fifteen years of their sporting careers, may be excused if they do not take kindly to the modern fashion, and occasionally heave a deep sigh

> 'In looking at the happy autumn fields
> And thinking of the days that are no more.'

H. H., however, will not have it that these days are over: so now let us see what he has to say for himself.

First of all he has that to say for himself that which will cause a good many of his readers who wish to learn the art of breaking dogs

dogs to put down his volume in despair. No man, he says, can be completely successful without what he calls 'lots of animal magnetism'—that is, the power of making dogs obey him by the force of will only. With a man possessed of this peculiar gift ordinary mortals [of course cannot compare themselves, and sportsmen must read of his triumphs in the breaking line as of something which Nature has placed beyond their reach, and which it is useless to emulate. Our author devotes several pages of his book to this subject, and gives curious instances of the effect of the human will upon horses, one of which is too remarkable to be omitted :—

'I was out for a ride one day with an argumentative friend along the road, and was on a very celebrated old hunter that had been my friend and partner for many a season. We were talking on this subject, and my friend scoffed at the very idea of such a thing, as a sort of visionary nonsense. A hundred yards ahead there was an intersecting cross-road, at right angles to that on which we were riding. I pulled up my horse.

'"Now," I said, "look here; I will prove my theory to you: choose and tell me which of those roads my horse shall take. You shall ride three lengths behind me, I will throw the reins on his neck, and I will bet you a sovereign he goes the way I will him, and you shall be the judge whether it is possible for me to have influenced him by any word, touch, or sign ; only you must keep at a walk and not utter a word or sound."

'He made the bet, and fixed on the right-hand cross-road as being the one he knew very well the horse had never been before, whilst the two others were both roads to "meets."

'I simply fixed my eyes and my will on the road, and when the horse arrived at the spot he turned down with the same alacrity as if his stable had been in full view.'—P. 87.

We shall not pursue the subject any further, since magnetism can never be relied upon as an ordinary agency for dog-breaking. But within a narrower sphere, requiring only such qualities as may reasonably be expected of every man who undertakes to train animals at all, a great deal may be learned from our enthusiastic friend, as well as from General Hutchinson. The former divides his subject into four heads—Kennel Management, Retrievers, Pointers and Setters, and Spaniels. On the first of these heads we shall confine ourselves to repeating the sound general admonition which he addresses to all dog-keepers :—

'It is to me perfectly astounding the carelessness and short-sightedness of the generality of the world about the way in which they lodge their dogs. Here is a man who does not care what he gives for a brace of setters or pointers, and resolves to go in for breeding

breeding on a large scale perhaps. He will spare no expense in having the very best food and the best attendance he can procure, and yet those same dogs are lodged in a draughty, undrained, damp, stinking hole that is not fit to put a pig in, and so one fine morning out comes a brace of these priceless ones. "Dear me, Don has got a cough! I wonder how he got that!" Why, from sleeping most likely in a thorough draught or on damp straw. Or, after your "crack" has put up a single bird or two upwind without an attempt at a find, or got so close to a covey that it has risen before you could get up, "Why, Belle's nose seems to be gone to-day!"

'What wonder, when she has been in a reeking atmosphere of foul drains for a week? Or again, Dido goes very "dicky" over that plough, moves her legs fast enough, but can't "get away" at the shoulders and hips. "Why, what's up with the bitch? I am sure she is not stale from over-work." Not she; but how would *you* be moving, think you, if you had been paddling about for a day and a night or two on wet flags without shoes on?'

We can confirm what H. H. here says of the carelessness or ignorance of many good sportsmen on this subject, from frequent and melancholy experience. It is, indeed, 'perfectly astounding' to see men not wanting either in common sense, common humanity, or familiarity with the canine race, nevertheless calmly acting on the principle that any place is good enough for a dog. It is the same with feeding. Men seem to forget that from dogs kept for sporting purposes we exact an amount of violent exercise, which tells upon them exactly as it does upon ourselves. A dog who comes home overtired, unless supplied with tempting food, and a warm, clean and comfortable bed, will break down as certainly as a man would. All hunting men know this about their horses; and all grooms and stablemen are obliged to act accordingly. But about their dogs, men seem to reason as if they were gifted by Nature with some special exemption from all the consequences of insalubrity. There are fools in the world who think they show their manliness and strength of mind by laughing at such as show any solicitude about the food or treatment of their dogs; or are not satisfied to leave them entirely in the hands of servants. We once very nearly lost an almost perfect spaniel through this misplaced confidence. We saw him put into a good bed after a long day's partridge-shooting, and consented to believe that he would be equally well cared for in all other respects. At the end of the third day's shooting, a very wet day, he could hardly crawl home, and we had to lift him over the stone walls. Still we had no suspicion of the truth. He went to bed, and next morning was evidently very ill. We tried him with meat, milk —warm and cold; but he could touch nothing, and lay curled round

round in a corner and shivering. We found on enquiry that, owing to some feud among the servants, the boy to whose care he had been specially entrusted had been unable to get him any dinner, and three nights running, after a hard day's work, he had had nothing but a few scraps of bread. This, of course, so weakened him that he was quite unable to stand out against the cold and wet; caught a violent chill, and would certainly have died, had we gone on leaving him to servants. We got him round again, with a good deal of care; but that was a lesson to us, and we hope it may be a lesson to all who are in the habit of taking valuable dogs about with them to friends' houses. Another dangerous thing to do with delicate dogs, which H. H. does not mention, is to drive them home any distance when they are wringing wet. It is difficult sometimes to avoid it; but it would always be possible to give them a good rubbing down before putting them in the dog-cart.

In the chapter on Retrievers, we know not that there is anything which does not apply almost equally to pointers, setters, and spaniels. To take your dog in hand when he is quite a puppy, as soon as he is weaned—our author says—to let him know nobody but yourself; to have him always with you; and when he is not, to keep him by himself until his preliminary education is completed; are rules which would be equally useful in the training of all dogs, especially spaniels. The difference is, that in the case of spaniels and retrievers you can always be doing something to them; whereas with pointers and setters, the time soon comes when you can do nothing without showing them game. We have long abandoned the last shred of scepticism with regard to what dogs can be taught to do, or what they will do without being taught, by their own natural sagacity. We will give an instance told by H. H., and then another relating to a canine acquaintance of our own:—

'When an undergraduate at Oxford I had a very clever smooth-coated retriever, and I had broken her to all this sort of thing. One day I was out walking with a friend and we had got to the top of Headington Hill, about two miles from Oxford. I put my hand in my pocket for my pipe, a short meerschaum in a case, and found I had left it behind, and I remembered putting it on the table of my lodgings just before I started. "I wonder whether Duchess will fetch it," I said to my friend; "lend me your pipe, and I will try." I showed her the pipe in the case, and said, "Go back, fetch mine, there's a good girl!" She looked at me for a moment, and then away she went at her best pace. We sat down on a stile and waited, and in about twenty minutes she appeared with the pipe all right. I heard afterwards from a man who occupied rooms over mine, that he was disturbed in his reading by the violent barking of a dog at the

the door. He looked out of the window and saw Duchess tearing at it tooth and nail, and barking enough to raise the dead. He went down and opened the door; she rushed past him upstairs, and, before he got halfway up, repassed him with a growl, with my pipe in her mouth. I always thought she must have seen me lay it down, but anyhow it was a good feat.'

The following, remarkable at all events as a feat of memory, was told me by the owner of an Irish water-spaniel, the only dog I ever knew who would perform tricks and was good to shoot over at the same time. His master was out walking with him at the beginning of the long frost in the year 1855, which set in about the middle of January. He went on a frozen mill-dam, where the water was of course very deep, and accidentally dropped his snuff-box through a little round hole in the ice. The dog was dreadfully distressed at not being able to get it; but was obliged to go home with its owner, who thought no more about the matter. Two months afterwards, when the frost was gone, he and the dog passed by the same place. The dog paused opposite the spot where the box had disappeared, seemed to think intently for a minute; then plunged in, dived to the bottom, and returned with the snuff-box in his mouth.

While on the subject of retrievers we may be allowed to broach a theory of our own, which is, that for partridge-shooting alone, spaniels make better retrievers than the larger species to whom the name is usually appropriated. The reason is, that they are much quicker in a hedgerow, being able to get through it, or turn round in the ditch, in half the time taken by one of the big black breed. More than that, they make much less noise in galloping through the turnips, and do not disturb so many birds as the others. With all dogs alike H. H. lays it down as a golden rule not to do too much at once. As soon as you have got your puppy to do one thing really well, take him home for that day, and let him think it over. Do not try to teach him anything fresh till the morrow, by which time the performance of the day before will have sunk into his mind, and he will be ready to repeat it without difficulty; whereas two or three different lessons given him one after the other will have a tendency to confuse him. This is particularly true, we should say, of pointers and setters, with whom we now enter into the heart of our subject.

'As regards the infancy and first youth of pointers and setters,' H. H. refers his readers to what he has said about retrievers. The system, as we have already noted, is the same in each case: 'The same principle of selection, the same kennel management, the same process of making a friend and pet

pet of your pups, never striking them, and never allowing any one else to have anything to do with them, and taking especial care that nobody and nothing ever frightens them.' Above all, when you are exercising puppies never allow them to steal away from you and begin to hunt upon their own account. This habit, once acquired, is productive of ten thousand troubles, and should be nipped in the bud, not by thrashing, but by putting the puppy in the corner, in other words, carrying him home and shutting him up in his kennel while the others are allowed to run loose. But we need not linger over the lessons of the preparatory school, which can hardly be made very interesting to any but dog-breakers themselves. We prefer to pass on to the time when the precepts thus instilled into the dog have to be reduced to practice, and to take the field with H. H. and a brace of promising young ones.

A piece of advice which has contributed more than any other to clinch our confidence in H. H. as a sporting tutor is this, never to shoot over a novice at any birds except those at which he stands, and then only at easy shots which you can make sure of killing. The reason is, that by seeing only those birds shot which he finds and points, the dog will very soon come to connect the two together, and to understand that it depends on himself whether he shall have the pleasure of seeing birds killed, and 'nuzzling them' afterwards. With dogs passionately fond of the sport—and dogs differ in this respect—nothing will tend so much as this to make them steady and careful, and anxious by every means in their power to avoid putting up birds out of distance. Most men who pay attention to such things at all must have noticed the look of disappointment in a dog's face when he sees a covey go away, unshot at or untouched. If this has been an unavoidable accident, a dog who has a good master is not frightened. If he had not got the wind, or if for any other reason it was not his fault, he knows very well that his master will not be angry; the two will sympathize with each other over the mishap, and go on better friends than ever. The present writer, speaking from his own experience, feels sure that really good dogs very soon acquire this sense of responsibility, and are quite aware that, if they are to see any sport, they must contribute to it themselves, and never make a false step. In a word, let the shooter make a comrade of his dog; let him teach him to feel that he and his master are partners in the day's amusement, and that it is as much for one as the other. We are sure that dogs can be made to feel this; and no man should be cruel enough to abuse the loyalty and fidelity which it inspires. We have seen dogs, both setters and spaniels,

spaniels, weary and footsore at the end of a long day, pull themselves together if they saw their master wanted another turn, and go to work again cheerfully, though they must have been ready to drop. We had a spaniel once who, at the end of the day, was sent after a wounded hare. The poor dog had scarcely a run left in him, but he did, after a desperate effort, succeed in overtaking the hare, and then, being too completely beaten to use his mouth, he sat down upon her till his master came up. As we approached, she made a convulsive effort and got away again, but we were near enough by that time to roll her over stone dead; and after this, it is needless to add, went straight home and attended to our companion's wants before our own.

H. H. also strongly recommends us never to shoot straight over a dog; that is, when he is exactly between the gun and the birds. He thinks a shot fired in this position affects the nerves of the ear more than in any other, and tends to make dogs gun-shy. Dogs who jump up when birds rise may sometimes get shot if they are in a line with them. But we never saw any other ill-effect arise from it. Gun-shyness is one of the worst difficulties with which sportsmen have to contend. Sometimes it is totally incurable, and makes the dog utterly useless. Sometimes it can be easily and completely cured; and one most efficacious method mentioned by H. H. is to allow a gun-shy dog to chase rabbits trapped for the purpose, and then to shoot them just in front of him, and let him pick them up. Sometimes this infirmity is seen to contend very curiously with the dog's innate love of sport and anxiety to follow his master. Such dogs will run away and then come back again, getting behind hedges, skulking in ditches and all sorts of things, but never going home. If left to themselves to do as they please, and watch the other dogs at work, they will often come round so as to be useful animals. We once had a setter, whom we named 'the inspired idiot,' after Goldsmith, from the inexplicable folly which she displayed in some situations, and the equal sagacity and cleverness which she exhibited on others. An acquaintance picked her up for three pounds at Aldridge's, and we neither of us knew anything of her pedigree, performances, previous owner, age, or education. To us she always seemed like a cross between an Irish setter and a retriever. She was a big, powerful animal, very dark red, picked out with black, and one of the most affectionate dogs we ever had. The first time she went out, after following us a little way through a stubble-field, she turned back, and went and sat calmly on the hedge-bank till we were out of sight.

sight. We soon gave up calling or whistling to her; and about an hour afterwards she suddenly appeared through a gap a mile or two farther on, and came trotting up to us, all amiability, as if nothing had occurred. The moment the gun went off she repeated the process, and so on for the whole of the day, and many subsequent days—in fact, all through the season. She did not like to leave the party; the sport seemed to have a kind of fascination for her; but she couldn't face the noise. We let her do just as she liked, and as she never did any harm or put anything up, we had no occasion to interfere with her, and the next season we had our reward. What she took to doing was this. She would make a half circuit through the turnips just in front of us at a distance of twenty or thirty yards, and then come to heel again till the spirit moved her to make another, coming back each time in the same manner. If during one of her excursions she winded birds, she would stand still for a moment, then look round, and trot gently and slowly towards them. She never flushed them out of shot, and when birds fell she retrieved them capitally. She had a first-rate nose, and I doubt if she ever failed to bring a bird the whole time we had her. But she would never attempt to range, stand, or down charge, and never could be got to do more than run a few yards in front, and then back to heel as if frightened at her own temerity. Yet she was a most useful creature, and helped us in her time to a great deal of game. We arrived at this result by leaving her entirely to herself; but perhaps it should be added that she conceived an extraordinary attachment to her new master, and that may have had something to do with her behaviour. But as a general rule we hate gun-shy dogs, and should never care to trouble ourselves with another.

No man can ever hope to have really good dogs, good rangers, and steady at the same time, if he is not prepared to sacrifice a little shooting for the sake of breaking them in. H. H. protests most vehemently against the practice common with some sportsmen of taking up their dogs the moment they have got a quantity of birds into a turnip-field or other cover. And of course, if we are engaged in breaking dogs, the practice is ridiculous: it is like refusing to go into the water till we have learned to swim. But it must be remembered that for men who are *not* dog-breakers, and who are using pointers and setters in whom they have not implicit confidence, the taking-up system is very excusable. We do not say even this of men who live entirely in the country, and can shoot every day if they please. These are bound to give their dogs a fair chance; and

and if a few birds are run up, and half-a-dozen shots lost in a day's walk, what is that out of the whole year, or compared with the pleasure of finishing your dog's education, and finding in him hereafter a servant who can be trusted implicitly? But to men who have only a little shooting in the year, and who must make the most of their opportunities, some dispensation from the strict rule may be allowed. Under no circumstances, however, can any man be excused who takes up what he knows to be really good dogs, just when they have a chance of getting their share of the sport and showing the stuff they are made of.

There is of course as much difference between man and man as between dog and dog: and as much depends on the dog's confidence in yourself as on your confidence in the dog. If the latter knows that you understand your business, that you can shoot well, and that he will get more fun by following your instructions than by taking a line of his own, he will always work carefully when he finds himself in the proximity of birds. If you let him go, he may blunder up a bird in a bad scent; but, on the other hand, you rarely get the corners of fields well beaten without a good ranger, and innumerable covies are passed every season through this one cause alone. Dogs that you have broken yourself, or whom you have known from puppyhood, are of course the best; and such dogs, if they are good ones to begin with, rarely make mistakes. In beginning to shoot over a young dog for the first time, it is a good plan after firing to keep him at the down charge, while you go and look for the dead birds. As soon as you see one of them on the ground, beckon to him to come and find it. Then make him down charge again, and do the same with the second. This will teach him that the bag is a joint concern, and that if he waits patiently after birds fall he is sure to get them in the end. Once satisfied of this, the dog will not want to run in, or to edge himself forward before you are ready to go on with him. Perhaps the severest test of a pointer's sagacity and self-control combined is leaving him to stand at a bird in a hedgerow, while you go round the other side to be ready for it when it comes out. This is only necessary when you are quite alone, and very few dogs will do it. But we have had pointers who would, and would wait five or ten minutes without moving a muscle, till we got round and stood opposite to them. A signal to the dog was enough to make him, not break his point, but cause a slight rustle, and this, once or twice repeated, was sure to bring the bird out in your face. The dog then dropped, and waited patiently till we returned to him. No dog can be

be prevailed upon to act in this manner who has not that implicit confidence in his master of which I have already spoken. A highly bred dog who has it, and has been used to one man alone all his life, can really be made to do almost anything.

A delicate question among sportsmen is whether setters should be allowed to retrieve or not. H. H. was originally much against it, but now he is a convert to the practice. While on this subject he incidently observes that he has known 'several old dogs retrieve, as an exception, simply from knowing that, if they did not, you would lose your bird.' He gives the following curious instance:—

'I was shooting alone on the Cornish moors with a retriever, and a Gordon bitch that I had purchased for a few sovereigns, unbroken, eighteen months old, which, after a year and half's uselessness, turned out first-class, especially at snipe. I had put up, and had had a very wild, difficult shot at a woodcock in a little bit of brush-wood. I went on, and thought nothing more about him. A quarter of a mile ahead there was a little bit of thin alders; the bitch went through them, and I noticed her make a sort of half point and leave it. She came out, and after going another quarter of a mile she stood, and I killed a snipe. I sent the retriever for it, she watched him get it, and then, without any apparent rhyme or reason, she left her own charge and went scuttling back 100 miles an hour. I can see now the old retriever's face as he stood still with the snipe in his mouth, and watched and pondered. For myself I said nothing. I knew there was something up, but could not conceive what. The patch of alders was just round a corner, and I could not see it, but almost instantaneously after rounding the said corner she appeared back again with the woodcock in her mouth. She came up very proudly for the last four yards, but then in a great hurry spit it out at my feet, made an awful wry face, and went and dropped where she ought to have stayed.

'Now, here, in my opinion, was reasoning; she saw the dog pick up the snipe, and thought, "Ah! that's what I ought to have done with that cock, which I was too proud to notice in the alders," and so back she went and did it, though she hated touching the bird.'

But we can give even a more remarkable example of this peculiar form of sagacity which we witnessed ourselves while shooting in Suffolk some ten or twelve years ago. We were out with a friend and his son, a young man just going into residence at Oxford. It was a dull October day with a bad light, and we were beating a long, narrow strip of turnips, with a steady old black-and-tan setter, who was a good honest dog in his way, but the last animal from whom we should have expected anything brilliant or original. He had never been known to retrieve anything in his life. Well, a bird rose between the father and

and son and went back; the former fired and killed the bird, peppering the latter at the same time from head to foot. He fell to the ground, and we all thought he was killed. Not to harrow the reader's feelings unnecessarily, we may at once say that the accident was not fatal, and that in a week's time the youth was as well as ever. At first, however, it looked very serious. We got him through an open gate into the corner of another field, and gave him as much brandy as he could take, and presently we set off to the neighbouring village to bring a doctor. When we returned with him, nearly an hour must have elapsed from the time the shot was fired, and all three, father, son, and dog, were lying on the ground together, the last half asleep. We got the wounded man into a dog-cart, and were moving off, when all of a sudden Turk seemed to remember the bird that had been killed. 'Well,' he must have said to himself, 'this is a bad job certainly, but not so bad as all that—there is no reason why that bird should be lost.' So he quietly trotted back to the turnips, went straight to the spot where the partridge fell, and brought it back to us in his mouth, as if he had done nothing remarkable. We had often shot over him before, and often shot over him afterwards, and can safely assert that neither ourselves nor anybody else ever saw him pick up another bird during the whole course of his life. The above scene we witnessed 'with our own eyes,' and we can honestly declare it a faithful and unvarnished narrative.

Mr. Rawdon Lee, in his book on collies, has some interesting stories of canine intelligence, but none quite equal to what we have heard ourselves from the Welsh shepherds and farmers. However, as they have nothing to do with the gun, we pass on to the breed of dogs which, take it all in all, is perhaps the most fascinating of any, while at the same time yielding to none in sagacity, hardihood, and courage; we mean, of course, spaniels. There is one difference, according to H. H., between spaniels and all other sporting dogs, which must never be lost sight of:—

'With regard to setters, pointers, or retrievers, a good man may buy so-called broken dogs which have contracted all sorts of bad habits, and, indeed, have nothing at all good left except pace, style, and nose, and yet be successful in their ultimate re-breaking. With spaniels this I boldly pronounce to be impossible. A spaniel once allowed to get wild, or to take any liberties at all, may be of course improved, but will never be really reliable as long as he lives.'

But then we also find these consolatory remarks at the end of the chapter. If you possess a badly-broken or half-broken

spaniel, who is nevertheless a good dog whom you wish to keep, 'you can yourself,' says H. H., 'get him fairly under command by hook or by crook, so that he shall not do any great damage by his wild ways.' And he then goes on to say, in illustration of this:—

'I had a very badly-broken spaniel given me last year, with which I have been very successful as far as I have tried. I do not interfere with her running in to dead or wounded game, and she always retrieves the wounded, and now, owing to timely and judgmatical correction, she chases "wing" hardly at all, and fur for only short distances; so that, although "retriever" work is quite spoiled by her, still she is a "wonder" to kill game to.'

This is perfectly true, though everything depends on the character and temper of the dog. Sometimes they show wonderful docility and rare quickness in understanding novel situations. Only last year we had a very handsome well-bred spaniel sent to us for partridge-shooting. All he had been really trained for was wild-fowl shooting, and he had been used to jump off the punt into the water as soon as he saw a bird drop. We very much question whether he had ever seen a partridge till he went out with us into Shropshire. On this occasion we were alone, and a covey of birds went into some potatoes, where they scattered into twos and threes. Those who know how trying it is, even to the best setters, to have birds running just in front of them along the drills, will appreciate what is to follow. Smoker, who would work to hand and never go far away, unless he was chasing a hare, soon found some of the birds, which immediately began to run. We saw him setting off along a drill full speed, with the birds, as it turned out, close to him; yet a word checked him; and another word, with the uplifted hand, stopped him. We then got close up, and succeeded in making him foot the birds slowly through the potatoes without making any rush, and never more than six or eight yards behind them, till he got to the extreme edge, when up got three young birds, of which we secured a brace, which he brought in capital style. His wild-fowl practice had made him very good for towered birds, as he would work round and round in a diminishing circle, following carefully every motion of your hand till his nose informed him where the bird was. Now this was practically an unbroken dog: in cover where he could not see you, or where there were many hares, he was under no control; but a month's constant practice would have made him as useful a partridge dog as you could wish, to shoot to. The reason was that he had a perfect temper,

was

was always in high spirits, and had learned the great lesson of placing confidence in his employer.

We were rather surprised at some of the remarks in H. H.'s book on the use of spaniels for retrieving. For everything, except hares, they make, in our opinion, the best retrievers. Of course, if in cover-shooting we use both spaniels and retrievers, the former should drop or come to heel at shot, leaving the pursuit to others. But we have often seen spaniels beat retrievers all to nothing in finding wounded game. Only last November a friend winged a pheasant in a thick cover, and not one of the retrievers could hit it off. They puzzled about the place where it dropped, but could make nothing of it. We had a little spaniel bitch with us, whom we kept to heel all the time, till the search was about to be given up in despair. Then we let her go, and in a few minutes she went straight away for nearly two hundred yards, then plunged into a little grip, and with a great scuffling and fluttering pulled out the bird, and brought it along in triumph. Or take rabbit-shooting again: you take a snap shot at a rabbit, and can't tell whether you have hit it or not; a spaniel, trained to go in at once, will be quicker on the object than a retriever would be, and can follow all the turnings and twistings of the animal much more nimbly. We have seen many a wounded one saved from a rabbit-hole by spaniels, when retrievers would probably have overrun him, and let him escape to feed the stoats.

Thus we see that in all sporting dogs intended for the gun, the first and great desideratum is to establish a thoroughly good understanding between the dog and his master; and this is why we have so great a partiality for dogs which can be admitted into the house and made one of the family. The purely kennel-dog will, if properly handled, be a willing and cheerful servant; but the house-dog becomes a friend and companion; and more in the long run can be got out of such a dog than out of the best with whom we only associate for business purposes. The one kind of dog is like a first-rate clerk. The other is like a partner. On the breaking of spaniels our author's remarks, if we except what he says about retrieving, are all excellent. Be very careful, he says, of teaching 'tricks' to a spaniel who is intended for the gun. His reason is that you may overtax his brain, and so lead him in time to regard everything as a trick. He is very likely, at all events, to get confused between the two, and when he is told to fetch a bird, to think he is meant to ring the bell. Another reason is that most dogs, except professional performers, regard tricks as play, and if they are used to tricks will fancy you are only playing with them out shooting.

We have had trouble both with setters and spaniels on this score; and although you cannot pet a dog too much, if it is done judiciously, you must carefully avoid what the stern disciplinarians of the old school call 'making a fool of him.' A sporting dog should know that sport means work—and serious work too—and though he should always be cheerful, we do not like to see him frivolous.

In the breaking of all dogs, and especially spaniels, we should always bear in mind the old proverb, that though one man may take a horse to water a dozen cannot make him drink. Now spaniels, like other dogs, differ among themselves as much as men do. Some, for instance, have a great dislike to pricking their noses, whether with thorns or furze: others don't seem to mind it: others again, much as they dislike the process, go through it from a sense of duty. When you have reason to believe that a winged partridge is somewhere at the bottom of a ditch full of brambles, or that there are rabbits in a thick bit of gorse, it is very aggravating, no doubt, to see your dog stand sniffing and wagging his tail, and refusing to go in. But violence is no use, that is certain.

'After every sort of endearing inducement you begin to get angry, and perhaps, to begin with, to put him in quietly. Of course he immediately turns out again at the same spot; then, alas! you lose your temper and give him a kick, perhaps. In that case you have done him more harm in that moment than you will probably undo during the whole season. There is no punishment which will make a dog like brambles, and he will never hunt the ditch well unless by his own inclination. I don't say that you cannot make some dogs go in by punishment. All I say is you cannot make them hunt when they get in; they will sneak back or get out the other side, and get into all kinds of shirking vices which can never be cured.'

H. H., however, is here only speaking of forcing a dog to go into a ditch to hunt for unwounded game. We agree with him that this is unnecessary; give the dog the wind, and if there is anything in the ditch, he is sure to find it. But will he go in when he knows that a wounded bird is there? That is the question. We have seen very good spaniels turn back from the stiff thorny barrier which sometimes overhangs a lot of dead leaves and rubbish, either on the bank or in the ditch, under which the bird has ensconced itself. There is no certain cure for this fault. It may be a good plan when you know exactly where the bird is, to hold the dog with his face towards it, and send a man round to stir it up from the other side. If he succeeds in making the bird show itself or flutter, the dog may make a dash at it; and if he catches it, will be less reluctant in future.

future. Repeat the process every day, and perhaps you may effect a cure.

We have heard many stories of what dogs are capable of learning. But H. H. caps all that we have ever heard by the following anecdotes of Jet, the property of the schoolmaster at a village in Surrey where the narrator was living in the year 1861. The dog was not a sporting dog, and had only been taught tricks, as for instance carrying a penny to the baker's shop and buying a bun with it, and so forth. He also made a capable 'long-stop' at cricket.

'My first acquaintance with Jet was his begging of me one day in the street. I stopped and talked to him, and asked him what he wanted. He immediately started to the baker's shop, and sat up and begged at the door. I opened it, and asked the baker what the dog meant. On learning, I told him to come home with me, and I would give him a penny. This he did promptly, and trotted off highly pleased.

'Some days afterwards I saw him sitting up at the baker's door, with a penny in his mouth. Just before I opened the door for him I said, "Why do you not bring me your pence, old fellow, and I will give you some meat?" The dog hesitated when the door was opened, and looked down the street towards my house, but finally entered and bought his bun. The next morning I found him sitting at my doorstep, with a penny in his mouth, which he deposited at my feet, smiled graciously at me, and sat down patiently. I gave him the meat, but as I did not wish either to take the dog's money or to cheat the baker, I returned him the penny, which he would not take for some time, till I told him to take it to *the Baker*. He did so, but put it down in the shop and ran out without his bun, at least so the baker told me afterwards. After that Jet would sometimes come to me, and sometimes to the baker, with his money, I suppose just as he desired meat or bread.

'One morning I met him close to my gate; he had no money, but I asked him in, and he came and sat with me for an hour. As he was departing I said, "Come and dine with me to-night at seven o'clock sharp, and you shall have a good feed." I forgot all about the circumstance, and was sitting down to dinner with a friend who had dropped in, when there was a deep, prolonged howl at the gate. I never thought anything about my invitation, but went to see what was up. The moment I opened the gate the dog raced in, instead of his usual solemn stalk, and went straight into the dining-room. I had a chair placed for him, and a plate by my side, and he ate what I gave him in the most correct and gentlemanly manner, leaving soon after dinner was ended. Many times after that I asked him to dine. I never knew him to come without an invitation or fail to accept one, except once when he was long-stopping. He left his post suddenly, and begun to walk away, till he was sharply rated by his master, when he returned, but did his work in a very slack way afterwards.'

Spaniels, of course, are not perfect till they have been taught to hunt the other side of the hedge. This is easily done with puppies; but nothing is so difficult with an old dog, who cannot bear to be separated by any obstacle from his master and the gun.

The most inviting description of shooting which H. H. has given us is drawn from his experience in Brittany; where it seems that, if you only go the right way to work, you can get any amount of good shooting—partridge, snipe, woodcock, wild fowl, and a sprinkling of hares. You must not offer the farmers money, but only brandy and tobacco, which, with abundance of politeness, will purchase their good-will at once. Nor is it well to offer them game, since if you kill game enough to enable you to give any away, you must, in their opinion, be sweeping the whole country clean. A few francs bestowed upon their children will be a good investment, but to offer it to Monsieur would be an insult. If, in addition to these expedients, you also ingratiate yourself with the priests and gendarmes, you may practically do what you like. It is also a good plan to shoot every now and then with the native sportsmen, who will only be too delighted to accompany you. They kill nothing, but they show you all the likeliest places, which you can afterwards go and beat by yourself. One reason why a Frenchman kills so little is that he won't allow himself enough powder. H. H. one day asked his Breton companion to allow him to load his gun for him, as he had been missing all day. He put in the proper charge of 3 drams of powder and $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. of shot, and the next two birds fell dead. H. H. explained to him the cause of his previous failures and that he must use more powder. 'Ah! monsieur,' he exclaimed, 'il n'y'a pas de moyen, c'est trop cher.' He fired away pounds of powder with little or no result, because he would not use enough each time to enable him to kill. A more perfect and literal illustration of the penny-wise and pound-foolish proverb we never remember to have met with.

Our author's bag one day, when he shot very badly, was nine brace of birds, eight couple of snipe, two teal, a mallard, and a hare. He might easily have had double the number of birds, which he got well scattered; but even as it was, the day's sport makes one's mouth water.

We lay down this little volume with a feeling of gratitude to the author for the pleasure which he has afforded us, and the 'visions of long-departed joys' which he has conjured up before us. Before they fade, let us again record our conviction that there is no shooting like shooting over dogs. Perhaps we should add, when you can get it. The noble author, to whom we are indebted

indebted for the chapters on grouse and partridge-shooting in the Badminton Library, is himself of this opinion; but considers that the only conditions, under which pointers and setters can be used to advantage, have so entirely disappeared from England, that the old style may be said to have become practically obsolete. We have already given our reasons for differing from him on this point. There is a great deal of wild, rough country still left in England, where not only is there plenty of room for dogs, but where you cannot do so well without them. And even on highly-cultivated land, if we except regular game farms, where there are nearly as many birds in a turnip field as there are turnips, we are at a loss to understand why dogs should be considered *de trop* by those sportsmen who shoot alone, or at most in couples.

Let us stand upon this gentle eminence on the 1st of September, and look down on the country below and on both sides of us. We are standing at the top of a long, narrow, sloping wheat-stubble, where birds are certain to be found both in the early morning and the afternoon. To the left is a large field of beans, cut, but standing in shocks, with a good thick bottom under foot. To the right are some rough pastures. Below, the ground falls suddenly to a brook, which winds lazily through the willows, and beyond are meadows of the richest and freshest green, covered with the aftermath or eddish, and never touched by the foot of man or beast since the hay was carried. The grass is now half-way up to our knees, and birds will lie in it like stones. Beyond the meadows the ground rises again, and we see a twenty-acre field of swedes and white turnips, and to the left of it nearly as large a field of potatoes. Further away to the left, on the same hill, we see a great dark patch, which we know to be a big field of clover, not to be cut, at all events, for another week or perhaps fortnight; and below these again and nearer to us are more meadows, and a long, crooked hedgerow running parallel with the brook, low enough to shoot over, and a rare place, we may be sure, for dropping upon single birds. If we cross over to the brow of the opposite ridge we shall see much the same landscape spread out upon the other side. If we face round towards the spot where we originally stood, we have the little village on our right; the grey church tower just showing through the dark green elms; here and there a gable-ended farmhouse, with its yellow ricks visible among the apple-trees; the blue smoke rising up through the foliage; the waggons bringing home the last loads of wheat; altogether 'a home of ancient peace' with a homely beauty of its own, which touches the heart as well as the head, and is no bad

substitute

substitute for the sublimity of those wilder scenes of Nature through which other kinds of sport conduct us. Now, supposing such ground as we have described to have been moderately well preserved, why should not two guns and a brace of good dogs have capital sport over it? In the morning among the turnips and the clover; in the afternoon, when the covies have been broken, in the deep cool eddish and in the nooks and corners under the hedges; in the evening among the bean-shocks, full of a certain small beetle which the birds find delicious; they will lie almost to be trodden on, and will afford ample opportunity for either pointer, setter, or spaniel to make himself extremely useful, and bring into play all his highest intelligence.

Who will say that twenty brace of birds killed in this fashion by a couple of guns over such ground as this, is not as pretty a day's sport as any man need wish for? Yet such ground is not uncommon in any part of England even now; and we have often thought that the rage for driving which its votaries, or some at least among them, attribute to the want of cover, is due in great part to that passion for large shooting-parties and short days, which distinguish the junior breed of partridge-shooters. We readily admit that pointers and setters are quite out of place with a party of six or eight guns all blazing away in one field, and close together. But we much doubt whether any genuine sportsman would own, in his heart of hearts, that he really does prefer such shooting. If he does, he is not the man we took him for. For our part, when we look back a few years and remember the sport we have had among the beans and the clover, and the potatoes, and the meadows above described, with Duke, or with Bell, or with Marquis, or with Bruno, and hope to have again elsewhere, we willingly leave their big bags, and their large parties, and their thousand shots a day to the driving fraternity, and only long to find ourselves once more on the old spot, with the old dog, the old gun, and the old beater and game-carrier, once a poacher in Epping Forest, then a brewer's drayman in London, afterwards an agricultural labourer, but always an enthusiast, and almost as much a master of natural history as Richard Jefferies himself.

ART. VI.—*The English Novel in the time of Shakespeare.* By J. J. Jusserand. Translated from the French by Elizabeth Lee. Illustrated. London, 1890.

A TALE is the first key to the heart of a child, the last voice that penetrates the fastnesses of age. Even in the intermediate stages of life, grown-up men and women cannot always retain their 'roast beef stomachs,' or always digest solid information. For mental health, some changes in diet are required. Our forefathers had fewer indoor occupations than ourselves, and more enforced idleness; they saw less of society; they depended more on home resources for amusement. Hence the Pilgrim with his licensed exaggeration, the minstrel, and the whole army of jesters, japers, disours, jongleurs, gleemen, ribalds, and goliards,—all the tribe of those whom Piers Plowman calls 'Satan's children,'—were welcome in the baronial hall. Stories sung, recited, acted, or read, were their delight. Charlemagne, as we are told in 'The Lyf of the Noble and Crysten Prince Charles the Grete,' which Caxton printed in 1485, loved to hear read chronicles and other thynges contemplatyues, and, above all other books, the 'De Civitate Dei' of St. Augustine. When folks are 'festid and fed,' says the medieval romance of the 'Wars of Alexander the Great,' they would fain hear some 'lufe lay,' some tale of knighthood, feat of arms, or stories of the Saints. In the 19th century, the favourite relaxation is the novel. It threatens, like the rod of Aaron, to devour all rival forms of literature. Ethical treatises, political pamphlets, social dissertations, theological tracts, scarcely dare to venture abroad without some amatory accompaniment. Even Dr. Dryasdust plays the Troubadour. Apollo himself might sing unheeded from the Land's End to John o' Groats' House; but every door flies open to the modern novelist.

The demand for novels, and its supply, are the literary portents of the present century. The torrent of fiction, swollen by tributaries from every side, flings itself in ever-increasing volume into the ocean of print. In the course of its journey, the stream has travelled far from its original source. It has left behind it the knights-errant, and white palfreys, of chivalrous romance. It has emerged from those forests in which Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Little John, and Much the Miller's Son, ply their adventurous trade. It has passed beyond the borders of Arcadia, where princes and princesses masquerade as shepherds and shepherdesses, discoursing plaintive music upon oaten reeds. No Italian castles now stand upon its banks, echoing with the footsteps of bandits, monastic villains, clanking chains, or dismal

dismal groans. The atmosphere of scented moonshine, in which Edwin and Angelina vowed eternal constancy, is dispelled. The stream has reached the level plains of real life; it flows through great cities and the busy haunts of men. In the rapid rush of its more adventurous course, it had little leisure to note the workings of individual character, the habits and pursuits of society. Now all these are reflected in its broad, slow-moving, muddy waters. The Romance has become the Novel. But the scenery of its upper waters can never lose its charm for lovers of the picturesque in literature. To all such, M. Jusserand powerfully appeals in the fascinating volume, of which Miss Elizabeth Lee has given us an admirable translation. M. Jusserand commences with a rapid survey of medieval fiction. He concludes with a sketch of the heroic romances of the 17th century. It is on the 16th century that he concentrates his chief attention. To this period he traces the origin of the modern novel, and claims for Lyly, Sydney, Nash, and Greene, the honours which are ordinarily conceded to Defoe, Richardson, and Fielding.

On the particular point to which M. Jusserand devotes himself, we have little or nothing to say. To offer an abstract of the volume would be superfluous, to add anything of material value would be beyond our powers. But M. Jusserand's volume suggests one topic of interest—the enormous influence which romantic fiction has exercised upon national life and character. This is the point which we propose to illustrate, partly from the bequests of romances or light literature contained in ancient wills; partly from the contents of ancient libraries, whether monastic, royal, or in the hands of private individuals; partly from the character of the books published by our early printers; partly from the materials which medieval authors employed in their writings; partly from the war, which, from the earliest times, has been waged over the advantages or disadvantages of the love of romantic fiction; partly from what we know of the reading of men and women whose names are illustrious in English literature. The field is vast. It is only possible to indicate the character of the light reading of our ancestors in a desultory, gossiping, and arbitrary fashion.

To illustrate with any degree of completeness the popularity and influence of romantic fiction would be a Herculean labour. Romance supplied our poets and dramatists with a mine from which they quarried some of the choicest treasures of our literature. Its heroes passed into the proverbial currency of thought, as the typical representatives of particular vices and virtues. Who more knightly than Arthur, better matched or closer friends than

than Roland and Oliver, purer than Galahad, more wanton than Guinevere? Who more wily than Vivien, wiser than Merlin, more crabbed than Sir Kay, more courteous than Gawain, more treacherous than Ganelon? Its stories have been painted upon the walls of buildings, carved on the panels of doors, or, like the story of Tristran and Iseult in the house of Jacques Cœur at Bourges, into the capitals of pillars, traced, like the tale of the Knight of the Swan, in the compartments of treasure-chests, worked in tapestry, like the tale of Medea and Jason, which Caxton saw in Duke Philip's castle of Hesdin in Artois, or like the '*tappiz à ymaiges*' 'du Saint Grael,' 'de Fleurence de Romme,' 'd'Amis et d'Amie,' 'de Godefroy de Bilhon,' 'de Girard de Nevers,' which are mentioned in the inventory of King Charles V. in 1379. Romance gave words to our language, which have now passed out of use with the books from which they were taken, like the 'Doughty Douzepere' of Spenser, the 'runcivall' peas of the 16th century, or the 'Rowncefallis' verse of James VI. of Scotland. It created the ideals, and elevated the manners, of society at different epochs of our history. How many of our Drakes and Sydneys and Frobishers followed in the steps of Guy of Warwick, who could not win the hand of Felys the Fair till he had won the fame of the best knight in Europe? It coloured medieval conceptions of geography, of science, of natural history. It opened to the unlearned, though in distorted forms, the treasures of classical antiquity, and taught how Jason won the Golden Fleece by the aid of Medea, how Priam rebuilt Troy, how the Greeks destroyed the city, what feats of valour were performed by Hector, and what adventures befel Æneas. It fired imagination, and stimulated discovery, by its revelations of the wonders of the mythical East, with its castled elephants, its unicorns, and crested dragons, its ivory-gated cities, its vines of gold and grapes of pearl, its cliffs studded with diamonds, its dark valleys tenanted by the basilisk, which slew many men, but, at sight of its own form in a mirror, destroyed itself. It educated the vulgar in the faiths of other nations, and taught them the contrast between the active life of heathenism and the contemplative piety of the Brahmin. It was the most powerful agent of popular preachers. Its simple religious spirit permeated the masses, and who can say what comfort the creed of Roland, which he explains to the pagan Vernagu, may not have ministered to minds ill at ease, or distracted by the questions that are stimulated by the dogmas of every creed? And it is in these romances, that the best pictures are to be found of the habits of the upper ranks of medieval society. Here may be gathered hints of the meals, dress, food, drink,

drink, ornaments, houses, furniture, and education, of the feudal aristocracy. It is often ludicrous, it is rarely useless, that the heroes of antiquity or of fable are made to masquerade as the knights of contemporary life.

The influence, which medieval romance exercised upon society, was all the greater because fiction had no rival in the shape of newspapers, of education, or of contrast with previous or contemporary phases of civilization. Education was little valued by our medieval or Tudor ancestors. Children were taught to sing and play, to dance and carve at table, to be proficient in manly exercises, to be courteous and well-mannered. Chaucer's Squire, at twenty years of age,—

> 'In hope to stonden in his lady's grace
> Syngynge he was or flowtynge, al the day,
> Wel coude he sitte on hors, and wel coude ryde.
> He coude songes wel make and endite,
> Justne and eek daunce, and wel purtray and write.
> Curteys he was, lowly, and servysable,
> And carf beforn his fadur at the table.'

The sons of the nobility and gentry were educated at the houses of others of their rank, especially in the houses of Chancellors. Becket's house was a favourite school in his days. So also was that of Grostête, Bishop of Lincoln. Sir Thomas More was educated at that of Cardinal Morton. Wolsey kept an instructor for his wards, as well as a separate table for the young lords who were trained under his eye, and another for the sons of gentry. Ascham was received into the family of Sir Antony Wingfield, and educated with Sir Antony's son by a resident tutor named Bond. Sometimes boys were sent to monasteries to be taught. The house of Lydgate at Bury St. Edmunds, of Abbot Whiting of Glastonbury, or of Robert Whitgift of the Augustinians at Welhow, were, in their respective days, famous schools. Sometimes also, from the 12th to the middle of the 16th century, young gentlemen were sent to foreign universities, and especially to Paris, Montpellier, and Padua. But the general attitude of the gentry towards education is well illustrated by a scene which Pace records as taking place at table. A gentleman broke out with the remark,

> 'I swear by God's body I'd rather my son were hanged than study letters. A gentleman's son should sound the horn well, be a good huntsman, carry and train his hawk with grace and skill. But as for the study of letters, that should be left to the sons of rustics.'

And to the sons of rustics it was left. Monastic and Cathedral schools were chiefly frequented by the poor. Endowed Grammar Schools

Schools attracted the sons of citizens. The Universities, up to the middle of the 16th century, were thronged with 'poore scholars.' For our ancestors, Boethius was the purest link between the classic world and the Middle Ages. He was translated by Alfred and by Lydgate, commented upon by Thomas Aquinas, read by Dante, printed by Caxton. All that they knew of the intellectual glories of Greece, and, with the exception of some favourite writers, even of Rome, reached them through distorted mediums. Their Virgil was a mythical being. Medieval versifiers disputed popular favour even with the best-known of Roman poets; Joseph of Exeter was at least as widely read as Virgil, Lucan, and Statius. The geometry of Euclid, the music of Pythagoras, the astronomy of Ptolemy, the grammar of Priscian, the rhetoric of Tully, the mechanics of Archimedes, the arithmetic of Nicomachus, the theology of Plato, the logic and ethics of Aristotle, were overlaid with the disputations of grammarians and scholiasts, or perverted by incomplete abstracts and compendiums. Confined within a narrow horizon they knew no standard of past excellence to which they might struggle to conform. The ideals of romance were to them what the records of classical antiquity, the experiences of foreign travel, the rapid transmission of thought, the familiarity with a varied modern literature, are to ourselves.

The quality of the reading of our medieval ancestors is to some extent indicated by the literary treasures which they bequeathed by will. Who now would dream of leaving by will a well-thumbed 'Yellow-back'? It was widely different in the 13th century. Together with their lands, their money, their cattle, their tilting-horses, chargers, and palfreys; their bows, swords, and suits of mail; their silks, furs, tapestries, cups, jewels, relics, illuminated missals, and service books, they leave their volumes of romance. In the same line in which they provide wax candles, Placebos, Diriges, and masses of Requiem, for their souls, they direct the destination of their novels. In 1268 William de Beauchamp devises a book of 'Lancelot.' In 1315, Guy, Earl of Warwick, left to Bordesley Abbey, in Warwickshire, a library of thirty-nine volumes, which consisted almost entirely of novels. All the famous cycles, classical, Arthurian, and Carlovingian, are represented. Here are the 'Romaunce de Troies,' two copies of the 'Romaunce d'Alisaundre,' and 'Un volum del enseignmente Aristotle, enveiez au Roy Alisaundre.' Here are the 'Gestes de Charles,' 'è de dooun' (? 'Doon de la Roche'), 'è de Mayace,' 'è de Girard de Viene,' 'è de Emery de Narbonne,' 'è de Gwyoun de Nountoye,' 'Willame de Orenges,' and many others. Here also

also are the 'Holy Graal,' and 'Le mort ly Roy Arthur e de Mordret.' 'Willaume de Lonngespe,' 'Guy of Warwick,' 'Ydoyne and Amadas,' and many others, are included in this remarkable collection. In 1353, Elizabeth de Burgh, Lady of Clare, bequeaths a number of service books and other religious works, including antiphoners, a legendary, missals, 'one bone Bible covert de noir quir,' 'one Hugucion' (*i.e.* 'Glossarium Hugucionis'), and several other volumes, none of which belong to the class of light literature. In 1391, Margaret, Countess of Devon, leaves to her daughter Engaine (Katharine, wife of Sir Thomas Engaine), 40*l.*, with two primers, and 'a book called 'Arthur de Bretaigne.' Among several volumes devised in 1399 by Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, are a Chronicle of France in English, a psalter richly illuminated, an illuminated 'Legenda Aurea' in French, a book of 'Vices and Virtues,' and a poem of the 'Histoire de Chevalier a Cigne.' In 1426, Thomas, Duke of Exeter, gives his sister Joan a book called 'Tristram.' Nor are these bequests only to be found in the wills of royal or noble persons. In 1370, Adam de Stanton leaves a portiforium, two law books, and 'Unum librum de Romaunces.' In 1392, John Percyhay of Swinton, Yorks, leaves, among four other books, the 'Brute Chronicle.' Walter de Bragge, Canon of York, at the close of the same century, bequeathed a copy of 'Piers Plowman,' in company of a Bible bound in red leather, and eight theological, or ecclesiastical books. John Brynchele (1420) leaves a copy of 'Boecius' in Latin and English; 'Item lego Willelmo Holgrave ut sit unus executorum meorum vjs viii d., et optimum Arcum meum, et librum meum vocatum Talys of Caunterbury.' Thomas Roos (1433) left 'librum vocatum Piers Plowman.' Eleanor Purdsley, widow (1433), left 'libros Anglicanos, videlicet "the story of Josef," "Patrikek Purgatore," and "Ye Sermon of Altquzne" (St. Patrick's Purgatory, and Alquin's Sermons).' John Baret of Bury (1463), in a long and minutely detailed will, only bequeaths three books; but one of these belongs to romantic literature. He leaves 'My book of znglych and latyn with diuerse maters of good exortacions, wretyn in papir and closed with parchemyn,' 'My book called "Disce Mori,"' and 'My boke with the Sege of Thebes in English.'

In the bequests of the Middle Ages theology preponderates over fiction. But it must be remembered that most of the service-books which are the subjects of testamentary disposition were rather the contents of private chapels, than the constant reading of the laity, and that religion and romance have always been rivals in popular favour. To this day the rivalry continues.

In

In 1885–6, theology was the most prolific department of literature, and it still stands second only to fiction, which in 1887, 1888, and 1889, assumed the place of honour. The contents of medieval libraries bear out the same fact.

The monks were at first the only collectors of books, and the volumes which St. Augustine and his companions brought with them to England, were the 'primitiæ librorum totius Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ.' These 'mother-books' of the English Church consisted of the Bible in two parts, two copies of the Gospels, two copies of the Psalter, an Exposition of the Gospels and Epistles, and, for lighter reading, a book of Martyrs, and the apocryphal lives of the Saints. This primitive library was enriched by Archbishop Theodore, who, it is said, brought with him a number of Greek books. Lambarde ('Perambulation of Kent,' 1576, 4to. p. 233) says that he was shown the Psalter of David, and 'sundrie other homilies in Greeke, Homer also and some other Greeke authors beautifully wrytten on thicke paper with the name of this Theodore prefixed in the fronte.' The Anglo-Saxon monks were active in the *Scriptorium*, indefatigable copyists, and in the 8th century earned a European fame as transcribers. That they had works of fiction is proved by the existence of Beowulf, of Havelok, and Horn-child, or the Anglo-Saxon MS. of Apollonius of Tyre, or by the abstract given by Mapes of the story of 'Gado, miles strenuissimus,' which is supposed to be taken from a lost Anglo-Saxon romance. But in the Poem, attributed to Alcuin, descriptive of the Canon's Library at York, no mention occurs of any writer who can be classed as a novelist. Alcuin tells Charles the Great that—

> 'Illic invenies veterum vestigia Patrum,
> Quidquid habet pro se Latio Romanus in orbe,
> Græcia vel quidquid transmisit clara Latinis,
> Hebraicus vel quod populus bibit imbre superno,
> Africa lucifluo vel quidquid lumine sparsit,' &c.

A cloister without a library is like a castle without an armoury; 'claustrum sine armario quasi castrum sine armamentario.' Monastic libraries were generally stored in some room not originally built for the purpose, and placed under the care of the Præcentor. Every year inspections were held, the books allotted, and all volumes absent from the *stallæ* were carefully recorded with the name of the borrower. Up to the 13th century, there is little trace of fiction in the catalogues of monastic libraries, which were rich in theology, and often contained a respectable array of scientific works. The earliest catalogue is that of Lindisfarne in 1095. In a collection of 52 books,

52 books, no work of fiction, and no classic appear. The principal writers are theologians like Augustine, Jerome, Bede, Origen, and Gregory. In the catalogue of the library of an unknown English monastery in the 12th century, there is a list of 68 volumes, all bearing upon theology or ecclesiastical history, and no romances, poetry, or classics, are mentioned. In the Durham Library, in the 12th century, were contained 546 volumes mostly of theology; but among them are a collection of works on rhetoric, astronomy, arithmetic, and medicine. There are also books of a lighter character, such as Terence, Ovid, 'Æsopus et tres alii libri de fabulis,' 'Liber de Gestis Francorum,' and 'Liber de Gestis Normannorum.' One work, the 'Liber de Vastatione Troiæ' is probably a romance, perhaps the history of Dictys or Dares, or the Latin Poems of Simon Chèvre d'Or, Canon of the Abbey of St. Victor. The library at Whitby (1184) was a less rich, but very varied, collection. It contains 74 volumes divided into three sections, theological, historical, and classical. No work of romantic fiction appears in the catalogue. In the second section are several lives of the saints, among them the 'Vita Sancti Cuthberti,' the 'Vita Sancti Brendani,' and the 'Vita Sanctæ Mariæ Egyptiacæ in versibus.' In the third section are Virgil, Juvenal, Persius, Statius, Homer, Cicero, Boethius, Prudentius, and others. In the 13th and 14th centuries a great change took place. Glastonbury, in 1207, contained the 'Gesta Alexandri Regis;' in 1248, its collection of romantic literature was large and miscellaneous. The Priory of Christ Church, Canterbury (end of 13th century), possessed a considerable library of fiction, including the 'Prophetia Merlini.' At Peterborough (end of the 14th century), the monastic library included 'Guy de Burgoyne, Gallice;' 'Gesta Caroli Regio Magni in Hispaniani, quomodo liberavit viam Jacobitanam a potestate Paganorum;' 'Gesta Caroli Secundum Turpinum Episcopum;' and a variety of similar works. Still more varied and comprehensive was the collection of fiction at St. Augustine's, Canterbury, in the beginning of the 15th century. Here were to be found, mostly in French, 'Gesta Guidonis de Warewyk, et Guidonis de Burgundia, et cujusdam militis qui vocatur Ypomedone;' 'Dicta Septem Sapientum;' 'Liber de Milite de Signo (Cygno)'; Katir Fitz Edmond (Quatre Fils d'Aymon); 'Liber qui vocatur Graal;' 'Romaunz de Percival le Galois;' 'Liber de Launcelot;' 'Liber del roy Hertus (Artus).' (This work, though often treated as a separate romance is really the same as the 'Launcelot du Lac.') Croyland in Leland's time contained only six books, of which one was the 'Turpini

'Turpini Historia,' another the 'Historia de Ricardo Rege carmina scripta.'

In the contents of these monastic libraries,—with their copies of the Scriptures, Commentaries, Fathers, Homilies for reading in the Refectory, Canon and Civil Law Treatises, Grammarians, Scholastic philosophy, medical, mathematical, or astrological treatises, Latin classics, chroniclers, legends of the Saints and Martyrs, chivalrous romances in prose and verse,—we see the material on which the greatest intellects of the Middle Ages were fed. Fashions were, as has been said, changing in the 13th century. The growth of wealth and luxury showed itself in, among other forms, the demand for works of romantic fiction, and with the demand came the supply. Richard de Bury in 1344 speaks of the change:

'There used to be an anxious devotion to the culture of books. But now (we say it with sorrow) base Thersites handles the arms of Achilles; the choicest trappings are thrown away upon lazy asses; blinking night-birds lord it in the nests of eagles, and the silly kite sits on the perch of the hawk. Liber Bacchus is respected, and passes daily and nightly into the belly; Liber Codex is rejected and out of reach.'

Yet it was only in the walls of monasteries that learning was pursued. Private libraries in the Middle Ages were probably rare. They remained so even in the days of Evelyn, who, in his well-known letter to Pepys, mentions the few that he considered to be worthy of notice. Such private libraries as existed were chiefly in the hands of ecclesiastics. Early bibliomaniacs were all Churchmen, such as Leofric, Bishop of Exeter (1050); Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham (1195); Thomas Marleberg, Prior of Evesham (1229); Richard Chandos, Bishop of Chichester (1252); Henry Eastry, Prior of St. Augustine's, Canterbury (1285); William Sellinge, Prior of the same (1472); and, above all, Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham (1344). The contents of their libraries are often known from their bequests to cathedral or other monastic bodies. But their collections differ rather in quantity than quality from those of monastic libraries. It is, however, possible to glean scattered hints of the collections of books which were made by laymen, whether royal personages, such as Henry III., Edward I., Henry VIII., and Mary Queen of Scots; or great nobles, like Guy Beauchamp Earl of Warwick (1315), Humphrey Duke of Gloucester (1439), the Earl of Kildare (1525); or private individuals, such as Robert Thornton (1440), Sir John Fastolf (1450), John Paston (1480), or Captain Cox of Coventry (1575).

In the Revenue Roll for 1237 there is an entry of the cost of

silver clasps and studs for King Henry III.'s great book of Romances. Henry III. was a keen reader of romance, and a munificent patron of Hélie de Borron, the author of 'Palamedes.' So, too, was Edward I. Among his books is 'unus liber de Romauntz qui incipit Cristiens sevoet entremettre.' Probably this is part of the book which Rusticien de Pise tells us, in his Preface to 'Gyron le Courtois,' he was employed by Edward to translate. The end of the 14th and beginning of the 15th century witnessed the commencement of what may be called the First Renaissance in England. The taste for books which bore such rich fruit in France and Burgundy extended to this country. The Duke of Bedford, whose celebrated missal is one of the most treasured artistic productions of the age, was a magnificent book-collector. He had unique opportunities, for he is said to have transported to this country the contents of the library which King John in 1350 had begun to collect in Paris. Though Henry VI. was not a literary Mæcenas, like Philippe le Bon at Bruges, he possessed a valuable library, and many of the MSS. which were illuminated for him still exist. The library of Henry VIII. contained a valuable collection of theological, classical, historical, and miscellaneous literature in all languages. In monastic libraries, so far as we are aware, only one copy of Dante can be traced. It was a prohibited work among Churchmen. Henry VIII. possessed an edition of Dante in the Castilian tongue. Perhaps Savonarola's 'Triumphus Crucis' owed its place in his library to the great Dominican's antagonism to the Pope. Thucydides and Josephus (in French), Livy, Cæsar, and Eusebius, Comines, Monstrelet, Froissart, and a variety of other chroniclers form the nucleus of an excellent historical library. Of lighter literature, with which we are more immediately concerned, the principal works are Boccaccio, Petrarch, Marot, Alain Chartier, Gower, 'Hunting and Hawking,' and a variety of romances including 'Listory du Alexandre in Françoys,' 'Les Gestes Romains,' 'Lyf of the Virgin Helene,' the 'Romant de la Rose,' 'La destruction de Troy,' and a 'Book of Balades written.'

In the middle of the 16th century, the taste for book-collecting had gained a firm hold upon the country. Queen Elizabeth herself was a bibliomaniac, though her passion for books was excelled by Archbishop Parker, Sir Robert Cotton, Sir Thomas Bodley, and Dr. John Dee. Books were sumptuously bound, and *virtuosos* were curious in the choice of their clasps and their silk strings, fastidious in the erection of their libraries, nice in their taste for engraved borders, title-pages, and capital initials. The contents of one royal library of the day are known to us, and

and to the collection belongs the romantic and pathetic interest that hovers round the name of Mary Queen of Scots. Her library is composed of books of devotion, poetry, history, and fiction. In gloomy Holyrood, and among sour-visaged Calvinists, she needed all the consolation and distraction her religion or her literary taste could afford. Among her works of fiction were the 'Romance of Perceforest,' which she had probably learned to love at the Court of Catharine de Medicis, who used it as a text-book of education; 'Gyron le Courtois,' 'Amadis de Gaule,' 'The Golden Legend, 'The Lyf of Charles the Great,' 'The Destruccion of Troye,' 'The Lyf of Kyng Alisaunder,' 'Lancilot de Laik,' 'Ogier le Danois' (in Italian), 'The Historie of Jasone,' 'Pantagruel' (in French), 'The Historie of Palmarine.' Here too, was 'La Mer des Histoires,' which, on the authority of 'The Abbot,' Catharine Seyton read aloud to her in the Castle of Loch Leven. 'The Buik of Hunting' of Dame Juliana Berners, and 'The Buik of the Chas' of Gaston (Phébus) de Foix, remind us that Mary was not only a reader but a lover of field sports and a daring horsewoman.

The libraries of great nobles are few in number. The collection bequeathed by Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick (1315), to Bordesley Abbey has been already mentioned. If it may be taken as a type of the class of books read in the houses of the feudal aristocracy, there can be no question that fiction predominated over every other department of literature. Very different is the character of the library which Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, gave to the University of Oxford in 1439. But Duke Humphrey was not the typical noble. He was rather the Admirable Crichton of his age. No light literature is found in his catalogue of books, except Apuleius' 'de Asino Aureo,' and the 'Bellum Trojæ cum secretis secretorum;' in other words, the History of the Trojan War, by Dares the Phrygian, or Dictys the Cretan, which medieval students believed to be more authentic than Homer, and the compendium of Aristotelian ethics, physics, and metaphysics, which Aristotle was supposed to have sent to Alexander the Great. Gerard Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare in 1525, was the possessor of a noble library of above 100 volumes. It is divided into four sections: (1) Latin bokis; (2) French bokis; (3) Englysh bokis; (4) Irish bokis (probably in MS.). Among these romantic fiction certainly holds a prominent place. Here we find the 'Liber Alexandri Maugne,' 'The trye of battails ('L'Arbre des Batailles,' composed by Honoré Bonnor, Prieur de Salon, printed at Paris 1481), 'Maundvile,' 'Ogier le Danois,' 'Launcelot du Lake' in three volumes, 'Les illustracions

tracions de Gaule et singularitez de Troy,' 'Le Romant de la Roise,' 'Le Cronique de la Grand et Petit Bretaine,' 'Arthur,' 'The Sege of Thebes,' 'The Distruccion of Troy,' 'The Sege of the Roodis' (Rhodes), 'The Sege of Jerusalem' (probably 'Titus and Vespasian'), 'Charlmagn,' 'The Enaydos' (englished from the French 'Eneydes,' by Caxton, and printed in 1493), and several other books which might legitimately be classed under the head of romance. The Irish books are mainly Lives of Saints.

If we turn to the libraries of persons in a humbler rank of life, we still find an extraordinary number of works of fiction. Such a collection as that made by Robert Thornton, a native of Yorkshire, in 1440, may be taken as an example of the reading of the class to which Thornton belongs. The volume is a miscellany of devotion, medicine, popular science, and fiction. It contains the 'Lamentacio Peccatoris,' a doleful cry of a Sinner in Purgatory, the 'Vita Sancti Cristofori,' the treatise 'De Miraculis Beate Marie,' 'Epistola Sancti Saluatoris,' a 'colett to owre lady saynt Mary,' two tales of Hampole 'de imperfecta Contricione,' and other religious tracts, hymns, anthems, and prayers; a number of charms against the toothache, and medical receipts; prognostications of the weather; and, finally, the 'Life of Alexander the Great' in prose, 'Morte Arthure,' 'Lyarde' (a tale), 'Tomas of Ersseldoune,' and the Romances of 'Octovyane,' 'Dioclicyane,' 'Syr Ysambrace' (Isumbras), 'Syr Perecyvelle of Gales,' 'Syr Eglamour,' 'Syr Degrevante,' and the 'Awnetyrs of Arthure at the Terne Wathelyne.' At Caistor, in 1450, Sir John Fastolf's library was stored in the 'Stewe Hous.' It contained the 'Cronycle of France' and 'Titus Levius,' a 'booke of Jullius Cæsar,' 'lez Propretez dez choses' (B. Glanville), 'Petrus de Crescentiis,' 'Liber Almagesti,' 'Liber Geomancie cum iiij aliis Astronomie,' 'Veges de larte Chevalerie' (? Vegetius), 'Instituts of Justien Emperer,' 'Brute' in ryme, 'liber Etiques,' 'liber de sentence Joseph,' 'Problemate Aristotilis,' 'Vice and Vertues;' liber de Cronykes 'de Grant Bretayne' in ryme, 'Meditacions Saint Bernard.' In this list there are only two works of avowed romantic fiction. But it is an interesting catalogue, because it illustrates the important part which occult sciences played in medieval life. The 'liber Almagesti' suggests the stock-in-trade of Chaucer's clerk—

> 'hende Nicholas,
> His Almageste, bookes grete and small,
> His Astrolabie longynge for his art,
> His Augryn stones layen faire a-part,
> On shelues couched at his beddes head.'

Another

Another catalogue of a private library exists in the list of the books of John Paston, junior, drawn up probably in the reign of Edward IV. (1) 'The dethe of Arthur begynyng at Cassabelaun,' 'Guy Earl of Warwick,' 'Kyng Ri. Cur de Lyon a chronicle'; (2) 'A Boke of Troylus'; (3) 'A blak Boke with the "Legend of Ladies,"' 'La Belle Dame saunce Mercye,' 'The Parlement of Byrdes,' 'The Temple of Glasse,' 'Palatyse and Scitacus,' 'The Green Knyght'; (4) 'a Boke in preente off "The Playe off the Chess"'; (5) 'a Boke containing "Bele Dame sans Mercy," "The Parlement of Byrds," "Balade off Guy and Colbronde, off the Goos,"' &c.; (6) 'a reede Boke containing "The medis of the Masse," and other religious works;' (7) Tully 'de Senectute'; (8) Tully or Cypio 'de Amicitia'; (9) 'a Boke "de Sapiencia"'; (10) '4 Bokes of Blasonryes'; (11) 'Boke of Knythod' and 'De Regimine Principum'; (12) 'A treatise on Othea' (*i.e.* Prudence, who is treated as a Goddess by Christan de Pise). But the most famous library in the hands of a private individual still remains to be mentioned. It is that of Captain Cox of Coventry in 1575, which has been often printed. Captain Cox is described in Laneham's 'Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenilworth Castle in 1575,' as 'an od man I promiz yoo; by profession a *Mason*, and that right skilfull; very cunning of fens, and hardy az *Gavin*; for his ton-sword hangs at hiz tablz eend.' His library contained nearly a hundred volumes, most of which may be classed as light literature, consisting of poems, ballads, plays, romances, jest-books, riddles, and prophecies. The most serious volumes are Doctor Boord's 'Breviary of Health,' Barclay's 'Ship of Fools,' and Daniel's work on the Interpretation of 'Dreams.' Not only do many of the romances, which we have already mentioned, re-appear in the list; but also a collection of 'Almanacks of Antiquitee,' ancient plays, and 'a bunch of Ballets and Songs,' such as 'Robin Hood,' 'Adam Bell,' 'Clym of the Clough,' and 'William of Cloudesley,' and 'The Nut Brown Maid,' wrapt up in parchment and bound with a whip-cord.

It has been shown that works of romantic fiction were sufficiently valued in the Middle Ages to be frequently included in the bequests of testators; that from the 13th century onwards, romantic fiction formed a growing element in the composition of monastic libraries; that it figured largely in the collections of private individuals, whether of royal personages, great nobles, or persons in a humbler sphere of life. Another class of evidence, from which the demand for fiction may be illustrated, is the character of the books printed by our early printers.

printers.* Before 1500, there were no publishers. The booksellers were dependent in a great measure upon the money of private people who paid for the printing of particular books. But it may be stated, as a general rule, that early printers, when they were not subsidised by individuals or public bodies to produce a particular class of literature, produced school books and romances. For these the demand was continuous, and, as men of business, they endeavoured to satisfy it. Caxton, for instance, printed the following works of fiction, which are either avowed romance, or on the border line; (1) 'The Recuyell of the Histories of Troy'; (2) 'Le Recuyeil des Histoires de Troyes'; (3) 'The Game of Chess'; (4) 'Les Fais du chevalier Jason'; (5) 'The history of Jason'; (6) 'Reynard the Fox'; (7) Godfrey of Bologne'; (8) Æsop with the fables of Avian, Alfonse, and Poge the Florentine'; (9) 'The Knight of the Tower'; (10) 'Kyng Arthur'; (11) 'Charles the Great'; (12) 'Paris and Vienne'; (13) 'Four Sons of Aymon'; (14) 'Blanchardyn and Eglantyne'; (15) 'Eneydos.' Next to works of a religious tendency, romantic fiction was the line to which he mainly devoted his publishing energies. W. de Worde printed fewer works of this class, but he produced 'Bevis of Hampton,' 'Morte d'Arthure,' 'Robin Hode,' 'Guy and Colbrond,' 'The Siege of Rhodes,' and 'The Three Kings of Cologne.' It is a significant fact that speculative printers abroad, catering for the English market, concentrated themselves, almost exclusively, on the production of fiction. For instance, Gerard Leen of Antwerp published five books in English between 1490 and 1493. Of these, four were story-books ('The History of Jason,' 'Chronicles of England,' 'The Communyng between Solomon and Marcolphus,' and 'Paris and Vienne'). The fifth book was a grammar, the 'Vulgaria' of Terence in English. So again, another speculative foreign printer, John of Doresborch, who began to publish about 1505, printed innumerable story-books for the English market, such as 'Robin Hood,' 'The Parson of Kalenborow,' 'The Life of Vergilius,' as well as school-books and calendars. The Edinburgh press, before it was subsidised for the Aberdeen Breviary, began with nine poetical tracts, such as the 'Maying of Chaucer,' 'Sir Eglamoure,' 'The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennydy,' 'The Golden Targe,' &c. These facts show the activity of the trade in romantic fiction. But they do not

* For some of the facts contained in this paragraph, we are indebted to Mr. Gordon Duff, whose knowledge of early printed books and booksellers' catalogues is familiar to all students of early bibliography.

reveal

reveal the whole truth. The books extant at the present day afford no adequate test of the proportion which the department of fiction really bore to other classes of literature. Small romances, being cheaply produced, were quickly worn out, and used as waste paper. The numerous fragments of unknown books that have been discovered prove beyond all question that numbers have disappeared. Before 1530, when the new interest aroused in theology created a market, light literature formed the staple product of the printing-press in England.

This class of evidence might be extended. But enough has been said to prove the important place occupied by romantic fiction in the Middle Ages, and up to the middle of the 16th century. England had not yet passed through the fire of Puritanism. Romances were an important educational instrument, and a powerful religious agency. Neither the stage nor the press contested the omnipotence of romantic fiction. It had no rivals in schools or colleges. It popularised classical literature. It gave the accepted version of the past history of the country. It presented in familiar shape the discoveries, or the conjectures, of science and of travel. It held up the mirror to society by reflecting the manners of the upper classes. It created their ideals of life and character. It formed the staple diversion of all who could read ; it disputed with music, songs, games, and sport, the favour of the unlearned. Then, as now, men and women read the stories of their own lives in these products of the imagination. Gower's lover 'full oft' fed his 'ere' with 'redynge of romance:'

> 'Of Idoyne and Amadas,
> That whilom were in my cas,
> And eke of other, many a score,
> That loved long ere I was bore;
> For when I of her loves rede,
> Myn ere with the tale I fede;
> And with the lust of her histoire,
> Sometime I draw into memoire,
> Howe sorrow may not ever last,
> And so hope cometh in at last.'

Then, as now, romances soothed to repose the overwearied brain. It is Chaucer who speaks:—

> 'So whan I sawe I might not slepe,
> Til now late this other night
> Upon my bedde I sate upright,
> And bade one reche me a booke,
> A Romaunce, and it me toke
> To rede, and drive the night awaye.'

Then,

Then, and, perhaps, even now, men found in romances a resource against the fate of Eutychus. Even in church, says Barclay in the 'Ship of Fools,' men told tales, and 'fables and jestis of Robin Hode.' Most people now agree with the blunt remark of Samuel Johnson to Frances Chamberlayne, then Mrs. Sheridan. This lady, herself the authoress of one of the best of our 18th-century novels, told the Doctor that she never allowed her little daughter, afterwards Mrs. Le Fanu, to read any books except the 'Rambler' and others of an improving cast. If she hoped that the compliment would please Johnson, she was disappointed. He burst out with the reply, 'Then you are a fool, Madam! Turn your daughter's wits loose into your library. If she is well inclined, she will only choose nutritious food; if otherwise, all your precautions will avail nothing to prevent her following the natural bent of her inclinations.' But then, as now, parents endeavoured to shield their children from the dangerous fascinations of romance, and with no greater success than awaits similar efforts at the present day. The story of Blanchardyn was in its main features often realized in actual life. The heir to the throne of Friesland, and an only child, he was guarded by his parents as the apple of their eyes. He was taught good manners, grammar, logic, and philosophy. He delighted in pastimes and sport, and especially in hunting and hawking. But all that related to chivalry was carefully concealed from him. A piece of tapestry, on which was represented the siege of Troy, with the 'right grete valyaunce' of Hector, Troilus, Paris, and other chieftains first revealed to him the world beyond his home. He stole a horse, and set out in quest of adventures, winning great fame as a knight, and the hand of the 'Proud Lady in Love.' His history may be paralleled in real life in every age and in every country. The thoughts aroused by the sight of the tomb of Virgil sent Boccaccio from the counting-house to literature. Œhlenschläger, the Danish dramatist and novelist, was intended for business; but the novels of Hoffmann, the romantic legends of Weber, the ghost-stories of Spiess, drove him first to the stage and then to fiction. Between the birth of Boccaccio in 1313 and that of Œhlenschläger in 1779, how many hundreds of times has history repeated itself? Then, as now, children from the cradle upwards were brought up on tales of the imagination. Sir David Lyndsay, in the Prologue to his 'Dreme,' tells us how he used to lull to sleep the boy James V. of Scotland, or soothe his troubles with stories:—

> 'Off Hectour, Arthour, and gentill Iulyus,
> Off Alexander, and worthy Pompeyus,

Off

Off Jasone and Media, all at lenth,
Off Hercules the actis honorabyll,
And of Sampsone the supernaturall strenth,
And of leill Luffaris storeis amiabyll;
And oft tymes haue I feinzeit mony fabell,—
Off Troylus the sorrow and the Ioye,
And seigis all, of Tyir, Thebes, and Troye.'

Then, as now, a course of romantic fiction was recommended to those whose temperaments were morbidly stern and sour. Does not Occleve recommend Sir John Oldcastle, the Lollard leader, to read 'Lancelot du Lake' and the 'Siege of Troie and Thebes,' instead of exclusively studying the pages of Holy Writ?

The world went mad for romance; and then, as now, the opinion of the grave and studious has been divided on the advantages of novel-reading. The Prologue to the 'Cursor Mundi' relates, how men were wholly given up to such vain pursuits, how—

'Men yernen jestes for to here,
And romaunce rede in dyuerse manere,
Of Alisaunder the conqueroure,
Of Julyus Cesar the emperoure,
Of Greeke and Troye the longe strif,
—There mony man lost his lif,—
Of Bruyt, that baron bolde of honde,
Furste conqueroure of Engelonde,
Of Kyng Arthour that was so riche
Was noon in his tyme him liche,' &c.

And it is partly as a protest against the neglect of the Book of Books, that in the quaint production of the Middle Ages, from which this extract is taken, the author sings the history of the world in honour of the Virgin Mary, and for love of Englishmen of merry England writes in his native tongue, so that the 'commune folk' may better understand. Chaucer caricatures the metrical romances which were favourites of society in the 14th century. Sir Thopas begins to tell a rhyme which he had learned in days gone by. Before he had finished more than one Fit, in which he had contrived to insert many of the phases of romantic authors, the Host bursts in with 'No more of this, for Goddes dignite,' and demands that he should tell in prose something—

'In which ther be som merthe or doctrine.'

Ascham's language has been often quoted. Yet in this connexion

nexion it must once more be given. In the 'Scholemaster,' he says,—

'In our forefathers tyme, whan Papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe bookes were read in our tong, savyng certaine bookes of chevalrie, as they sayd, for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in Monasteries by idle Monkes or wanton Chanons; as one for example, "Morte Arthure"; the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two speciall poyntes, in open mans slaughter and bold bawdrye. In which booke those be counted the noblest knightes, that do kill most men without any quarrel and commit fowlest aduoulteres by subtlest shiftes. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at. Yet I know, when Gods Bible was banished the Court, and "Morte Arthure" received into the Prince's chamber.'

In 'The Boke of Nurture for Men, Seruantes, and Children,' compyled by Hugh Rhodes in 1577, the compiler says, 'use them' (children) 'to reade in the Bible and other Godly Bokes, but especyally keepe them from reading of fayned fables, vayne fantasyes, and wanton stories, and songs of love, which bring much mischiefe to youth.' Sir John Harrington, 'of Bathe, Knight,' in his 'Apologie of Poetrie,' prefixed to 'Orlando Furioso' in 1591, quotes Cornelius Agrippa for the opinion that poetry was 'a nurse of lies, a pleaser of fooles, a breeder of dangerous errors, and an inticer to wantonness.' Francis Meres ('Palladis Tamia,' 1598) frames a catalogue of romantic fiction which he condemns.

'As the "Lord de la Noue" in the sixe discourse of his politike and military discourses censureth of the bookes of "Amadis de Gaule," which he saith are no lesse hurtful to youth, then the workes of "Machiauell" to age; so these bookes are accordingly to be censured of, whose names follow: "Beuis of Hampton," "Guy of Warwicke," "Arthur of the round table," "Huon of Burdeaux," "Oliuer of the Castle," "the foure sonnes of Aymon," "Gargantua," "Gireleon," "the Honour of Chiualerie," "Primaleon of Greece," "Palmerin de Oliua," "the 7 Champions," "the Myrror of Knighthood," "Blanchardine," "Meruin," "Howleglasse," "the stories of Palladyne and Palmendos," "the blacke Knighte," "the Maiden Knight," "the history of Cælestina," "the Castle of Fame," "Gallian of France," "Ornatus and Artesia," &c.'

Other writers shared the sentiments of Ascham and Francis Meres. Stubbes (1583) and Gosson (1597) were the precursors of Prynne in the virulence of their attacks upon the sins of 'Poets, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like Caterpillers, of a Commonwealth.' Stubbes especially is distinguished for the violence of his coarse abuse.

abuse. He laments that Fox's 'Book of Martyrs' is neglected for 'toyes, fantasies, and babbleries' which are 'invented and excogitat by Beelzebub, written by Lucifer, licensed by Pluto, printed by Cerberus, and set a broche to sale by the infernal furies themselves to the poysning of the whole world.' In the following century Sir Thomas Overbury (1615) says, that a chambermaid 'reads Greene's works over and over; but is so carried away by the "Mirror of Knighthood," she is many times resolv'd to run out of herself and become a lady-errant.'

Powell (1631) advises the ladies of his day; 'Insteade of Songes and musicke let them learn cookerie and launderie. And insteade of reading Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," let them reade the groundes of good housewifery.' Nathaniel Ingolo inveighs against the 'impertinences of mankind,' and the follies which are incompatible with 'the Dignity of reasonable Souls.' Among them he includes 'the Writing and Reading of Romances,' quotes with approval the saying of Montaigne, 'Quant aux Amadis et telles sortes d'escrits, ils n'ont pas eu le crédit d'arrester seulement mon enfance,' and sets himself to illustrate by a religious romance the real use to which this species of literature might be put. Steele in the 'Tender Husband' restates Powell's argument:—

'"Good Madam," said the Niece, who represents the new education, "don't upbraid me with my Mother Bridget, and an excellent housewife." "Yes," retorts the Aunt, "I say she was, and spent her time in better Learning than ever you did. Not in reading of Fights and Battels of Dwarfs and Giants; but in writing out receipts for Broths, Possets, Caudles, and Surfeit Waters, as became a Good Country Gentlewoman."'

Wide and sweeping was the satire of Rabelais; few were the books which passed the ordeal of the Curate of Don Quixote's Village. Yet romances had their zealous champions. Puttenham, in his 'Arte of English Poesie' (1589), pleads for the ancient romances which were still sung to the harp in baronial halls, open streets, and alehouses. He had himself composed

'A little brief Romance, a historicall ditty in the English tong of the Isle of Great *Britaine*, in short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions to be more commodiously song to the harpe in places of assembly, where the company shal be desirous to heare of old adventures and reliaunces of noble knights in time past, as are those of "King Arthur and his knights of the round table," "Sir Bevys of Southampton," "Guy of Warwicke," and others like.'

He tells us also that the matter of

'Blind harpers or such like taverne minstrels that give a fit of mirth for a groat was for the most part stories of old time, as the tale

tale of "Sir Topas," the reporter of "Bevis of Southampton," "Guy of Warwicke," "Adam Bell," and "Clymme of the Clough," and such other old Romances or historicall rimes, made purposely for recreation of the comon people at Christmasse diners and bride ales, and in taverns and alehouses and such other places of base resort.'

So also Bishop Hall (1598) was a student of these old romances—

'No man his threshold better knowes than I
Brute's first arrival, and first victory;
St. George's sorrel, or his crosse of blood,
Arthur's round board, or Caledonian wood,
Or holy battles of bold Charlemaine,
What were his knights did Salem's siege maintaine,
How the mad rival of faire Angelice
Was physick'd from the new-found paradise!'

Sir Philip Sidney had 'known men that even with reading "Amadis de Gaul," have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage.' Milton, speaking of the same class of romances, says that 'even those books proved to me so many enticements to the love and stedfast observation of virtue.' Other champions found different reasons to recommend the reading of romances. Thomas Heywood in his 'Apology for Actors' (1612) argues that plays are beneficial because they 'have beene the discouerers of many notorious murders, long concealed from the eyes of the world,' and he tells a story of the performance at Amsterdam of the 'Foure Sonnes of Aymon,' and of the effect produced upon a woman who had murdered her husband. Fynes Morison in his 'Itinerary' (1617) recommends romances as the best means of learning foreign languages. He thought 'no book better' for the traveller's 'discourse than "Amadis of Gaul;" for the knights errant, and the ladies of courts, doe therein exchange courtly speeches, and these books are in all languages translated by the masters of eloquence.' Nor was it only as a means of acquiring foreign languages that the romantic literature of the Middle Ages was valued in education. Kirkman in 1674 tells us that 'the book of "The Seven Wise Masters" is in such estimation in Ireland, that it was always put into the hands of young children immediately after the horn-book.' Sir George Mackenzie, a distinguished lawyer of the 17th century, prefixed to his 'Aretina: a Serious Romance,' an elaborate 'Apologie for Romances.' He says that they are generally condemned as the fire and the faggot to kindle and feed the flames of love, as waste of precious time, and as lies. But he declares that, in each respect, the condemnation is unjust. 'Who,' he asks,

'that

'that has seen the Philoclea of Sidney or the Cleopatra of Scuderie will love a modern lady?' If the work is abject, it is thrown away; if excellent, time is spent, though not misspent, in its perusal. It cannot be a lie, because it is not intended to deceive. Who, he asks again, need blush to walk in the paths which 'the famous Sidney, Scuderie, Barkley, or Broghill' have beaten for them? Romance, he argues, is more valuable than History, because the one 'teacheth us onely what was done, the other what should be done.' Romance presents 'Vertue in its holyday robes:' it is 'the Vessel which strains the christal streams of Virtue from the Puddle of Interest:' it allures the lazy lady and the luxurious gallant to spend hours in their Chambers, 'which else the one would consecrate to the Bed, and the other to the Bordell.'

The literary controversy, which is implied in these few scattered quotations, could never have been maintained, if the subject-matter were of trifling importance. The fact, that the advantages and disadvantages of the reading of romances have been fiercely discussed for at least six centuries, indicates that they were the favourite diversion of a large section of the community. They have in truth played a prodigious part in the life of our ancestors. Upon them our literature was largely based; they supplied the colours with which our early writers painted, the threads with which they wove, the patterns they embroidered. They shaped the thoughts, and stored the intellects, of satirists, poets, and dramatists. Walter Mapes,—'clarus eloquio,' as Giraldus Cambrensis calls him,—a favourite of Henry II., a distinguished diplomatist, and the reputed author of many Latin works in prose and verse, was voracious in his appetite for popular legends and traditions, and an ardent student of Turpin's fabulous history. He thought it no shame to include an allusion to a lost Anglo-Saxon romance among the spoils which his learning gleaned from Horace, Juvenal, Pliny, Boethius, Jerome, or Bishop Hildebert. He diverted his pen from the composition of grave State papers, or caustic satires and political songs, to the production of the romances of 'Lancelot du Lac,' the 'Quête du St. Graal,' and the 'Mort Artur.' Deeply as the miseries and wrongs of the poor had eaten into the heart of Langland, he shows in 'Piers Plowman,' that he knew the story of Fair Rosamond, 'rymes of Robin Hode' and of 'Radolf erl of Chestre,' that he was familiar with the romance of Alexander, the legendary tales of Virgil and Hippocrates, the romance of Guy of Warwick and 'Felys the Faire.' Chaucer laughed at metrical romances, and told his own tale in prose as an example of the method in which such stories should be treated. In his strongly-drawn

strongly-drawn characters, taken from contemporary society, in his fresh pictures of the incidents of everyday life, in his humour, and his observation, he is the first of our English novelists, if, by a stretch of language, that title can be bestowed upon a poet. Yet his mind was steeped in romantic literature. His references to it are innumerable. All the cycles, whether classical, Carlovingian, or Arthurian, are represented. He knew the famous classical authors both in prose and verse; he was familiar with 'Petrarke, the laureat poete;' he was intimately acquainted with the Fathers; he borrows from the Distiches of Dionysius, Cato, and the 'Legenda Aurea' of Jacobus Januensis. Yet, not only does he allude to such romances as 'Sir Isumbras,' 'Sir Percival,' 'Sir Guy of Warwick,' 'Sir Bevis of Southampton,' and 'Horn-child,' but the framework of his stories is taken from Boccaccio, or a common original, from Fabliaux and Contes, from the 'Gesta Romanorum,' from the 'Lais' of Marie de France, from the 'Trojan War' of Benoît de St. More, from the 'Romant de la Rose' of G. de Lorris and Jehan de la Meung, from G. de Machault, Alain de l'Isle, and Guillaume de Guilleville. 'Morall' Gower, the friend and contemporary of Chaucer, draws the materials of his 'Confessio Amantis' from the Bible, Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' the 'Secretum Secretorum,' the chronicles of Cassiodorus and Isidorus. But he also quarries his treasures from the romance of Sir Lancelot, the 'Gesta Romanorum,' and the great 'Cronique emperiall' of the Feats of Alexander the Great. When Shakspeare calls up from his ashes 'Auncient Gower to sing a song that old was sung,' it is the tale of Apollonius of Tyre which Gower took from Godfrey of Viterbo, that is chosen as the subject. Occleve compiled his 'De Regimine Principum' from the 'Secretum Secretorum,' the work of Guido de Colonna, the 'game of Chesse moralisede' of Jacob de Cessoles of 'the Ordre of Prechours.' He quotes from Seneca, Chrysostom, Nicholas de Lyra, Boethius, Anselm ('Cur Deus Homo'); but he was also a student of the 'Gesta Romanorum,' 'Lancelot de Lac,' and the 'Sieges of Troy and Thebes.' Lydgate, the pupil of Chaucer, the 'approbate poet,' 'solempne clerk,' 'philosofre,' 'the most dulcet sprynge of famous rhetoryke,' and one of the favourite writers of the 15th century, takes his story of 'Dan Joos' from 'Vincencius in his speculatif historialle' (the 'Speculum Historiale' of Vincent de Beauvais); he quotes from 'Tullius with his sugrid tonge,' the 'aureat dytees of Omerus in Greece,' 'the tragides divers and unkouth of morall Senec.' Yet he is equally familiar with 'Vowis of Pecock,' or 'the dozepiere of Fraunce;' he borrowed his 'Chorle and the Bird' from

from the 'Clericalis Disciplina' of Alphonsus; and he did not disdain to turn his learning to such uses as an English verse translation of the 'Historia Trojana' of Guido de Colonna, or the poem of the Romance of Thebes, or to compare the Sword of Righteousness, with which Grace-Dieu bids the Pilgrim arm in his version of De-Guilleville's 'Pilgrimage,' with the famous weapons of romantic fiction:—

> 'For the swerd off King Oger,
> Off Rowland, nor off Oliver,
> Was not for to reknen al
> Off value to this swerd egal.'

Time would fail us, were we to attempt to trace the influence of romantic fiction on the poetry of Barbour, Wyntoun, Dunbar, Douglas, Lyndsay, Skelton, and most of the brightest ornaments of our early literature. Suffice it to say, that everywhere in their writings its mark is broadly traced, and that alike in Spenser's 'Faëry Queene,' and Tennyson's 'Idylls,' its influence is visible.

Nor need illustrations be sought for in the dark corners of our literature. Medieval romances did not lose their popularity with the invention of printing. On the contrary, though classical literature was made known by translations to English readers, and though singers and minstrels fell into disrepute, the printing-press only multiplied the sphere of their influence. In the reign of Elizabeth, frequent editions of ancient favourites, like 'Morte Arthure,' were published. A new romance, 'The Seven Champions of Christendom,' was composed by Richard Johnson. Oriental fiction was represented in new translations of the 'Seven Wise Masters,' and the 'Gesta Romanorum.' Paynter in his 'Pallace of Pleasure,' Fenton in his 'Tragicall Discourses,' Fortescue in his 'Forest of Historyes,' Whetstone in his 'Heptameron,' Wotton in his 'Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cantels,' gave to the English public versions of Italian and French romances. Wolfe, Yonge, and Munday, popularized 'Amadis de Gaul,' the 'Diana' of Montemayor, 'Palmerin d'Oliva,' 'Palmerin of England,' and other masterpieces of the romantic fiction of Spain and Portugal. Underdown familiarized English readers with a version of the ancient Greek love-story of 'Theagenes and Chariclea' of Bishop Heliodorus. All the world craved for romances; publishers, authors, and translators only satisfied an existing want. The Renaissance culture for a considerable period did not extend beyond the limits of the Court. Burton, writing in 1617, says—

'I may

'I may not deny, but that we have a sprinkling of our Gentry, here, and there one, excellently well learned—but they are but few in respect of the multitude, the major part (and some again excepted that are indifferent) are wholly bent for Hawks and Hounds, and carried away many times with intemperate lust, gaming, and drinking. If they read a book at any time, 'tis an English Chronicle, "Sir Huon of Bordeaux," "Amadis de Gaul," &c., a playbook, or some pamphlet of News, and that at such seasons only, when they cannot stir abroad, to drive away time, their sole discourse is dogs, hawks, horses, and what News?'

Shakspeare was no exception to the rule. With old, as well as new, romances, he was intimately familiar. In his classical allusions, and in his classical plays, the sources of his knowledge must be traced to medieval literature rather than to the authors of Greece and Rome. He breathes the spirit of the Middle Ages. King Lear as a descendant of Æneas, Cymbeline as a prince of the same dynasty; the glory of Hector, the infamy of Achilles, are reminiscences of Benoît de St. More and his despoiler, Guido de Colonna, who invariably exalt the Trojans and depreciate the Greeks. Nor can Shakspeare's frequent allusions be understood without constant reference to medieval romance. When Horner has at his servant Peter 'with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart,' when Justice Shallow boasts of his youthful feats as 'Sir Dagonet in Arthur's Show,' when Benedick offers to fetch 'a hair from the Great Cham's beard,' when Philip the Bastard speaks of his brother as 'Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man,' the commentator, if not the reader, must perceive the allusions to 'Sir Bevis of Southampton,' 'Morte Arthure,' 'Sir Huon of Bordeaux,' or 'Sir Guy of Warwick.' With the prophetic literature, which played so large a part in medieval history, politics, and social life, Shakspeare was equally familiar. Every peasant in the Middle Ages knew some prophecies of Thomas of Ercildoune, of Bede, Merlin, Banister, Brydlington, Waldhare, Gildas, and Sibylla. Prophecy was a popular engine of politicians, or pretenders, and it is to its use that the Fool in 'King Lear' alludes, when he says:—

'I'll speak a Prophecy ere I go;
When Priests are more in word, than matter;
When Brewers mar their malt with water,
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches' suitors,
When every Case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;

When

When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion;
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be used with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time.'

Nor is it surprising that this universal love of romantic fiction should show itself in the lives of men and women. Some of the pleasantest associations with the names of historical personages, which we have inherited from the past, belong to the hours that they spent in the realms of the imagination. The name of Catharine de Médicis has a sinister sound. But we may momentarily forget St. Bartholomew's Day in the picture of her life among her children at St. Germains or at Amboise, where she surrounded them with an enchanted land of which she was the benevolent Fairy. Romances of chivalry were read aloud to them, and the surrounding forests were the Broceliandes, in which they played as errant knights, captive princes, or love-lorn princesses. So again the name of Madame Roland suggests the Reign of Terror. Far more attractive is the recollection of her childhood, when, as Marion Philpon at six years old, she stood before an old friend of her father, with her elbows on his knees, ready to repeat the Athanasian Creed for the reward of a fairy story. There are but few writers who have not loved fiction. Ronsard read and re-read the old romances, and especially the 'Roman de la Rose,' from childhood to old age. Without the romantic treasures which were stored in the *Chambre de librarye* of her father at Cognac, the world would probably have lost the 'Heptameron' of Marguerite of Angoulême. Clement Marot in his youth was a student of romance.

'J'ay leu de sainctz la légende dorée,
J'ay leu Alain le très noble orateur,
Et Lancelot le très plaisant menteur;
J'ay leu aussi le Roman de la Rose,
Maistre en amours, et Valere et Orose,
Contans les faictz des antiques Romains;
Bref, en mon temps, j'ay leu des liures maints.'

What a revolution in the world of fashion, literature, and action, was effected by the 'Astrea' of d'Urfé! Henry IV. caused it to be read aloud to him during a fit of the gout. It was a favourite book of St. François de Sales, and of his spiritual Boswell, Pierre Camus. It gained men of letters admission to society; it formed the school of Calprenède, Gomberville, and Scudéry.

Scudéry. It did much to create the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Papers were set in it at the table of the Cardinal de Retz, and those who failed to pass in it paid a forfeit. La Fontaine delighted in the book.

> 'Et tant petit garçon je lisois son roman,
> Et je le lis encore ayant la barbe grise.'

Racine, studying at Port Royal, lighted upon a copy of 'Theagenes and Chariclea.' The copy was taken from him by his preceptors. But in riper years, he recurred to the forbidden studies of youth, and never lost the extraordinary passion, which his son tells us he had conceived for the old Greek novel. What would have been the result on his poetic talents if he had been allowed to follow sooner his natural tastes? Without Madlle. de Scudéry, would Madlle. de Sevigné have found the scope of her genius, or was she merely paying a compliment when she wrote to the authoress in 1684, that she would love and reverence her all her life? The love of heroic romances of the 17th century declined in France more rapidly than in England. Boileau and Molière ridiculed the taste. So quickly did the fashion change, that Madlle. de Scudéry herself outlived it. She kept by her a finished, but unpublished, romance, saying 'personne ne voudroit l'acheter ni le lire.' In the provinces the taste lingered longer; there were many men of the type of Cathos and Madelon,

> 'Deux nobles campagnards, grands lecteurs de romans,
> Qui disent tout Cyrus dans leurs longs compliments.'

It survived into the 18th century. Though Voltaire characterized the heroic romances as 'boutiques de verbiage,' the mother of Chateaubriand is said to have known 'le Grand Cyrus' by heart, and D'Urfé's 'Astrea' was a favourite book of Rousseau's. The subsequent life of that sentimentalist was mean and contemptible enough. We prefer to think of him as a boy of six, sitting up to read novels with his father till the swallows were twittering among the eaves; or, as a follower of Mucius Scævola, holding his hand over a chafing-dish of live coals to the admiration of his father, the Genevan clock-maker; or as approaching Lyons, and asking so eagerly for the road to Forez, that his landlady believed him to be a locksmith's apprentice in search of work, instead of an enthusiastic boy who longed to see the country of D'Urfé's Sylvanders and Dianas.

But though this digression is the more excusable because it was from France that England derived her taste for heroic romances,

romances, it still is a digression. We must return to our own country. The books that fed the imaginations of a Chaucer, a Spencer, or a Shakspeare, were works of romantic fiction. The prayer that Charles I. gave on the scaffold to Juxon was taken from Sidney's 'Arcadia.' The youth of Milton was nurtured 'among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in sublime cantos the deeds of knighthood.' How indelible was the impression they created is proved by numerous passages in his poetry, such as that in which he speaks of

> 'Knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
> Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.'

or that where he insists upon the time,

> 'When Agrican with all his Northern powers,
> Besieged Albracca, as Romances tell;
> The City of Gallaphrone,—from thence to win
> The fairest of her sex, Angelica.'

Jeremy Taylor solaced his troubled life with romantic fiction, and thought it not inconsistent with holy living to quote Scudéry with approval. John Bunyan in his youth valued 'Sir Bevis of Southampton' next to the Bible. Nor was it the only work of fiction which has coloured his immortal Dream. In one of his sermons, he has represented Dives as replying to Abraham when the latter said, 'They have Moses and the Prophets; let them hear them:'

> 'My brethren are unbelievers, and do not regard the word of God. I knew it by myself, for when I was in the world it was so with me. The Scriptures, thought I then, what are they? A dead letter, a little ink and paper, of three or four shillings price. Alack! What is Scripture? Give me a ballad, or newsbook, "George on horseback," or "Bevis of Southampton." Give me some book that teaches curious Arts, that tells old Fables.'

When the greatest of Puritan poets, a royal 'martyr,' an Anglican divine, and an inspired Nonconformist tinker, all read romances, it was natural that ladies should follow the same example. They would have been basely ungrateful if they had not, for M. Jusserand believes that the modern novel was introduced by Lyly for their special delectation. Mrs. Pepys, Lucy Hutchinson, Dorothy Osborne, 'The Spectator's' Leonora, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Mrs. Chapone, were all devourers of novels. Mrs. Pepys sat up till twelve o'clock at night reading 'Le Grand Cyrus,' and, much to her husband's annoyance, was prone to tell long stories out of her favourite romance 'though nothing to the purpose nor in any

good manner.' Lucy Apsley, afterwards the wife of Colonel Hutchinson, was not an attractive child. She absolutely hated her needle; she only practised her lute and her harpischord when her masters were by; she abhorred music and dancing; she picked to pieces the dolls of other children, and drove them from her by her grave and sober instruction. But there was another side to her character. The romantic element redeemed her from being a female prig. Though she exhorted her mother's maids on the Lord's Day, yet on six days out of the seven she learned, or heard, amorous sonnets, or poems, and was the confidante of all the waiting-women in their love secrets. Leonora, in the 'Spectator,' had a library which contained, among other works, 'Cassandra,' 'Cleopatra,' 'Astrea,' 'The Grand Cyrus' with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves, Pembroke's 'Arcadia,' a book of novels, 'Clelia,' which opened of itself at the passage describing two lovers in a bower, the 'New Atlantis' with a key to it, Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying,' and a few other books. The effect of her course of reading showed itself in the embellishment of her garden, her artificial grottoes, and her shady walks. Yet, as the 'Spectator' observes, it was at least something that she had read at all. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was 'miserable in her little parlour at Thoresby.' Her romances were her chief resource. She possessed, and bequeathed to her grand-daughter, the whole library of Mrs. Lennox's 'Female Quixote,' the 'Cleopatras,' 'Cassandras,' 'Clelias,' 'Pharamonds,' 'Ibrahims,'—all, like the Lady Arabella's collection, 'English'd by persons of quality.' In the pages of one of these great folios, Lady Mary wrote 'in her fairest youthful hand' the characteristics of the principal characters; 'the beautiful Diana,' 'the volatile Climene,' 'the melancholy Doris,' 'Celadon the faithful,' 'Adamas the wise,' and so on. These were the studies, with which she mingled her housekeeping or her lessons in carving, Greek, Latin, and French. Miss Mulso, afterwards Mrs. Chapone, was the mother of religious education, the first of that series of excellent women, like Hannah More, Mrs. Barbauld, or Mrs. Trimmer, who effected a revolution in the moral training of youth. Yet she was brought up upon romantic fiction. In a letter to Elizabeth Carter, she says, 'I have (and I am yet alive) drudged through 'le Grand Cyrus' in twelve huge volumes, 'Cleopatra' in eight or ten, 'Polyxander,' 'Ibrahim,' 'Clelia,' and some others, whose names, as well as all the rest of them, I have forgotten. But this was in the days when I did not choose my own books.'

Tedious these old romances may have been. But they trained

trained fascinating specimens of the English gentlewoman. No more delightful ideal of English girlhood ever existed than Dorothy Osborne. In her charming letters, she tells us of her life, and reading. She might have been the wife of Henry Cromwell, and her lovers wrote verses to her, of which she only remembers the tag—

> 'A stately and majestic brow
> Of force to make Protectors bow.'

Or she might have married an elderly widower with four daughters, old enough to be her sisters. But she preferred William Temple, whose heart she had won by taking upon herself the blame of her brother's malignancy in writing on the windows of an inn in the Isle of Wight his Royalist opinions upon the ruling powers. She waited long for her lover. Meanwhile she solaced a life, so quiet that it might have turned her into one of the Seven Sleepers, with reading. She was keenly interested in politics, and a sturdy Royalist. She loved battledore and shuttlecock. She was fond of theatricals. But when her mind was harassed by her servants, or her father's sickness, she found refuge in her dogs and in her reading, and especially in romance. She forgot her troubles in her tears at the story of Mademoiselle de Tournon in 'Reine Marguerite'; she cried an hour for Almanzor, or threw herself into a rage with Alcidiana; she sat in the shade with the shepherdesses on the common at Chicksands, and listened to their ballads, one of which she sends her lover. She was a 'devote' of Jeremy Taylor; she delighted in the travels of Fernando Mendez Pinto; she read Herodotus and Ovid, probably in Pierre Saliat's French translation, Cowley's 'Davideis,' and the Poems of the thrice noble, chaste and virtuous Margaret Newcastle, which made her feel satisfied that there were 'many soberer people in Bedlam' than their fantastical authoress. And she read her novels critically. She knew 'Prazimene,' and 'Polexandre,' and 'l'Illustre Bassa,' before they were 'disguised in English.' She compared their easy grace with the 'handsome language' of Lord Broghill's 'Parthenissa.' Perhaps it was the perusal of these works which forbade her altogether to disbelieve the prognostications of Lilly. For our own part, we like her all the better for the playful superstition. She went with a merry cousin to consult this notorious professor of the black art. Yet foolish though she thought him, she was not able to 'forbear laying a peas-cod with nine peas in it under my door, and was informed by it that my husband's name should be Thomas.' 'How like you that?' she asks William Temple.

Nor

Nor were the women of the 17th and 18th centuries the only readers of the old romances. Bishop Berkeley was much addicted to the study of 'the airy visions of romance,' and in that unsubstantial region learned to disbelieve in the existence of matter. Dr. Johnson was a man of sturdy common-sense. Yet, as Dr. Percy, the Bishop of Dromore, told Boswell, he was immoderately fond of reading romances of chivalry, and he retained his fondness for them throughout life.

'Spending part of a summer (1764),' said his Lordship, 'at my parsonage house in the country, he chose for his regular reading the old Spanish romance of "Felixmarte of Hircania," in folio, which he read right through.'

So too in 1776 we find Johnson taking with him on a holiday jaunt 'Il Palmerino d'Inghilterra.' It is less surprising that Burke was a great student of the old romances, especially 'Palmerin of England' and 'Don Belianis of Greece.' No harder-headed North-countryman ever lived than Paley; yet even he was not without a vein of romance in his composition. His first literary effort was a Poem in the manner of Ossian,—a strange fact in the mental history of a man who never afterwards showed a spark of imagination.

The childhood of our older generation of poets was passed in the region of romance. In Goethe's days there were 'no so-called children's books.' He read the 'Orbis Pictus' of Commenius, Gothfried's 'Chronicle,' adorned, like the Great Bible, with Merrian's prints, the 'Acerra Philologica,' Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' Fénelon's 'Télémaque,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' Anson's 'Voyages,' and, above all, the coarsely printed 'Volksbücher,' by which for a few kreuzers children read the 'Eulen-Spiegel,' the 'Four Sons of Aymon,' the fair 'Melusina,' 'Emperor Octavian,' 'the beautiful Magelone,' 'Fortunatus,' and all their fascinating tribe. With such an education, it is no wonder that, as he walked on the bridge at Frankfort, with his eyes fixed on the sunlit vane of the bright weathercock, the story of Götz von Berlichingen laid its iron grasp upon his mind, or that the puppet-show of Faust hummed in his brain, even when he was a youthful student at Strasburg. To an imaginative child the perusal of books of romantic fiction is a never-forgotten event. Heine never forgot the May morning, when he stole away from his home to the Palace Gardens at Düsseldorf, placed himself on a mossy stone-seat in the so-called Avenue of Sighs, and delighted his small heart with the great adventures of the illustrious knight Don Quixote. It was in such an atmosphere that the minds of our own literary giants of the present century were

were bred. No one will wonder that Scott, lame and weak in his childhood, gathered stores of Border tales from his grandmother and his aunt Jenny, or, at the age of four, crumpled up in the window seat at Sandy Knowe, pored over Josephus's 'Wars of the Jews,' and only quitted his book to vociferate the ballad of 'Hardy-kanute' in the ears of Dr. Duncan; or under the plane-tree at Kelso made Percy's 'Reliques' his own. Keats sighed for the days of Robin Hood. Shelley, feeding his imagination with tales of wonder and of mystery, tried his prentice hand on romances of the style of 'Zastrozzi.' Byron, hating mathematics and an indifferent penman, devoted himself at school to history and romance, and especially to the 'Arabian Nights.' Coleridge dreamed away his childhood in the society of 'Tom Hickathrift,' 'Jack the Giant-Killer,' and the 'Seven Champions of Christendom.' Wordsworth, during his early days at school read all Fielding's works, 'Don Quixote,' 'Gil Blas,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' and the 'Tale of a Tub,' and in after years mourned for the favourites of his childhood—

> 'Oh give us once again the wishing cap
> Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat
> Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,
> And Sabra in the Forest with St. George.
> The child whose love is here, at least does reap,
> One precious good—that he forgets himself.'

Crabbe painted his hard realistic pictures with a wire brush. But it was to romance that he owed the cultivation of his poetic powers. It is an autobiographical touch when he describes, how Peter Perkin turned aside from the solid food of his father's library to his mother's little collection,

> 'And there he found
> Romance in sheets, and poetry unbound;
> Soft tales of Love, which never damsel read
> But tears of pity stain'd her virgin bed.
> There were Jane Shore, and Rosamond the Fair,
> And humble heroines, frail as these, were there;
> There was a Tale of one forsaken Maid,
> Who till her death the work of vengeance stay'd;
> Arabian Nights and Persian Tales were there,
> One Volume each, and both the worse for wear;
> There by Quarles's Emblems Æsop's Fables stood,
> The coats in tatters and the cuts in wood,' &c.

Or to take one instance more. George Eliot's childhood was the seed-time of her imagination. The child, haunted by nightly terrors till her whole soul became one quivering dread, consuming

suming candles and eyesight over books to the dismay of her thrifty mother, was happy in her playground. The old-fashioned garden at Griff with its barns, cow-sheds and canal, was an ideal nursery for the novelist of middle-class rural life. But she was happy also in her library. She read Æsop's 'Fables' with a curiously precocious relish for their humour. Defoe's 'History of the Devil,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and 'Rasselas' were among her chosen companions. But the only true rival in her love for Lamb's 'Ælia' was 'Waverley.' The arrival of this book was the great event of her childhood. In 1827 it was lent to her elder sister, and returned before she—then but a child of eight—had finished it. But she set to work to write out the story as far as she had read it.

> 'The book and they must part, but, day by day,
> In lines that thwart like portly spiders run,
> They wrote the tale from Tully Veolan.'

In the past history of the English nation fiction has played a conspicuous, and by no means ignoble, part. The old Romances not only upheld high ideals of qualities, the value of which infant civilization exaggerates, but also popularized gentle characteristics that ruder ages overlook. They had their affectations and absurdities. They were sometimes coarse, yet never impure,—animal, not prurient. On the whole they inspired enthusiasm for courage, honour, chastity, and courtesy. Their heroes were patterns of manly virtues, their heroines models of dignity and modesty. The lowest and most contemptible characters were not introduced into romance. The prisons and the stews were not ransacked for materials for medieval fiction. Can as much be said of modern novels? Or, to make no invidious comparison with contemporary fiction, was the good influence of the 18th-century novels at all comparable with that of medieval romance? The words that Garrick puts into the mouth of Polly Honeycombe in his Epilogue to Colman's farce epitomized the effect of novels on the youthful minds of our great-grandmothers. 'A novel,' cries Polly, 'is the only thing to teach a girl life, and the way of the world, and elegant fancies, and love to the end of the chapter.' On this hint Garrick speaks:

> 'Till these dear books infus'd their soft ingredients,
> Asham'd and fearful, I was all Obedience.
> Then my good Father did not storm in vain,
> I blush'd and cry'd—"I'll ne'er do so again";
> But now no bugbears can my spirit tame,
> I've conquer'd Fear, and almost conquer'd Shame;

So

So much these Dear Instructors change and win us,
Without their light we ne'er should know what's in us;
Here we at once supply our childish wants—
Novels are Hotbeds for your forward Plants.'

Consciously or unconsciously, our forefathers held that plain straightforward language purified immoral incidents of half their danger. Vice never moved through their pages with the mince and the simper of simulated virtue. Novels depend on the same breaches of the Decalogue. But modern purity demands that the laxity should be confined to the ideas, not communicated to the words. The darkest lights and shades must be filled in from the reader's own mind. Immorality is suggested to the fancy rather than exhibited to the eye. Here, again, the advantage does not rest with the novel. Excessive reading of romances had its dangers. It often created false ideals, which were broken in real life. Yet is the mind the worse for such conceptions? Would Jane Welsh have been able to appreciate the sterling gifts of Thomas Carlyle, if she had formed no ideal standard by which to test him? There is comedy as well as tragedy in her early letters. 'No lover will Jane Welsh ever find like St. Preux, no husband like Wolmar. O Lord! O Lord! Where is the St. Preux? Where is the Wolmar? Bess, I am in earnest. I shall never marry.' Ultimately Carlyle appears on the scene and is compared to St. Preux. 'He has *his* talents, *his* vast and cultivated mind, *his* independence of soul, and *his* high-souled principles of honour. But then—Ah, these buts! St. Preux never kicked the fire-irons, nor made puddings in his tea-cup.'

ART. VII.—1. *France as it is.* By André Lebon and Paul Pelet. London, 1888.

2. *Murray's Handbook for Travellers in France.* 17th Edition: Vol. I. 1886. Vol. II. 1890. London.

3. *Itinéraire Général de la France.* Par Paul Joanne. Franche-Comté et Jura, 1888. Bourgogne et Morvan, 1889. Le Nord, 1890. Gascogne et Languedoc, 1890. Paris.

4. *Géographies des Départements de la France.* Par Adolphe Joanne. Paris, 1890.

5. *North-Eastern France; South-Eastern France; South-Western France.* By Augustus J. C. Hare. Three volumes. London, 1890.

6. *Days near Paris.* By Augustus J. C. Hare. London, 1889.

7. *La France Provinciale.* Par René Millet. Paris, 1888.

8. *French and English: a Comparison.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. London, 1889.

9. *France and the Republic: a Record of things seen and learned in the French Provinces during the Centennial Year* 1889. By William Henry Hurlbert. London, 1890.

10. *The Roof of France; or the Causses of the Lozère.* By M. Betham-Edwards. London, 1889.

11. *Our Home in Aveyron, with Studies of Peasant Life and Customs in Aveyron and the Lot.* By G. Christopher Davies and Mrs. Broughall. Edinburgh, 1890.

IT is a noticeable fact that, in these days of easy and swift travelling, the countries which lie nearest to the British Islands are less well known to Englishmen than they were a couple of generations ago, in the era which preceded the development of railways in Europe. Even more recently than that period, a member of Parliament, who had spent the recess in studying American institutions at New York or Philadelphia was looked upon as a praiseworthy example of adventurous self-improvement. Nowadays, if a legislator rises in Committee on the Foreign Office vote to enlighten the House from his personal experiences of Portuguese aggression and German intrigue among the Equatorial lakes of Africa, his narrative is outdone by that of another, who has ascended the Karun River to checkmate the Muscovite in the heart of Persia, while a third will thrill the dwindling senate with wild stories of the seals in the Behring Sea, and of the midnight sun of Alaska. Nor is distant travel the exclusive privilege of our law-makers. The worthy mayor of a provincial borough is quite competent to lecture on a winter evening to the Athenæum of his native town

town upon his pilgrimage from Jaffa to Jerusalem, in the well-horsed landaus of Messrs. Cook, and thence to the Jordan Hotel at Jericho; but he must not trifle on the way with comparative descriptions of the tunnels of Mount Cenis and St. Gothard, as the passage of the Alps is familiar ground to the critical aldermen and burgesses of his audience.

In the meanwhile the countries at our doors are unknown to us. British tourists have vulgarised the Fair of Seville, and the American twang echoes through the halls of Grenada, yet no one in these days knows the Peninsula as did George Borrow, when he wrote the 'Bible in Spain,' though to reach Vigo and Lisbon then entailed a sea-voyage, longer and more perilous than is the transit of the Atlantic now. But nearer still to England there lies a fair land, every acre of which has at one time or another for well nigh a thousand years been associated with the history of Great Britain, and, save for some portions which are least characteristic of its nationality, it seems as if the acquaintance of travelled Britons with its soil had not been able to survive long the obliteration of the lilies of France from the escutcheon of George III. In writing thus we have not in mind the peregrinations of that accurate observer Arthur Young, the record of whose experiences in France on the eve of the Revolution have recently been reprinted. We were thinking rather of the journeys of less ambitious itinerants of the more recent generation, which commenced its continental travel when peace was proclaimed after Waterloo, and only changed its method of locomotion through France when railways commenced to traverse that country in the later days of the July Monarchy. In many an English country home there are collections of faded letters, signed with names, some of which have since become illustrious and nearly all of which have passed away, dated fifty years ago or more from Abbeville or from Beauvais, from Dijon or from Bourg-en-Bresse, recounting the incidents of the French highways, the humours of the villages, the costumes of the peasantry.

Such travellers as these, who in leisurely and costly fashion followed the conventional route, disregarded as a rule the advice which Arthur Young had given to his countrymen, that, if they would view the finest portions of the kingdom, they should land at Dieppe, follow the Seine to Paris, then taking the great road to Moulins, they should pass through Auvergne, and striking the Rhone at Viviers, should enter Italy by way of Aix. Nevertheless, the ordinary traveller, who was content to follow the beaten track without exploring the bye-ways recommended by the enterprising Suffolk squire, returned from his tour with considerable

siderable knowledge of the people of the land he traversed and of their way of life. Nowadays, though a thousand British people and Americans pass through France for every one who entered the country in the days before railways, the number of men and women speaking the English language, who are acquainted with provincial France, is probably less than those who have visited Zanzibar or Formosa. The Channel packets disembark myriads of passengers every year on the shores of Picardy and of Normandy; the most glittering quarters of Paris are cosmopolitan rather than French, and British rather than cosmopolitan; the accents of Bloomsbury and of Boston are heard on the Boulevards, and the habiliments of the Anglo-Saxon tourist are the cynosure of Parisian theatres; each winter brings its hordes of gamblers, triflers, and valetudinarians, to a strip of the Mediterranean littoral, which is France only in the sense that Corsica is, and at the same season pleasure-seekers of the same race ride to hounds across country in the Basses-Pyrénées. Statistics are annually published to display the proportions of these rushing idling crowds, and not one in twenty thousand of them knows as much about the land through which the express trains hurry them, as does a Western pork-packer of the ethnology of the Indians who once inhabited the regions on the track between his marts at Chicago and Omaha.

Quaint old towns a few leagues from the mainline, like Auxerre with its glowing cathedral, or Rodez with its triple terraced belfry, are secure from the incursions of scampering wayfarers; but it is strange that places not less attractive actually on the tourist trail should be neglected. Of the summer crowd which hastens on to Switzerland through Amiens and Bâle, rarely does one ever stop to climb the hill which is crowned by the lofty towers of Laon. Of the winter sun-seekers making for the Riviera, hardly ever one is found to rest for a day at Orange, beneath the colossal shade of the Roman theatre. At every season of the year is thronged the railway line to Bordeaux and the Spanish frontier, but the only passengers who alight at Angoulême are the ambassadors of commerce, who are not attracted thither by a taste for Romanesque architecture.

The books which we have before us include in their survey the whole area of France. The volume by Messrs. André Lebon and Paul Pelet, entitled 'France as it is,' is a remarkable work, not only on account of the amount of information it contains upon the administration, the politics, and the finances of the country, but also from the fact that it is a translation of a work which has never been printed in French. M. Lebon is Chef de Cabinet to the President of the Senate; but he is engaged in a work

work of higher importance than his official duty. He is one of the most instructive lecturers of the talented staff of the 'Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques,' where he has among his colleagues Messrs. Léon Say, Boutmy, Francis Charmes, De Foville and the two Leroy-Beaulieu. This admirable institution, which has its home in the Faubourg St. Germain, provides special courses of instruction for men who have completed their University education, and who wish to enter an official career in the diplomatic, the administrative, and the colonial services. We hope that before long M. Lebon will republish a series of the lucid and impartial discourses delivered in the Rue St. Guillaume, which are too terse and too full of matter to be lost in the note-books of students, however attentive; and the useful treatise before us, excellent as it is as an outline sketch of French institutions, does not represent a tithe of the author's knowledge of the elements which form the France of to-day.

It is the fashion of a certain class of travellers to sneer at the persons who make use of guide books. The adventurous voyager, who has spent a fortnight in Paris and a winter at Nice, despises his humbler compatriot who is not ashamed to confess the limits of his Continental experience. The modest tourist, who on a brief holiday is able to examine only a couple of French cities under the guidance of a good handbook, provided he does it thoroughly and intelligently, may flatter himself that he knows more about France than his scornful friend, who has jostled with the heterogeneous crowds on the *plage* at Dieppe, in the *pesage* at Longchamp and in the Casino at Monte Carlo. We would encourage all travellers to commence their explorations with the companionship of a good guide book, but we would counsel them, if they have time at their disposal, not to be content with the concise stores of information therein stored. No Englishman, unless he resides in France, can gain more than a superficial knowledge of provincial life; but most of our fellow-countrymen are in complete ignorance of even the surface of French existence. The key to knowledge of a most important portion of life in France is an acquaintance with the administrative system of the land, which touches the very foundations of French society. The first essential of a guide-book is that it shall be of portable size: the second, that it shall be easy of reference so that he who runs may read. Both of these qualities are admirably exemplified in Murray's Handbooks, and later imitations of these time-honoured travelling companions are a tribute to the excellence of their form. It is not possible, therefore, for such a work to be arranged according to departments or provinces; it must of necessity

necessity follow the railway lines of communication; but as a supplement to the abbreviated lore of the indispensable scarlet manuals we would recommend the use of the series of little volumes, which bear the name of the eminent geographer, Adolfe Joanne, who has fortunately given to the world copious results of his labours before his lamented death. These departmental geographies are published separately, and each contains a complete view of the department described. Its name is explained, its history is narrated, and its limits defined. Its physical characteristics are given with minuteness, the condition of its population is treated statistically, and a full account is afforded of the agriculture, industry, and products, of the department. The administrative divisions are tabulated in convenient form, and in a dictionary of the communes to the name of every town and village within its boundaries is added a brief mention of each object of interest to be found therein. The serviceable and inexpensive little books are made complete by illustrations of considerable merit, and by an accurate map of the department coloured according to its arrondissements.

With the aid of 'Murray's Handbook' and the 'Géographies-Joanne' a rapid traveller, whose baggage is as limited as his time, can make a survey of the country round about his halting places, which will be full of living interest and of memories of the past. If he has the leisure to settle down in a locality and thoroughly explore it, and is willing to burden himself with a library, he may study with advantage the larger volumes edited by M. Paul Joanne, which we have no hesitation in saying are the best guide-books in existence. They describe in accurate and exhaustive detail sections of France, such for instance as Franche-Comté and the Jura in the east, Gascogne and Languedoc in the south-west, or Bourgogne and the Morvan in the centre, and they, moreover, furnish a valuable bibliography for each department. It is to be feared that in these days of swift travel that there are few tourists who have the time or the inclination thus to make the intimate acquaintance of a corner of a foreign land; but those wise people, who avoid the resorts of hurrying crowds, can invariably find in the humblest French town a well-stocked bookshop, and not unfrequently a bookseller of intelligence, who can advise upon the merits of the monographs which are written in abundance upon every district in France.

For the benefit of those wayfarers in France who desire to make some acquaintance with the literature relating to the scene of their journeys without the agreeable labour of research, Mr. Augustus Hare has at last published three of his long-promised volumes

volumes on the French provinces. Mr. Hare's method is well-known: his manuals for Italy are in the hands of every traveller who crosses the Alps; and future travellers are to be congratulated on the fact that Provincial France, with its wealth of associations, has been treated with the erudition and good taste which he has applied to other regions. Mr. Hare's latest work has come into our hands too late for us to deal with it adequately. The three volumes which have just appeared are entitled respectively, 'North-Eastern France;' 'South-Eastern France;' and 'South-Western France.' The fourth volume, which will describe the North-Western districts, has been left for subsequent preparation, as Normandy and Brittany are comparatively well known to English holiday-makers, whereas nine-tenths of the area which the author has patiently and intelligently travelled through with pen and pencil are as unfamiliar to tourists as are the recesses of the Balkans or the basin of the Mackenzie River. In his first part Mr. Hare commences with a preface full of sagacious hints to travellers, and an introductory chapter which has interested us so much, that we regret that the book has appeared too recently to permit us to offer some criticism on certain of the propositions it contains. He then describes with much detail the towns and villages lying on and near the line from Calais to Paris, which with one or two exceptions are completely neglected by the crowds of passers-by: the Belgian frontier is reached by way of the great industrial centres of French Flanders: the German frontier is arrived at after delightful days in the valley of the Marne and days of sombre association near the battlefields of 1870. The volume describing South-Eastern France includes in its survey all the magnificent district between Paris and Lyon; the vineyards of Burgundy; the pastures of the Charollais; the woodlands of the Morvan and the highland Forests of the Jura. Thence we are taken to the romantic region of the Puy de Dôme; down the Rhone into sunny Provence; along the Mediterranean Littoral to the borders of Italy and through the grandeur of the mountain scenery of Savoy. The third part, devoted to the South-West, describes the sumptuous châteaux of the Loire, the shores of the Bay of Biscay, the central district of France, untrodden by strangers, which lies between Orleans and Toulouse, and the varying hill countries of the Cevennes and the Pyrenees. Mr. Hare naturally finds a greater number of historical and literary associations in and about the abodes of men, whether in populous places like Grenoble, nestling amid the Alps of Dauphiny, in villages like Loches and La Chaise Dieu, rich in medieval and Renaissance architecture,

architecture, or in the stately homes of the nobles of the old regime like Ussé and Azay le Rideau, but he has not neglected the natural beauties of the land, for the benefit of the seekers of the picturesque, whose taste can be sated with infinite variety in the rural departments of France.

Another volume by Mr. Hare which is before us, with its exquisitely finished sketches from the pencil of the author, entitled 'Days near Paris,' might seem not to come under the heading of Provincial France, but it is a curious fact that just beyond the boundaries of the department of the Seine, even that part of the country which is so near to Paris as to have suburban relations with the capital, has not much of the Parisian element in its characteristics. Versailles, for example, excepting on a fête day, or on one of the rare occasions when the National Assembly is convoked, is the respectable sleepy chef-lieu of the Seine-et-Oise, with a self-contained society and interests which have little relation with Paris, though at night the glow of the lights on the boulevards illuminates the eastern sky. The Ile-de-France, though it has always been dependent on the capital, preserves features of its own as marked as those of Touraine or of Burgundy. Mr. Hare conducts us, in his 'Days near Paris,' almost beyond the limits of Parisis, as the metropolitan province was called. In the best of good society, with Madame de Sévigné and with Saint-Simon, we tread the noble terraces of Chantilly; with Viollet-le-Duc we learn to recognize the beauties of the steeple-pinnacles at Senlis; and so to the woodlands of Compiègne, where we wander with our guide till suddenly, like a palace in a fairy tale, the towers of Pierrefonds rise from out the forest, guarding the borderland of the Soissonais wherein Picardy touches the fringes of the vine-country of Champagne.

The region, of which a vast expanse meets the eye from the turrets of the Château de Pierrefonds, is one of the most characteristic portions of France. It is not only within easy access of Paris, but all parts of it can be reached in a short half-day from London. Starting thence within an hour of noon, the traveller can dine before the day closes in old-world cities, the repose of which is rarely disturbed by the sight-seer or the tourist, in spite of the historic memorials they contain and of the beauty of the land. This region comprises the greater part of Picardy, including the departments of the Somme, the Oise and the Aisne, and so much of the ancient province of Champagne as is contained within the department of the Marne. The lovely forest of Compiègne is comparatively well-known, but just on its borders there lie a number of

picturesque

picturesque towns which are rarely visited by English people. There is Villers-Cotterets, standing in the midst of the woodlands which bear its name, with its once magnificent Renaissance chateau, now converted into a hospital. The revolution, which swept away many a castle hereabouts, left this one untouched, but it had already been ruined by the Duc d'Orléans, who in the reign of Louis XV. devoted twenty years and three millions of francs to its mutilation. About half-a-dozen leagues from this peaceful spot, where the elder Dumas first saw the light, stands a famous city whose name is sometimes met with in his romances. This is Soissons, which, centuries before Pepin le Bref was proclaimed king there, had commenced its stormy history. Resting beneath the shadow of its beautiful cathedral, which is an example of how a restoration may be effected without devastating the fabric, it is not easy for one to realize how often during the ages the quiet old town has been beset with fire and sword. Stories of its sieges by the Burgundians and the sacking of its churches by the Calvinists belong to the dim distance, but in the life-time of old inhabitants, who still sun themselves on Sunday afternoons at the *jeu de paume* by the banks of the Aisne, its tranquil streets were occupied by the ten thousand Russians in 1814, whom Marmont could not dislodge without the destruction of ancient monuments; and in our own day for three October nights was Soissons bombarded by the Prussians before its brave garrison surrendered on the fourth autumn morning. This constant encounter with scenes, wherein the history of this century has been violently made, is a feature of travel in Provincial France, which especially strikes an Englishman, the soil of whose country has for many a generation had no more thrilling legends connected with it than are written in its parochial records.

One of the volumes before us is the work of a versatile American journalist, and we hoped that it would contain a more complete account of this interesting region than has hitherto been published in English. Although we found from the contents-table of 'France and the Republic' that the title of the book was somewhat misleading, as the headings of its chapters showed that it only described six of the eighty-six departments, we nevertheless anticipated a valuable and thorough examination of the important districts taken under review. Mr. Hurlbert has, however, produced a volume of which more than one-half is a violent clerical polemic, so intemperate in its language, that had it been published anonymously we should have set it down as the work of an 'agent provocateur' employed by the

Republic to discredit the monarchical cause in France. The editor's room is in the United States a fruitful school for humorists, and American humour takes such quaint turns, that the thought has struck us that the political portions of this treatise, wherein the French Revolution is held up to reprobation as if it were an event of yesterday, may be a joke at the expense of the American nation, which by its Minister presented to France an ungainly image, a copy of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbour, which disfigures one of the loveliest vistas of the Seine, in honour of the share which the American revolutionists had in producing the events of 1789. Our suspicions were first aroused when we found it solemnly noted as of dire portent that President Grévy took office on the anniversary of the execution of Charles I., and when King Charles's head re-appeared further in the narrative it was difficult not to think of Mr. Dick and his immortal memorial.

The author of 'France and the Republic' hurls his epithet of atheist at every person who declines to sympathise with the extreme section of the clerical party in France. We have no means of knowing whether Mr. Hurlbert is a Catholic or not, but of one thing we are certain, that he is not a Catholic of long standing, or he would not, in describing high mass at a village in the Pas de Calais, draw attention to 'the pretty custom which prevails here as in Normandy, of handing about in the congregation, at a certain point in the service, a basket of bread.' The distribution of *pain bénit* at high celebrations is as ordinary an incident in French churches as is the clatter on the tiles of the hallebarde of the Suisse, and the sentence we have quoted reads as oddly to people accustomed to the rites of the Catholic Church as though a visitor to a church in Lancashire were to describe the handing about in the congregation of a bag or a plate for the collection of coins as a picturesque custom, prevailing also in Yorkshire. In either case one would be inclined to infer that the writer were parcus deorum cultor, or at all events unfamiliar with the religious rite of the country he was describing. We do not, however, propose to follow the author over controversial ground, but only to accompany him to certain scenes of interest in north-eastern France, which he has described with so vigorous a pen that we regret that he did not confine his observations to scenery and industrial questions, letting history and politics alone.

At Soissons the traveller is at the gates of the province of Champagne, and after an hour's journey hence the traveller sees rising in the plain the great mass of the Cathedral at Reims. There are few pleasanter drives in Eastern France, on a fine autumn

autumn morning at vintage time, than along the wooded way which crosses the Montagne de Reims around Ay and Epernay, and there is no more interesting study of provincial life than that afforded in the prosperous centres of the champagne trade and their surrounding vineyards. We will not, however, linger under the grand western portal of Notre Dame de Reims, nor in the Faubourg de la Folie at Epernay, where the great vine-growers have built for themselves a street of chateaux. Taking the left-hand road at Soissons we make for Laon, the capital of the Aisne. It is one of those places the magnificent situation of which strikes the traveller at once. Within a short radius there are cities containing cathedrals finer far than the church which crowns the hill of Laon. There is the incomplete colossal pile of Beauvais; there are the stones of Amiens, a sublime triumph of Gothic art; and there is the transept at Soissons, which we have just left, with beauties of its own unrivalled in France, and therefore in the world; but not one of them has the splendid site of the church at Laon, with its group of towers to whose base we climb by many a hundred steps up the face of the rock. There stands the little town built in tortuous streets around the cathedral precinct, an excellent specimen of the rural chef-lieu of a department. The city is placed on such a height that there is no need to climb the belfry for a view of the rich country that stretches round, a wide panorama of forest-clad hills and rolling vales, dotted here and there with towns, villages, and chateaux, but it is worth while to ascend the towers which rise from a noble façade resembling that of Notre Dame de Paris, for a glimpse of the gigantic effigies of the oxen, memorials to the labours of the patient animals which toiled up from the plain below with the stone for the building of the church.

From Laon it is a pleasant drive or walk to Coucy le Château, which Murray's 'Handbook' well describes as 'the beau-ideal in extent, arrangement, and picturesqueness of a feudal castle.' Within its walls exists a little town of a few hundred inhabitants, which is the chef-lieu of the surrounding canton. Nothing can be more impressive than the view from a distance of this noble ruin, planted on a lofty hill high above the woodlands and the pastures of the Laonnais. The inner ward consists of a square, flanked at each angle by a massive round tower, above which rises in the centre the majestic donjon. Nearly two and a-half centuries ago it was dismantled by the order of Mazarin; but his engineers, with all the contrivances they had at their disposal, only succeeded in wrecking the roofs. The stout walls still stand in all their strength as they

did in the days of the last Sire de Coucy, who came over to England in the reign of his kinsman Edward III. as hostage for King John of France. We must not loiter too long in this fascinating tract of country, but making our way through its romantic valleys, watered with little lakes, we pass the stately buildings of the great monastery of the Premonstratensians, now used as a hospital, and so over the high plateau of the forest of Coucy, to the great glass-works of St. Gobain, one of the most interesting industrial centres in France.

If all the chapters in Mr. Hurlbert's volume had been on a par with that which describes his visit to the ancient plate-glass factory, he would have produced a work of considerable value. An association of glass-workers was first founded here in 1665 by a member of one of the old guilds of craftsmen, 'un gentilhomme verrier,' by name Du Noyer, who was joined later by one De Nehou, who invented the process of the rolling of glass for mirrors, the secret of which established the prosperity of the factory, and finally drove the Venetian mirrors out of the markets of the world. The famous Galerie des Glaces at Versailles was fitted up by De Nehou at the order of Louis XIV., and in 1703 the founders of the enterprise associated themselves together as a joint-stock company. We have not space to trace the growing prosperity and fame of the factory up to the time of the Revolution: its vicissitudes at that period, and its re-constitution under the Consulate. In 1830 it was re-established as a 'société anonyme,' and the accounts of the old concern, extending over 128 years, were presented to and passed by the new company.

The whole economy of the establishment, as well as its surroundings, are so different from what we associate in England with factory life, that the following description from 'France and the Republic,' is worth quoting:—

'A drive of not less than an hour through a highly-cultivated rolling country, made attractive by well-grown trees and luxuriant hedgerows, brought me to the clean, bright, prosperous-looking town of St. Gobain. Its 2000 inhabitants owe their well-being in one form or another to the great company, and among the most comfortable as well as the most picturesque dwellings in the place are the houses built by the company and conceded on very favourable terms to the families of the men employed in the works. . . . A fine old church of the 13th century, with a tower of the 16th, and the noble trees which cover the slopes and shade the roadway of St. Gobain, are no more in keeping with the standard English and American type of a manufacturing town than is the park-like domain in the midst of which rise the main buildings of the great manufactory. . . . The Château of St. Gobain, in which the offices of the company have long

established, is a vast square edifice of the time and the ouis XIV. . . . Nothing can be finer in its way than the rama over which you gaze from the terrace in front of this tablishment; it has its pleasure-grounds and its park. e main building, besides the extensive suite of apartments o the director, is another handsome suite reserved for the tors, six in number, furnished with stately simplicity, and interior preserves the grand air of the 18th century. ew administrator first makes his appearance at St. Gobain, ved with music by day and an illumination at night. A s is celebrated in the chapel, and the whole place assumes ent the aspect of another age.'

ve made this long quotation because, although the ks of St. Gobain is a unique establishment, the pictu- s of the surroundings are characteristic of nearly ndustrial centres of France; or perhaps it would correct to say, that one of the most charming of the industrial centres of France is the absence inginess and squalor, which invariably accompany nd manufacturing commerce in England. The author ook before us notices this peculiarity again in the s of the neighbouring department of the Nord, where n fields under high cultivation everywhere encroach upon the town of Anzin. In another of our volumes view Décazeville is described, and those who fol- history of the great strike in the Aveyron will find to read of the rural beauty of the scenery amid which are situated, as the English conception of a colliers' is associated with the grimy atmosphere of a district e sun can rarely pierce the clouds of smoke to shine e treeless wastes. Décazeville is a noisome little its uncleanness beneath the brilliant blue in no way the black gloom of the mining villages near Bir- . In the same way the cotton-spinning district between nd Rouen, where the mills are hidden among the f the valleys, may be compared with the slate-coloured rhood of Manchester and of Stockport; and bright the seat of the great porcelain works, with the dirt ness of the Staffordshire Potteries.

bain provides nearly one quarter of the plate-glass of , and we should much like to describe at some length cts, as well as its co-operative institutions, its work- ellings and gardens, and its savings-bank and pension ut before leaving Northern France we wish to go the direction of the Belgian frontier for a glimpse of the

the coal-fields around the city of Valenciennes, which, dark and ill-built as it is, does not owe all its gloom to the vicinity of the mines. Here, in the Nord, we are in Flanders: the country is flat; the rivers are sluggish, and their banks uninteresting; but, as we have already seen, the aspect of the mining town of Anzin, at the gates of Valenciennes, is verdant and rural, though its climate and physical features are not superior to those of the industrial districts of England. The great mining company established there encourages the development of cottage life among its workpeople. Mr. Hurlbert says:—

'Each cottage is built in a field of two acres, and the rent varies from three francs and a half to six francs a month. For the lesser sum, or for forty-two francs a year, a workman at Anzin earning three francs a day, or in round numbers a thousand francs a year, may thus reserve a well-built house containing two good rooms on each of three floors, each standing in its own grounds. But this is not all. Whatever repairs are needed are made by the company, which further leases to its workmen, at very low rates, garden sites for cultivation as kitchen gardens. No fewer than 2500 families now have such holdings under cultivation. Every workman is allowed, furthermore, by the company, seven hectolitres of ordinary coal per month for his own use.'

We do not wish to give the impression that France is a workman's paradise. All who have followed the industrial movement on the Continent are aware of the disastrous strike at Anzin half-a-dozen years ago: all who have travelled in France during the last two decades have observed the increase of intemperance among the working classes; but in spite of conflicts between capital and labour, and in spite of the decadence of the national sobriety of the French, the working man is, we think, on the whole better off in France than in England. As a rule, the proportion between his income and his house-rent is larger, though it is needless to say that he rarely gets for his outlay the accommodation such as is provided by the company at Anzin, or by the great firm of Schneider at Le Creuzot, in the Saône-et-Loire: and the cases are comparatively rare of working-men devoting half their earnings to eating and drinking in which their wives and children do not participate.

The foregoing rapid glance at districts which lie between France and the Belgian frontier should afford some idea of the continual variety of life and of scene in Provincial France, even within quite a small radius of the country. We have before us two other volumes, describing existence and travel in sections of France rather more remote from the capital and further

further from England, but for all that quite easy of access. Miss Betham-Edwards, who probably knows the land better than any other Englishwoman, guides us on a southward journey, having for her destination the wild region of the Causses in the department of the Lozère. We will not follow her in a fruitless expedition which she made towards these high table-lands of the Cevennes, from the picturesque but comparatively well known Puy de Dôme. A later journey in the same direction, which she accomplished successfully, traced a more interesting route.

Auxerre, once the capital of the Auxerrois, in the dukedom of Burgundy and now the *chef-lieu* of the Yonne, is a picturesque starting-point. Lying as it does a few miles to the west of the main line to Lyon, tourists rarely visit the little city associated in the past with the fantastic tradition of Denys l'Auxerrois, and in the present day with the memory of Paul Bert, the apostle of secularism, whose fate it was having warred with clericalism in France to go out to die in Tonkin, where he was the official protector of the Church *in partibus infidelium*. Viewed from the spire of the Cathedral of St. Etienne, the landscape stretches to the border-land of the Morvan. This most romantic tract of Burgundy consists of a mass of high hills, covered with forests and watered with countless streams, down which is floated the timber, the cutting of which is the chief industry of the inhabitants. It may be approached, as we have reached it, from the north by Auxerre, or from the west by Nevers, the thriving old capital of the Nievre; from the south by Autun, whither we shall presently arrive; and from the east by Dijon, which alone of these interesting towns is familiar to travellers. A pleasant détour may be made from Auxerre to Avallon and Semur on the borders of the famous Côte d'Or. The great plain of Burgundy is bounded on the west by the steep ridge bearing the name which stretches for leagues, covered with vineyards and with many a prosperous village nestling at its base, nearly every one of which bears a name which is celebrated all over Europe, wherever the vintages of Burgundy are appreciated. This rich land flowing with wine is naturally the home of good cooking, and the unambitious traveller may do worse than spend his holiday in this smiling region, where he will be able to enjoy agreeable scenery and observe many phases of French rural life under circumstances of considerable comfort.

The beautifully situated little city of Autun in the Saône-et-Loire is probably only a name to most English people who recollect that a hundred years ago it had for its Bishop Charles Maurice de Talleyrand, who for the last time officiated in his episcopal capacity at the Federation in the Champ de

de Mars on July 14th, 1790, on the first anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. In these days its diocesan, Monsigneur Perraud, is a prelate of distinction who sits among the forty Immortals of the French Academy, but the manners and customs of the countryside roundabout the Roman walls of Autun are familiar to many English readers, who scarcely know its name, from the valuable studies of French life and character which Mr. Hamerton makes with his graphic pen in his home on the borders of the Morvan. We cannot stay to describe the beauties of this Celtic kingdom in the heart of France, from which till recent times it was isolated both by its position and by the language of the inhabitants; now, however, French is generally spoken as a second language, just as English is in remote districts of Wales, and the railways have penetrated the mountain passes.

From Autun to Lyons we hasten on without pausing on the way, though the journey from Châlon can be pleasantly accomplished by steamer down the Saône. Nor can we tarry at Lyon, though the great capital of the department of the Rhône is worthy of most careful study to all who take an interest in the fortunes of France. This stately city, seated on the junction of the Rhône and the Saône, with well-nigh half-a-million of inhabitants, has a grandeur of appearance which we look for in vain in either of the great commercial centres of Great Britain. The chief seat of the silk industry is the gate of the South of France. Its importance has gained for it an exceptional form of municipal government similar to that of Paris, and from every point of view it presents an interesting study, whether we remark its ancient monuments, the splendour of its local charities, the enterprise of its natives and their independence of the influence of the capital, the prosperity of its merchants, or the social questions which agitate its working population.

The authoress of the 'Roof of France,' on her way to the region to which she has given this name, sailed down the rapid Rhône, between vine-clad hills, past Vienne with its memories of Roman rule and Christian martyrdom, and so along the impetuous solitary stream, passing a score of towns and villages, with here and there a glimpse of the distant Alps, until Valence is reached. Here the scenery changes. The hills recede and peaceful farmsteads dot the river banks. The blue of the sky overhead grows deeper, the vegetation changes in hue, and everything proclaims that we are approaching the bright southern land of Provence. Here on a crag by the river side frowns the dark fortress of Rochemaure; there the mediæval ramparts of Viviers are as yellow in the sunlight as the rocks

far away in the distance stands the snow-tipped mass of Mont Ventoux; and so the summer afternoon wears away, till beyond the cypress groves and mulberries rise the watch-towers, the palaces and battlements of Avignon, the ancient city of the Popes.

The cities of Provence have often been described, beneath the merciless heat of their cloudless sky and the parching mistral; we are no longer in France of the French, but the country of the langue d'oc is full of interest. At Avignon lies buried John Stuart Mill, and it seems a strange irony that the last resting-place of the English philosopher should be in the old ecclesiastical city among the most expansive and the least exact people of Europe. Here sentimental pilgrims can go hence to Vaucluse and weep over the memories of Petrarch and Laura; literary students of more modern taste can visit Tarascon and see in the flesh the companions of the immortal Tartarin; but in order to penetrate to Les Causses we must hasten on to Nîmes past the Pont du Gard, spanning a solitary valley, the grandest of Roman aqueducts.

Nîmes is not only a characteristic Provençal city, but is likewise a French chef-lieu de département; and whenever we have gone thither to visit its amphitheatre and exquisite Maison Carrée, we have mentally compared the superiority which a French provincial capital has in picturesque arrangement over a town of corresponding position in England. Chester, for example, presents many points of analogy with Nîmes: both are ancient cities, containing fine Roman monuments; both are prosperous provincial capitals, the natural situation of which is advantageous; but the approach to Chester from the railway station has the gaunt ugliness of the outskirts of a manufacturing town, whereas when the traveller alights at Nîmes he finds himself at the entrance to a leafy avenue, which leads him to a shady esplanade, where from among the trees he first catches sight of the Roman masonry.

From Nîmes a branch railway goes to Le Vigan, in the same department of the Gard, and deposits the traveller far from the tourist track. This is the description of the hotel which the authoress of 'The Roof of France' found for her entertainment:—

'An ancient, picturesque, straggling house, brick-floored throughout, with spacious rooms, large alcoves, outer galleries and balconies facing the green hills, it is just the place to settle in for a summer holiday. On the low walls of the open corridor outside our rooms are pots of brilliant geraniums and roses; everywhere we see bright blossoms and verdure, whilst the low spurs of the Cevennes, here soft

soft green undulations, frame in the picture. The weather (which at Nîmes had been as hot as Cairo in May) is now that of an English summer, with alternating clouds and sunshine and a fresh breeze.'

The rural industry of this little place is the cultivation of the silkworm, a tradition handed down from the times when the Protestants of the Cevennes, deprived of civil and political rights, devoted themselves to industrial pursuits.

From Le Vigan the authoress proceeded to skirt the region of *Les Causses*, a name not familiar probably to many of our readers, and, though situated in the centre of France, a *terra incognita*, even to the French themselves, until about 1860, when it was first laid down in the French Ordnance Survey. It consists of a table-land of limestone (*chaux*) 3000 feet above the sea, situated chiefly within the wild department of La Lozère, part of the old province of Les Cevennes, intersected by most wonderful gorges, resembling the Cañons of the Colorado in North America, only on a smaller scale. Through these gorges the river Tarn and its tributaries find their way. The Cañon of the Tarn alone is 36 miles long, and is flanked on either side by sheer precipices 1500 to 2000 feet high, leaving barely space for the water to flow between them, opening only now and then over a sunny bank, allowing room for a picturesque village embowered in peach-trees, mulberries, and walnuts. The scenery is magnificent throughout, and is accessible to travellers in punts, skilfully managed by local fishermen, who pole them over reefs and rapids, with one or two portages, where rocks fill up the bed. We prophesy that in a year or two Les Causses* will become one of the most popular resorts for English tourists. For it is interesting, not merely for the grandeur of its scenery, but equally for its geology and its historical associations. The district of Les Causses was the theatre of the resistance of the Protestants of the Cevennes against the persecutions of the Jesuits under Louis XIV. It was, in fact, their citadel, and in its fastnesses they long bid defiance to their enemies. Assembled in these rugged defiles, in whose caverns and crannies they stored provisions, arms, and ammunition, they sallied down upon the disciplined troops of Villars and other generals, routed them, and instantly dispersed out of reach of pursuit.

To the geologist, however, most of all, will the Cañons of the Lozère furnish subjects of study, and the facts there developed will, if we mistake not, lead to a modification of the assertion

* They are fully described in the seventeenth edition (1890) of Murray's 'Handbook to France,' Part II.

that

that river-channels and rock gorges, through which rivers flow, are cut by the erosive power of the rivers themselves. Professor A. Geikie and others of his school have pronounced dogmatically, and without all doubt, that the American Cañons were made by the sawing-power of running water, and owe their existence to it. Now the Cañons of Colorado run through a limestone plateau hardly differing in age and formation from that of Les Causses. Its peculiar characteristic is, that in consequence of the porous nature of the rock, and the number of fissures pervading it, not a drop of rain can rest upon its surface, but sinks down to the level of the river in a subterranean course, until meeting with a waterproof stratum, it is arrested in its descent and emerges from holes at the foot of the precipices which wall the Cañon in a series of gushing natural fountains. The consequence is the upper surface of the table-land is perfectly dry and barren. It does not possess a stagnant pool, much less a running stream, because no *water can run* over it. How, then, is it possible that the Cañons either of France or America *can have been cut by running* water?

Having travelled so far with the authoress of the 'Roof of France,' we must leave her in her solitudes while we proceed to the neighbouring department of the Aveyron. The authors of the volume which describe their pleasant home in that corner of France are, it appears, the wife of an English engineer connected with the mines of Décazeville, and her brother, who is responsible for most of the contents of the book. We do not understand why they omit the article from the name of the department they inhabit, entitling their book 'Our Home in Aveyron,' especially as in its second title they correctly call the neighbouring department 'the Lot.' Their own village, St. Martin, is a little cluster of dwellings upon the banks of the Lot, so small that it is not marked in the excellent map of Gascogne and Languedoc which accompanies the volume describing those provinces in the valuable series of the 'Guides-Joanne.' Making allowance for certain insular prejudices, we consider that the writers have drawn a truthful and interesting picture of a rarely visited district of Provincial France. We wish we could follow them in the little tours which they made round about their secluded home. The climate in the Aveyron all the year round is lovely; but in the summer time thunderstorms of tropical violence sweep over the hills, and during one of these tempests we read how 'the church bells of Bouillac were set ringing to drive off the storm fiends; St. Martin's rang as loudly, and in the appalling silence between the thunder and echoes, the bells of Carnac away among the hills were

were faintly heard.' These summer storms swell the river, down which pleasant cruises can be made through locks of primitive mechanism, beneath overhanging cliffs, and past villages clinging to the crags picturesque at a distance, but somewhat unclean on close observation, till Cahors, the capital of the Lot, is reached, which Thomas à Becket governed during the English occupation eight centuries ago, and where Gambetta commenced his brief career forty-four years before his premature death.

Décazeville was only six miles from the Home in the Aveyron, but throughout the volume we only hear an occasional echo of the great strike, the story of which is graphically and terribly told in Zola's 'Germinal.' The authors were there during all the disturbances, including the murder of one of the Belgian managers, and his mutilation at the hands of the women. Every one connected with the direction of the mines had perforce to carry a revolver constantly; but the miners had methods of expressing their views against which such an arm was powerless, as, for example, when they dropped a dynamite cartridge down the chimney of a foreman's house, completely wrecking it. In the midst of all these troubles our authors seem to have gone their own quiet way, only noticing the pleasanter sides of life, the village fêtes, the religious processions, the weddings and the dances. After a great industrial uprising in England, and the consequent misery caused by it, a certain amount of emigration follows as a matter of course; but in France the peasants love their land, and undergo any hardship rather than leave it. In the Aveyron there seems to be such an attachment to the soil that our authors assure us that 'the daughters of peasant proprietors prefer to work hard, nay almost to starve at home, than to go away to service.' Before leaving the department we should have liked to have described its capital, Rodez, with its great cathedral, from the summit of whose tower the view is only bounded by the highest peaks of the mountains of Auvergne, but we must turn to some general considerations on Provincial France.

'En France c'est la profession et non la naissance qui met le plus de différence entre les hommes.' These words are taken from the opening chapter of 'La France Provinciale,' by M. René Millet, an official of experience, who is now French Minister at the Court of Sweden and Norway, having formerly filled the office of Prefect, thus being an example of the career open to a man who enters the administrative service in France. His book is a valuable contribution to the literature which describes the life of France away from the capital, and the sentence quoted is a key to the understanding of some of the paradoxes

paradoxes which strike a stranger who is trying to gain a knowledge of the national character of the French. It is a matter of wonder to many who have, as outsiders, paid some attention to the composition of society in France, how it happens in a country which displays remarkable variety in its physical features, and in its racial peculiarities, that Paris should absorb the different elements of the population which migrates to the capital, and should produce the distinctive type known as Parisian. The Parisian is a creature unknown in any other city of any other nation. He loves the continual panorama of the streets; the monuments are his household gods; and, whatever his origin, he experiences when removed from his beloved boulevards a *mal du pays*, which even is stronger than the patriotism of patriotic France. A wayfaring alien, who passes from province to province, hearing the *patois* of the peasants, and remarking the local architecture and the differences of landscape and of sky, arrives at the conclusion, if he lives not among the people and becomes not familiar with their way of thought, that the Breton has nothing in common with the Gascon, excepting allegiance to the central government; that the stolid Auvergnat shares none of the sentiments of the expansive Provençal. As a matter of fact, the farmer of the corn lands of the Beauce, the great plain which stretches around the city of Chartres, has more points of sympathy with the agriculturist of Normandy than has the latter with the working man of Rouen. The fisherman of Brest could not make himself understood by the half-savage shepherd of the Causses, if, for example, they were drafted to the same regiment; and the peasant who speaks the correct French language of the valleys of Touraine could comprehend the speech of neither of them; but all three have at heart a sentiment of love of country and devotion to France, which cannot be understood in the British Isles. Our patriotism is of a different type. It has a supreme belief in the power and destiny of that combination of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races which forms our nation, and which is making the English tongue the universal language of the world; but it contains only a minute element of love of national soil, which is the most remarkable feature of the French people, from the Ardennes to the Pyrenees, and from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean.

Mr. Hamerton, in his admirable chapter entitled 'Variety in France' in 'French and English,' might to a superficial reader seem to controvert the proposition laid down by M. Millet, as, for example, when he writes that 'it would be difficult to imagine two modern nations more different from each other,

other, both in country and people, than are Brittany and Provence . . . it is like comparing Wales with Italy, and the Welsh with the Italians.' It should, however, be noticed that the author of 'La France Provinciale' merely says that in France greater differences in a man's characteristics are produced by the nature of his calling than even by the locality of his birth. Two acute observers, like the accomplished Englishman, who has made his residence in France, and the travelled Frenchman who has produced a masterly monograph on the provincial life of his native land, are not likely to arrive at entirely opposite conclusions on a point of this importance, and in more than one passage Mr. Hamerton practically corroborates M. Millet's view. The author of 'French and English' in an interesting description of the Morvan, on the border-land of which, as we have already mentioned, he resides, says:—

'The variety that exists in great nations is still more striking when we observe the trenchant differences that often divide populations which geographically are near neighbours. . . . Now if you compare the people of the Morvan with those of the plain of Burgundy and the Saône, which is quite near, you find the most striking differences. First there is a difference of race and of physical constitution. . . . Besides this there is a great disparity in material civilization. The French are reputed to be a cooking race, but the Morvan people scarcely understand cooking better than the Scottish Highlanders. . . . Near the Saône the people are a gardening as well as a cooking race; the Morvan people are not gardeners: a rich man may have a garden as a matter of luxury, but the peasants do not cultivate vegetables or fruit-trees. Lastly in the Morvan there are no fine arts. There may be occasional artistic genius, but such gifts find no natural development in the district. The Burgundy wine country, on the other hand, has always been favourable to art of all kinds, and to learning. Architecture, sculpture, painting and music, have flourished at Dijon in an association, perhaps not altogether accidental, with good cookery, and the richest of all French vintages.'

Here then we have an example of populations born within a comparatively small local radius differing from one another in important respects, while it would be found that some of them present considerable resemblance in their way of life to the inhabitants of distant districts who pursue similar avocations. For instance, the dwellers among the vineyards of the Côte d'Or, though they have no points of sympathy with their wood-cutting neighbours of the Morvan, have in their manners and way of life a certain likeness to the inhabitants of the wine country of the Gironde. Zola in the conception of the

the novel 'Germinal,' which we have already referred to, exemplifies the truth of this proposition perhaps unintentionally. The story, as we have mentioned, is with all its exaggerations founded on the incidents of the miners' strike at Décazeville, but the author transfers the scene to the coal-fields near the Belgian frontier. In outward characteristics there is the most marked difference between the expansive Gascon of the Aveyron and the sluggish Fleming of the Nord, neither of whom could comprehend the speech of the other, yet the author is able to give a detailed picture of the life of a collier of Southern France though transporting him to the remote and dissimilar region of Flanders.

It is rarely given to an Englishman to study at close quarters the inner life of provincial France. Existence in a luxurious chateau, owned by a wealthy Parisian hospitable to foreigners, who lives on terms of intimacy with ambassadors in the capital, and who, in the country, surrounds himself with a colony of British grooms to administer his sumptuous stables, gives no more idea of French life than does the interior of a millionaire's mansion on Fifth Avenue, with its costly imitations of the luxury of London and of Paris, represent the domestic life of the bulk of the American nation. A glimpse of the real life of the true aristocracy of France is given to few strangers who are not connected with French families by ties of marriage. It must not be supposed that the French noble who lives aloof from the Anglicized forms of gaiety in Paris is always a person of slender resources, whose exclusive pride comes from his poverty. On the contrary, there are rich agriculturists of unimpeachable lineage, whose chateaux have descended from father to son in direct succession for centuries, having escaped the storm of the revolution, who lead an existence which, according to British ideas of the life of a country gentleman, is not far removed from that of the peasant. Around such a dwelling are to be seen no stretches of English greensward: the stables, which at certain luxurious establishments are fitted with appointments which would seem more appropriate to a boudoir, are here not to be distinguished from the cattle-sheds. The entrance-hall is gaunt and cold; and not less chilling are the vast apartments which surround it. No carpet covers the floor, and the easily-cleansed stone pavement is preferred to the polished *parquet* which glistens in most French homes.

The most favourable examples of French homes are perhaps the chateaux of that numerous section of the noblesse which declines to enter into competition with the ostentatious luxury of the Parisian plutocracy, but at the same time does not scorn the

the civilizing influences of the capital. A stranger, who has the privilege of being admitted into the intimacy of country-houses such as these, cannot fail to be impressed with the refined simplicity and simple ease of French home life. In the remoter departments of France, where English fashions are not obsequiously copied, entertaining has happily not yet become the business which it now is in our own country, but the admirable comfort of a well-ordered French chateau, the excellent cuisine usually found there, and, above all, the great charm of manner with which the warmest welcome is accorded to a guest, give to a stranger a most pleasing impression of one of the happiest sides of the character of a nation as hospitable as it is highly civilized.

Life in the country towns presents considerable variety, though to the stranger who descends at the 'Hure,' or the 'Haute Mère Dieu,' its outward aspect may present a picture of monotony. The life of the place revolves round the prefecture, if it be the chef-lieu of a department. There is rarely found the indescribable air of an old provincial capital which is met with in certain cities of England or of Holland, Nancy, once the sumptuous seat of government of the Duchy of Lorraine, being the conspicuous exception. The reason for this is, that during the Grand Siècle, the tendency of the noblesse was to repair to the Court; and the magnificent hotels, which are still to be seen on the left bank of the Seine, are a legacy to Paris of the desertion of the country by the great proprietors in the generations preceding the Revolution. There is, however, a provincial aristocracy which inhabits the country towns, and which follows a much more exclusive régime than do Parisians of the highest rank. It is indeed much more easy for the daughters of the rich *bourgeoisie*, and even of foreigners, to assume the tone of what is called the best society in the capital, than for young girls of the provincial aristocracy. The reason for this is, that in the first place the people of each provincial centre have their own distinguishing characteristics and prejudices. Society in Poitiers or Nantes does not hold the views which are entertained in Lille or in Montpellier. In the second place, in most provincial cities everybody stands upon his dignity, declining all association with his neighbour of not precisely his social standing or not exhibiting an equal number of quarterings. The consequence is that provincials of good family never lay aside their self-consciousness, and are never able to associate at ease with any other section of society beyond the narrow circle in which they have been brought up.

The

The prefect frequently is installed in the old palace of the intendants under the ancient regime; but the spacious edifice has rarely an air of real comfort. The round of promotion in the administrative career is constantly progressing, and the occupant of the post is like a solitary guest in a vast hostelry, who is only waiting for a summons to pack his chattels and be gone. The hôtel-de-ville, which is sometimes lodged in a deserted monastery, has more intimate relation with the life of the town, and consequently has a less dreary air, but there is often attached to the municipal buildings an annexe of indescribable gloom. This is the museum, with its vestibule adorned with mouldering casts of examples of statuary in the Louvre, its galleries hung with indifferent copies of masterpieces and with local portraits of forgotten local celebrities. The mayor of the capital of a department has one drawback to the perfect enjoyment of his exalted position. He is not the first citizen of his own kingdom. He has on every official occasion to give way to the itinerant functionary for the moment inhabiting the prefecture, who is here to-day and gone to-morrow, when he will be succeeded by another stranger, who will have the right to the same arrogance of place. Nothing so pathetic is ever recorded in the annals of an English shire of the rare encounters between the high-sheriff and the lord-lieutenant.

To examine the life of Provincial France, it is necessary to explore the smaller centres of population, where the communal system is the centre of public existence. The mayor of the commune is frequently a type worthy of study. He is often pompous and full of the dignity of his office, unwilling to yield to the curé in matters of precedence, with a weakness for ceremonial, when he can march at the head of a procession girt with his tricoloured scarf; but for all his little vanity he is frequently a good simple creature, who in the narrow horizon of the commune acts the part of arbiter in local discussions and conciliator in domestic broils. The mayors are drawn from all classes of the people. M. Millet gives an interesting analysis of the origin and characteristics of the seventy-five mayors of an arrondissement in a department with which he is well acquainted. Ten of them have accepted office, he says, for motives of personal interest, for example for the opportunities afforded them of developing their business relations: these are all wholesale merchants or farmers on a large scale. Nine of them, who are gentlemen and landed proprietors, have become mayors according to family tradition. Fifteen have sought office because of their love of power and desire to have a voice in directing

directing public affairs: eleven of these are hotel-keepers or farmers, and four of them gentlemen. Seven have sought office for political purposes, of whom three are doctors, two great landed proprietors and two lawyers; and only two can be discovered who have unwillingly taken the post from a sense of public duty, both of whom belong to the upper class. All of these, forty-three in number, he sets down as intelligent, capable and active officials. Twenty-three he classes as mediocrities. Eight of these have sought election simply out of vanity, while fourteen, who are nearly all farmers, are colourless individuals, who have accidentally drifted into office, and nine only he sets down as bad mayors, who are for the most part educated men, doctors of no reputation, schoolmasters who have been dismissed, and so on. In the volume we have reviewed describing the Aveyron, there is an entertaining account of a dinner given in honour of English guests by a rich peasant, at which the Mayors of Bouillac and of Cuzac assisted, neither of whom could speak a word of French, the dialect of Languedoc being their only language.

We have already referred to the admirable work entitled 'French and English,' which Mr. Hamerton has recently added to his previous studies of life in the country of his adoption. To say that the author knows Provincial France better than any living English writer, would not be a high testimony to his power of observation, which he has cultivated during many years of residence in the country; but in the opinion of competent French authorities he has a more thorough acquaintance with the land than the great majority of its natives. His book affords such pleasantly easy reading that it might give the impression that it is a slight work, constructed with trifling facility; but those who rise from its perusal with this impression we would recommend to examine carefully the portions of the chapters which refer to English institutions. The work appeared originally in an American periodical, and it contains, therefore, descriptions of English life and customs in greater detail than would be necessary if it had been prepared solely for his countrymen. This fulness of description, however, furnishes greater opportunity for error; but it will, we think, be found that his review of the leading features of life in England are singularly free from misapprehension; and, for the benefit of those who have no acquaintance with France, we can vouch that, within the limits of our French experience, his analysis of the customs, national qualities, and way of life in France is as accurate as his observations on the corresponding English characteristics.

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The pleasantness of life in France, and the low depth to which a high civilization has permeated in French society, is well set forth in these pages. The greater expansion of comfort among all classes is a feature which strikes an Englishman who mingles at all with the people of France. As Mr. Hamerton happily puts it, 'the Frenchman's object is to make life a succession of little pleasures.' Our own impression is, that in the highest, or at all events in the wealthiest ranks of French society, civilization is at a lower level than in England. France no longer sets the fashion to the rest of the world. On the contrary, the richer classes—le monde où l'on s'amuse—looks to England to set them the mode in everything pertaining to their daily life. All forms of English sport are practised in France with more or less success, and English sporting terminology has become a recognized portion of the French language. The costumes of men, not only of the fashionable type, but of members of the professions and of the *bourgeoisie*, are copied from England; and these are not the only instances of the imitative stage into which the upper ranks of French society have fallen. A society which imitates cannot be considered as being at the loftiest level of civilization. Now, when we turn to the humbler walks of life, we find in the lower middle class, and among the peasantry, a much higher civilization existing than in the corresponding ranks in England. The authors of 'Our Home in Aveyron' observe with amazement, not unaccompanied by admiration, that a collier dines in the evening after his day's work as if he were a banker or professional man, and concludes his meal with a cup of coffee and a cigarette as if he were an epicure dining at his club. The authoress of 'The Roof of France,' gives an excellent description of the peasants who accompanied her on her voyage down the rapids of the Tarn—at one stage a miller and municipal councillor with the manners of a man of the world, and at another stage a couple of young countrymen, whose frank dignity and intelligence were equally striking. In corners of the provinces of France, isolated from great social centres and influences of the outer world, the grand but simple manners of past generations are likelier to survive; but there is no similar survival in provincial England; and, whether in a remote Dorsetshire village, or in a Lancashire factory town, there is no trace to be found of an ancient civilization. Of course there is another side to the picture. Zola's dark sketches of peasant life in La Terre are, doubtless, portraits, but portraits drawn by a hand which had decided on the unequal proportions of light and shade in his picture before it commenced to execute

the work. Our impression is that the average French peasant is a much higher type of the human animal than the English labourer: on the one hand, in France we meet with actual savage varieties in some of the provinces, as, for example, the wild shepherds clad in sheepskins, whom we noticed among the Causses, or the half-Iberian mountaineers of the Pyrenees, which have no counterpart in England; but, on the other hand, there is rarely seen in France the sodden, unintelligent examples of humanity which are sometimes found in our agricultural villages.

The vigour of the peasant class is making itself felt in the national life of France, and is already beginning to push aside the less aggressive *bourgeois* in careers which the middle-class has considered its own since the period when the aristocracy and its wealthy imitators committed the folly of withdrawing from all the professions except that of the army. A young farm labourer, for example, makes his mark at a primary school. He obtains a bourse at a *lycée* where his assiduity and lack of urban veneer excite the scorn of his *bourgeois* class-mates. To this he is indifferent; his want of knowledge of the joys of towns gives him more uninterrupted time for application to his studies. He loses not a moment, and passes from the lycée into a government school, whence he comes forth invested with a sword or a diploma. Here, with his career commenced, he is a formidable competitor for his colleagues of more favoured birth. He applies to his labours, for which he has an insatiable appetite, all the vigorous freshness of a temperament untouched by the influences which has produced in towns a nervous, irritable, sceptical generation. There is, of course, another side to this picture, and the ease with which the wearers of the blue blouse, whether peasant or mechanic, are enabled to assume the broadcloth of the *bourgeoisie* is beginning to be regarded as a national danger by observers who are neither reactionary nor alarmist. The increasing number of the youth of France, who have acquired just enough education to make them despise manual labour, without the necessary complement of commanding ability or industrious determination, is not a source of strength to the nation.

Vigour and health are the chief impressions which a sojourn in the French provinces leaves upon the observer, both in the people and in the soil. As one travels through France what variety of landscape meets the eye day after day and week after week, though strangers who make a rapid transit through the country often complain of the monotony of the scene. The vast horizons of the plains unbroken by acclivity or hedge-row;

row; the waving fields of corn which stretch to such boundless distance that they remind one of the forests of Canada when golden in the autumn; the hillsides covered with vineyards; the royal forests pierced with paths affording endless vistas of verdure; the orchards laden with fruit; the rugged slopes of the mountains where the unpromising soil is subdued to fertility by indefatigable labour. Then there are the larger villages clustered round the tower of an ancient church, with irregular ill-paved streets impregnated with a rustic odour; the little towns, half asleep beneath the shadow of historic walls, which revive memories of the romantic age of France; Chinon, Blois, and Fontainebleau, once the residence of kings; Vendôme, Loches, Gisors, and Amboise, ancient capitals, and once strong places which sustained warlike seiges, whereon depended the destinies of France. At this place the heroic maid of Orleans halted on her patriotic progress through the land; a few leagues hence the associations of the grey towers, now grim with age, are with the gentler tradition of Agnes Sorel or of Diane de Poitiers. Again there is the varying aspect of the different classes of the people; the laborious, sturdy peasant, frugally self-denying in order that he may own a scrap of the earth's surface; the more active and nervous mechanic; the industrious trader. Each class and calling has, to some extent, retained its distinctive garb with the conservatism which is the foundation of the French national character; each province displays its peculiarities of race and of language. Party feeling often runs high in secluded regions: here, the Church is all powerful; there, is found a Protestant remnant—descendants of the combatants in religious wars; on one side of a river men's hopes run high that a monarch will one day rule over France again; beyond the stream survives some of the spirit which sacked the chateaux and the convents a hundred years ago. Yet, amid all this variety of race and of occupation, of sentiment and of class, there are two characteristics which throughout France are universal—every one works, and every one is imbued with an intense love of country. The industry and the patriotism of France more than counterbalance all her national defects, and, in spite of her misfortunes, guard her in the front rank of nations.

There are many features in the life of provincial France which, with deep regret, we refrain from touching upon, some of which are suggested by the volumes before us. We should have liked to enter at some length on the subject of peasant proprietary, and of the French farming system generally, a topic which is often referred to in England, and usually

usually with considerable misapprehension. Many English writers upon French economics seem to imagine that the whole agricultural area in France is cut up into small portions, whereas large landowners are found in almost every department. In the Nièvre, for instance, although the greater number of proprietors are small owners, the greater portion of the district is in the hands of large proprietors. This is an example of the extreme difficulty of making any general statements which are correct regarding France, apart from her administrative institutions. The metayage system, too, is deserving of careful examination, and it will be surprising to many English readers to know that there are parts of rural France, which they may pass through by railway half a day's journey from Paris, where the corvée is still in operation. We should have liked also to consider the position of the clergy in the provinces. Although the Church has unhappily lost a large proportion of the intellectual and vigorous manhood of France, yet the vast majority of the nation continues to enter upon life baptized in the ancient faith, and to pass from it at its close fortified by the sacraments. Perhaps, on a future occasion, we may be permitted to review the present condition and the future prospects of the Catholic Church in France, but in the meanwhile we would say that the truth of the matter is to be found neither in the heated polemics of pamphleteers, who hold a brief for the extreme clerical faction which longs for the day when the civil power shall make absolute submission to the Church, nor in the repressive policy of the secular party which, not content with curbing the pretensions of arrogant ecclesiastics, would do away with the religious faith of the mothers of France after having first outraged it.

Every writer, empirical or experienced, who describes French life, has a remedy to offer, sometimes indeed for ills which do not exist. Our excellent but insular Britons, who have pleasantly described their home in the Aveyron, seem to think that there must be something radically wrong in a country where man can go forth to work in the morning without having exercised his carnivorous appetite at an early breakfast. The American democratic editor professes that all would be well with France if the detestable institution called a republic could give place to a monarchy of ultramontane tendencies; while the accomplished English maiden-lady, who describes the 'Roof of France,' joins direct issue with him, gallantly and gaily proposing that for the salvation of France the clergy should renounce their celibacy. France is as likely to accept one of these prescriptions as the other. What she really requires has been

been discovered by the author of 'Round my House,' who in his recent work sagaciously observes that the chief desire at present in France is rest; that there is a weariness of change after the most disturbed century of national existence, and that the single wish of the people is to pursue their avocations in peace. It sounds like a paradox, but is none the less true, that the chief barrier to a monarchical restoration in France is the growing conservatism which has always, amid all ebullitions of excited feeling, been inherent in the French character. The people know that a change in the form of government could only be brought about by a revolution or as the result of a war, and they shrink from the contemplation of either eventuality, preferring to accept the present condition of things though it rouses no enthusiasm. It must always be remembered that the French, though a nation of soldiers, are far from being a bellicose people, and the fact, that universal conscription makes liable for warlike service every husband, son, and brother, in the land is a guarantee against rash enterprise. Although, on the one hand, the genuine royalist sentiment is almost extinct, the republican sentiment, on the other hand, has become cool. The younger generation is republican in the sense of disbelieving in the possibility of a monarchical restoration, but the ardent republicanism of the old doctrinaires is almost as dead as the advocacy of the divine right of kings. In the present state of Europe it is impossible to make a forecast of even a few years ahead; but it seems likely that the present form of government will continue in France, until disturbed by a European commotion which shall gravely affect the French nation.

We feel that our observations upon Provincial France are imperfect and cursory, but we shall be content in the thought that perhaps they may be the means of attracting some of our countrymen in their days of leisure to a personal study of a great people who, though our nearest neighbours, know us as imperfectly as we know them. To study a tract of France, to become acquainted with its natural features, the way of life of its people, and its historical associations, is a holiday occupation as easy of accomplishment as it is interesting; but if life be too short for a space of it to be devoted to a minute examination of a portion of this sunny land, then we would counsel travellers to take some simple series of historical events as a guide for their more extended journeyings. For example, no better general idea of Provincial France could be obtained in a brief tour than by visiting all the chief places associated with the brief story of Joan of Arc. The towns and villages must of course

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be taken in geographical order, and not in the chronological sequence of the rapid events in the crowded life of La Pucelle. The traveller may, however, start at her birthplace at Domremy almost beneath the shadow of the Vosges. Thence making his way westward he would halt at Reims where the Maid brought Charles VII. to be crowned, at Compiègne where she was imprisoned, at Rouen where she laid down her life; then turning to the south he would come to Orleans, the city which delivered by her had the honour of giving to her its name, passing on his way Patay, where Joan took prisoner the invincible Talbot, defeating the English on an 18th of June, four centuries before Waterloo; thence to Chinon, where rise the crumbling walls of the vast castle whither came the Maid to seek the crownless King, and so to Poitiers. Here the journey may well end, for if the chief cities on the road between Lorraine and Poitou have been visited, if their monuments have been examined and their traditions noted, the traveller will take home with him a living knowledge of the history of France, and a vivid reminiscence of the scenes in which it has been made, such as years of literary study might not afford, and moreover will gain an insight into the life of the people which will help to a better understanding of the problems which have to be solved by France of to-day.

Whether Paris be the heart of France, or the head of France, has never been decided to the satisfaction of disputants who do battle about words; but, in the meanwhile, it is true that the soul and body of France, which suffers for the errors of its rulers and afterwards compensates for them with wealth, and enterprise, and bravery, to the admiration of the world, are found remote from the capital in the workshops and the homes of provincial towns, and among the vineyards and the cornfields of the pleasant land.

ART. VIII.—1. *Biologia Centrali-Americana. Aves*, Vol. I., by Osbert Salvin, M.A., F.R.S., and Frederick Ducane Godman, F.R.S. London, 1875–1887.

2. *The Geographical Distribution of the Family Charadriidæ; or, the Plovers, Sandpipers, Snipes, and their Allies.* By Henry Seebohm, F.L.S. London, 1888.

3. *A History of British Birds.* Three Vols. By Henry Seebohm, F.L.S. London, 1883.

4. *Classification of Birds.* By Henry Seebohm, F.L.S. London, 1890.

5. *The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma. Birds*, Vol. I., by Eugene W. Oates. London, 1889.

6. *A Monograph of the Alcedinidæ, or Family of Kingfishers.* By R. B. Sharpe, F.L.S. 1868–1871.

7. *Catalogue of the Birds in the British Museum.* Vols. I., II., III., IV., VI., VII., X., XII., and XIII. By R. B. Sharpe, F.L.S. 1874–1890.

NO other branch of Natural History approaches, in popularity, that one which is devoted to the study of birds. Many reasons concur to give this well-recognized pre-eminence to Ornithology. Every natural object doubtless possesses a certain beauty in the eyes of those who have made it a special and prolonged object of study. But the beauty of a bird is readily to be perceived by most persons, even though they may be devoid of any scientific training. Birds appeal in various ways to our senses and emotions as well as to our intellect, and lend attraction to what is quite external to and independent of them. Who does not feel the charm bestowed upon a landscape by the distant view of birds in graceful flight, and by the rapid movements of others in the foreground? How often, whilst strolling through our English woods, when the year has just began to wane, do we not miss, and regret, the tuneful and cheering melodies of spring! Few indeed are those persons who do not enjoy the song of the thrush and the mellifluous note of the wood wren, as well as the exceptionally full sweetness of the nightingale!

The Zoologist who cares for beasts and reptiles, has generally but rare and brief intervals wherein he may observe the subjects of his predilection as they live and move in freedom; but with birds it is quite otherwise.

We have spoken of the beauty of birds making itself manifest to all who have eyes to see, and such is indeed the case even with our English birds. Besides the rarer species, no one will dispute the attractiveness to the eye of our common blue titmouse,

titmouse, our golden-crested wren, our chaffinch and our yellow-hammer; but when we extend our view over the whole class of birds, including the forms which inhabit tropical lands, we see that no other animals can compete with them successfully as to beauty and brilliancy of coloration.

There are indeed many most handsome butterflies, many splendid beetles, and the glory of the golden moth of Madagascar when once seen is not readily to be forgotten. Nevertheless the beauty of each and all of these is exceeded by those lovely living gems of the new world, the humming-birds—in which the combined beauty and brilliancy of coloration has reached the acme, amongst living things. Second only to them are the beautiful sun-birds of the old world; and the gorgeousness of various pheasants, peacocks, and parrots, will doubtless at once occur to the reader's imagination.

But grace of form, no less than charm of hue, is characteristic of almost all birds, and the more the details of bird-structure are understood, the more the beauty of harmony that form expresses will become manifest.

A bird is one of the most wonderfully organized of all animals, and almost the whole of its organization is arranged to facilitate flight. The flights some birds will take, moreover, are extraordinary phenomena in themselves. A falcon belonging to Henry IV. of France is known to have flown from Fontainebleau to Malta—a distance of 1350 miles—in one day. The celebrated racehorse Eclipse ran one mile in one minute; but a hawk may fly 150 miles in an hour! Our swifts and swallows fly every year from England to Southern Africa and to the Moluccas, and the restless wandering flight of various oceanic birds is still more surprising. That such action should be possible in a hot-blooded animal with an internal bony skeleton, needs a most careful and peculiar arrangement of its organs. These are so packed as to place the centre of gravity where it can best be sustained, and all the organs are so constructed as to produce in combination the greatest strength and warmth, with the least possible weight. Nothing is more marvellous than the structure of a feather. No space can here be given, however, to its description. It must suffice to affirm it to be an organ at once so light and so strong, and one which at the same time seems so thoroughly to shut in and retain the body's heat, that it is impossible to imagine anything more perfect.

Bones are necessarily more or less heavy structures, but the bones of most birds, while their solid substance is exceedingly strong, are wonderfully lightened by the details of its arrange-

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ment and still more by the fact, that most of them contain not marrow, but warm (and therefore light) air. In some birds even every bone of each toe is thus permeated, and air passes into the skeleton freely by means of large air-sacs, into which cavities in the lungs directly open. But for flight, great power is no less necessary than lightness of structure ; and voluminous muscles are needed to bring the parts of the skeleton, above all the wings, into vigorous play. Hence the great mass of flesh upon the breast, where is accumulated all the muscles needed to depress the wings and so raise the body in the air. But not only are these muscles so placed, but by a truly admirable contrivance the antagonizing muscles, which raise the wing, are also situated on the breast, and are thus conveniently disposed with reference to the centre of gravity. In other animals the muscles which raise the arm are situated on the back, but a very ingenious and simple contrivance enables them to be placed on the bird's breast. This contrivance is the winding of the tendon (in which the elevating muscles end) round a sort of bony pulley, which permits its insertion into that upper surface of the arm bone, whereon it must be inserted if the wing is to be raised at all. But muscles, however voluminous, are useless unless their action is stimulated by a copious supply of well-purified blood. This necessary stimulation is well provided for in birds by a double modification. In the first place a valve of the heart, which in ourselves and in beasts consists but of membrane, in birds is formed of contractile muscle itself. Secondly the stream of the blood tends to be not only thus more vigorously propelled, but also to be more purified by the general permeation of the body with air from the lungs.

Obviously the further an organ is removed from the centre of gravity, the more inconvenient would it be to have its weight and bulk augmented. Thus the arm of a bird is reduced to what is barely necessary to sustain the great feathers of the wing and to extend or fold the arm itself. The hand is diminished to an extreme degree, and its few rudimentary fingers are closely bound together. Yet birds have many very handy acts to perform, and have often to weave wonderfully dexterous structures in their nest-building. For this the bill has to serve as a hand, and is, indeed, a most skilful and delicate organ of prehension. Yet such an organ it could not be were it not for the great mobility of the neck which, even when the neck is short, is such as to enable the bird to turn its head round and look directly over its back. The exclusive devotion of the arms to flight, necessitates the constant employment of the hind limbs for other locomotion. For this they need vigorous muscles,

muscles, although by a special mechanism birds are enabled to grasp securely the twigs and branches on which they perch, almost without effort. Yet it would be very awkward were the muscles disposed about their feet and toes as ours are. Accordingly here again the heavy muscular mass is gathered together in the thighs and upper parts of the legs—near the centre of gravity—their action being conveyed to the parts they are destined to move, by long and slender tendons. So careful is this packing process in birds, that the parts which grind the food and act as teeth, are placed not in the jaws, but in the centre of the body—in the gizzard. They consist of the small stones which most birds swallow for this purpose—all those, that is, which feed on grain and other substances that require grinding.

In man and beasts, the organ of voice—the larynx—is situated high up close beneath the root of the tongue; but in birds, even the vocal organ—know in them as the 'syrinx'—is brought near the centre of gravity. Instead of being, as in us, at the summit of the windpipe, it is situated at the lower end of that tube, just where it divides into the two bronchi.

A very wonderful organ is the eye of the bird. To say that a man has the 'eye of a hawk,' is a familiar expression to denote great keenness of vision; but when we reflect that such a bird has often to observe its prey on the ground from a great height, and to descend rapidly and seize it, keeping it all the time well in view during its descent, it becomes plain to us how delicate and extensive its powers of adjustment must be. Birds have a special mechanism for sweeping the eye rapidly and often by means of a third eyelid. This may be seen any day at our Zoological Gardens by observing for a short time the eye of some eagle and noting the film which seems at frequent intervals to shroud it for a moment. A rudiment of this delicate membrane exists at the inner angle of our own eye. In us, however, it performs no known useful function.

But besides the interest and attractiveness of birds themselves, there is much beauty in their eggs and in the wonderful contrivances they construct to shelter them. It has been observed that the eggs of most birds which lie in exposed places are marked and spotted in various ways, but that otherwise they are generally white. Some birds, however, though they form covered nests, have their eggs spotted. The guillemots are remarkable for the extreme degree of variation in colour and markings which their eggs exhibit, and the eggs of the grebe are no less singular as to form, being pointed at each end. The largest known egg is that of an extinct bird, the Æpiornis, which

which formerly inhabited Madagascar. It is very much larger than that of the ostrich. The notion that the size of a bird is in proportion with that of the egg it lays, is a natural but mistaken one. If the egg of the æpiornis was—as it possibly was—once an object of commerce in the East, it may be that we owe to it the fable of the roc's egg with which every reader of the Arabian Nights is familiar.

Many aquatic birds make no nest at all, laying their eggs simply on some ledge of rock by the sea-side. It is useful for eggs so placed to have each end pointed, a form which makes them less liable to fall from an insecure position. The opposite extreme (as regards habits) to such nestless species is found in the weaver birds, which construct immense nests in common, or rather form vast aggregates of nests placed sociably side by side. They appear to form their breeding-places under one cover—each nest having its own separate entrance on the under side of the whole structure, and not communicating with the nest next to it. The whole mass may be ten feet in diameter, and ultimately break down from its own increasing weight.

One of the most perfect nests of our own country's birds is that of the wren. It is completely domed and lined with many feathers, some hair and fine moss. The female alone builds it, and sometimes, as is not wonderful, spends a fortnight in the process of constructing an abode more than thirty times her own size. As a rule, the external appearance of the nest so harmonizes with its surroundings, that it may almost defy detection. This is not, however, constantly the case, and Professor Newton has known an instance, in which a wren built year after year in a hole in a wall in such a way, that the bright green moss entering into its construction made it very conspicuous in consequence of the white chalk which was adjacent to it.

In great contrast to the neat and attractive nest of the little wren, is that of the gay-plumaged kingfisher. It is found, commonly, on the bank of some stream opening amongst roots, and overshadowed by bushes. From the entrance a passage leads gently upwards, it may be three feet, to a chamber about eight inches in diameter. There we find no soft bed of moss, grass, or feathers, but a mere accumulation of fish-bones and rotten pieces of fish, often with maggots and the droppings of the birds themselves—a most filthy and offensive hole for so brilliantly dressed a bird to make its exit from.

Every one knows the curious habit of the cuckoo, which comes to us in the middle of April and departs in August, leaving its young to follow it the month after. This habit is in

in harmony with its spontaneous abandonment of its own eggs to the care of other birds. The origin of this singular and unpleasant custom has by no means been yet explained. The utility to the species of so immoral a practice is, however, unquestionable; for the cuckoo is a bird which is both widely distributed and also common, and not in this or that locality only, but generally throughout its range.

The hornbills of India and Africa offer a marked contrast to the cuckoos. The hornbill makes its nest in a hollow tree, and the female having taken her station, her mate forthwith imprisons her, closing the mouth of her retreat with a partition of mud, save for one small opening. Through this small opening, however, he most assiduously feeds her, wandering incessantly about for food, and returning to minister to her needs. So great is his devotion to this conjugal duty, that by the time his progeny come forth from their enclosure, their sire may have reduced himself to the most sorry plight, and sometimes even falls a victim to the exhaustion brought on by his devotion to the needs of his nesting spouse.

Very great is the difference presented by the condition of the young when hatched in different species. In many, as in our fowls, the young come forth from the egg covered with down, and able to run about, and quickly to feed themselves. In other cases, as in the familiar instance of the pigeon, the young are born naked and helpless, and require to be fed and tended by their parents for a considerable time. In pigeons, indeed, the parents not only gather food for the sake of their young, but secrete from the inside of the crop a sort of nutritious, milky fluid, upon which, mixed with the food swallowed by the parents, the young feed.

Many a small bird will actively defend its young. Mr. Seebohm relates* how the little blue tit will bravely remain upon its nest, and by

'hissing, biting, and puffing up its plumage, endeavour to defend its little home. How often,' he adds, 'does the enthusiastic zoologist start back in alarm as the bird utters a sound like the warning hiss of a snake, fearful that instead of eggs, the hole in which he is about to thrust his hand contains some poisonous reptile! Even when you take the bird in your hand its courage is none the less, and, erecting its tiny crest, it will bite most viciously, and its little black eyes sparkle again with anger.'

Indeed, much of the attractiveness of the class of birds is due to the evidence they give of attachment to their young, or, as in

* 'British Birds,' vol. i. p. 471.

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the case of hornbills and love-birds, of their devoted conjugal fidelity. Nor can such sentiments be regarded as simply due to organic mechanism, for birds certainly give evidence of possessing intelligence of a sort. They can not only be taught to perform very elaborate tricks, but they will occasionally, in the presence of exceptional conditions, spontaneously modify to a small extent their modes of nest construction.

Birds also are the only animals, besides man, which can be taught distinctly to articulate and utter sentences, which, though of course not understood by the birds themselves, are none the less surprising to listen to.

The great distinctness, with which birds are marked off from every other class of animals, also gives them an additional interest in the eyes of many persons who have some knowledge of natural history. They are the most easily defined of any class, since the two words 'feathered creatures' suffices to define them. Every bird possesses feathers, but no creature which is not a bird has anything of the kind.

Birds stand between beasts and reptiles, but are widely distinct from both. All beasts possess, as we possess, warm blood, but the blood of a bird is warmer still, and thus birds differ greatly from reptiles, in spite of their possessing certain structural characters in common with that cold-blooded class. Two other circumstances also distinguish birds widely from the two classes (just named) between which they stand. They differ in being at the same time both much more numerous in species, and much more uniform in structure.

Some beasts and reptiles have but one pair of limbs, and some reptiles have none; and the limbs may be structurally modified in a variety of ways. But every bird has two pairs of limbs, and these are constantly modified in two ways only, a pair of legs and a pair of wings, although the wings may sometimes be incapable of flight. But this combined multiplicity of kinds and uniformity of structure give yet a further attraction to the class of birds. For it makes their proper subdivision and classification in subordinate groups a very difficult problem, while it is a problem with which every ornithologist must be more or less keenly interested. The great interest, which ornithologists do take in their science, is plainly evidenced by the publication of the various works enumerated at the head of the present article. Those of Messrs. Godman and Salvin and of Mr. Seebohm are also evidence of a fact of which Englishmen may be justly proud—the fact, namely, that our country is quite exceptional in possessing so great a number of wealthy men who devote a large share of their means to the cultivation of science.

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The 'Biologia Centrali-Americana' of Messrs. Salvin and Godman is not only a fine work (published at their cost), devoted to a description of the zoology and botany of Central America, but is the result both of their own personal explorations in that region, and of numerous collections made at their expense by agents sent out by them expressly for that purpose.

We are here, of course, concerned exclusively with the ornithological portion, which leaves nothing to be desired in its execution both of plates and letterpress. One volume has appeared, and the second is in course of completion. Our indebtedness to its authors, however, is by no means confined, either to the production of the work itself, or to the collections which have been made especially for it, seeing that Messrs. Godman and Salvin, some time ago, presented to the British Museum, for the benefit of the community, the whole of the valuable harvest of bird-skins which their well-paid collectors had then reaped for them.

The first and third of the three above-mentioned works by Mr. Seebohm are indeed different in size and character, but it is difficult to say which is the more valuable. The larger one on the shore-dwelling birds, the plovers, sandpipers, and snipes of the whole world, is admirably illustrated, and contains not only careful descriptions of the species noticed, but also a detailed statement of the conclusions at which the author has arrived on the vexed questions of descent and evolution. It is his little work, however, which has excited the keenest interest in the ornithological world, since it is a first attempt at a systematic enumeration of osteological and other anatomical characters as defining the great primary groups—orders and sub-orders—into which the class of birds may be divided. As to this we shall have a few words to say later on. In his excellent work on British birds the reader will find abundant interesting information as to the habits of the birds therein described. It has with truth been said to be the most original work on British birds since the time of MacGillivray.

Mr. E. W. Oates's volume is a first instalment of a work on Indian birds, to be included in the 'Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma,' which is being published by the Indian Government under the able editorship of Mr. W. T. Blanford. Not without reason does the editor congratulate the public on Mr. Oates's having consented to undertake this work, and to devote his furlough to it. If, as we doubt not will be the case, the two succeeding volumes are equal in merit to that now produced, a work no less valuable than laborious will have been successfully carried through. It is indeed most desirable

desirable that the zoology, and especially the ornithology, of our Indian possessions, should be well described. But Mr. Oates's work possesses a much wider interest than could be claimed for it on those grounds alone. For he has made it a vehicle for the expression of various new, and we believe very valuable suggestions as to bird-classification — suggestions which it would be out of place here to do more than refer to. His volume of more than five hundred and fifty pages is illustrated by 163 very excellent woodcuts, and is altogether one of the most satisfactory works which has issued from the press for many years, and should be possessed by every lover of ornithology.

But the most laborious and meritorious of all the publications, to which we here call attention, consists of the nine volumes of the 'Catalogue of Birds in the British Museum,' which have been worked out by Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe, the genial and enthusiastic naturalist, who presides over the Ornithological department of the British Museum. Began in 1874, these nine volumes constitute a striking monument to the untiring industry and ability of their author.

The great ability of this naturalist was made plain by the very earliest work published by him when quite a youth—his 'Monograph of the Kingfishers'—a truly magnificent publication which has served, and will serve, as a model for imitation (only more or less successful) by subsequent writers of monographs.

But these labours are by no means the only claims which this naturalist has upon the esteem of his colleagues and the gratitude of the general public. Mr. Allan Hume, of Simla, had, between 1867 and 1882, formed a collection of Indian birds from all parts of the country, far more complete than any ever before accumulated, and considered by no incompetent judge as probably superior to any before made in any branch of zoology or botany. The whole of this magnificent collection—amounting to upwards of 60,000 bird-skins, besides about 20,000 nests and eggs—was nobly presented by Mr. Hume to the British Museum. Thereupon Mr. Sharpe, regardless of everything but his zeal for science, started at a few days' notice in the height of the Indian summer, and with incredible energy and labour succeeded in getting this vast accumulation of treasures duly packed and safely transported, before the rainy season began, to Bombay, whence he returned with it to England, after less than four months' absence. No one unacquainted with what the climate of India at such a season is, and what the energy needed to supervise the labour of packing and transportation by ox-waggons, of eighty cases weighing half-a-ton each,

over so many miles of Himalayan roads, and the subsequent railway journey to Bombay, can appreciate the debt which the nation owes to Mr. Sharpe for having, by his self-sacrificing zeal, saved from further destruction this most valuable collection which was daily perishing for want of transport. We have said that Mr. Sharpe's zeal was 'self-sacrificing,' and such indeed it has proved. At least we know of no reward bestowed on him for this and other signal services to his country.

Mr. Sharpe is a leading, if not our leading ornithologist, and, in addition to a number of other distinct works, he has published no less than one hundred and sixty-three scientific papers, and it seems to us strange that he is not yet a Fellow of the Royal Society.

But we must return from this brief notice of ornithologists to consider further the creatures of their choice—the birds themselves.

The lover of nature and of birds, who desires to become somewhat acquainted with the natural history of the feathered creation, is apt to be discouraged and intimidated by the very wealth of his subject. He feels the full force of 'un embarras de richesse.'

In perusing almost any work upon the subject of his choice, the beginner is sure to meet with a quantity of names with which he is unable to connect any distinct, corresponding ideas. If possible, the best thing he can do is to go to some museum, such as the British Museum in South Kensington, where there is a large series of stuffed specimens, and there study the external forms of the birds, the names of which he may have met with.

We have often wondered why no naturalist has ever thought of satisfying the want here indicated, by publishing a small volume, intended in the first place to supply the student (by the help of woodcuts) with preliminary notions as to what different kinds of birds may be; secondly, to give him, by a careful description of structures, an insight into what the organization of a bird is; thirdly, to interest him in the geology and geography of birds; and lastly, to make him acquainted with the arrangement and classification of the class and the probable number of species contained within it.*

Amongst the most interesting facts of the natural history of animals and plants, are those which concern their geographical distribution. They are facts which bear closely upon the

* Since the above was written we have learned, with great satisfaction, that a work very much of this description, by Dr. St. George Mivart, F.R.S., will be shortly published by Mr. R. H. Porter.

great

great question of the origin of species; but quite apart from that, they are interesting as enabling us to form more accurate mental pictures of the various portions of the earth's surface. It is impossible, however, to follow out this line of enquiry with respect to any class, till we are already acquainted, at least nominally, with many of the creatures which compose it, so that in our endeavour to bring before our readers the leading facts of bird-zoology, we must do our best to explain, as we go on, what the creatures are to which we shall have to refer.

Zoological geography is very largely indebted to Mr. P. L. Sclater, the Secretary of the Zoological Society of London. Buffon seems first to have treated this question in his comparison of the animals of the New World with those of the Old. Swainson published a volume* on the subject in 1835; and a few years afterwards, Dr. J. A. Wagner of Munich worked zealously at it, and made important communications concerning it to the leading scientific publications of Bavaria.† It was Mr. Sclater, however, who initiated the greatest advance by proposing‡ those six geographical regions, which have since been widely adopted by naturalists, and which we, following them, adopt. These are: I. The *Palæarctic region*, or Europe, Asia north of the Himalaya, and Africa north of the Sahara. II. The *Ethiopian region*, or Africa south of the Sahara, with Arabia, Madagascar and the islands near it. III. The *Indian region*, or Asia south of the Himalaya to near the Moluccas. IV. The *Nearctic region*, or America north of Mexico, together with Northern Mexico. V. The *Neotropical region*, or America south of Northern Mexico with the Antilles; and lastly, VI. The *Australian region*, or Australia, the Moluccas, New Zealand, and Polynesia.

To the first, or Palæarctic, region belong a great many kinds which are common to it and North America, but there are also many species which are absolutely peculiar to it. Such is the case with the grouse, and indeed the grouse of our islands is a species which is found nowhere else in the whole world, though the ptarmigan of Scandinavia is closely allied to it. The noble capercailzie is also exclusively Palæarctic, as are various buntings, warblers and finches, and notably the hawfinch. The southern portion of the region possesses many forms very distinct from those of the north, such as vultures, pelicans and flamingoes, while Western Asia is a home of pheasants.

* 'A Treatise on the Geography and Classification of Animals,' in Lardner's 'Cyclopædia,' 1835.

† See 'Abhandlungen der II^te d. Akad. d. Wissensch.,' Band IV.

‡ See 'Journal of Proceedings of the Linnæan Society,' 1860.

The Ethiopian region is the special abode of that largest of existing birds, the ostrich, and thence also come the guinea-fowls, which are found nowhere but in Africa, naturally, though one species has become an inmate of our farmyards. More remarkable is the secretary bird—a large and powerful hawk with the long legs of a crane, which is often kept in semi-domesticity in Southern Africa on account of the vigorous and unceasing war it wages with all serpents, in attacking which its long legs gives it a great advantage. Other exclusively African birds are the plantain-eaters, which are noteworthy, amongst other things, for the peculiar nature of the red colouring matter of their wing-feathers—it being a pigment which can easily be washed out from them. They are birds which are allied to the cuckoos. About ten kinds of short-billed, fruit-eating birds called colies, some of which are often to be seen in our Zoological Gardens, are also exclusively inhabitants of Africa.

The Indian region has many peculiar species, but most conspicuous of all are the peacocks and various wonderful and beautiful pheasants. Of these the most strange, perhaps, is the Argus pheasant, which has such numerous eye-spots, decorating its enormous wings. The smaller, but still more beautiful, peacock-pheasant, has its tail as well as its wings covered with eye-spots. These, however, are rare birds; but peacocks are often to be seen, and no one who has been in India can forget the glorious sight of a number of these birds displaying their gorgeous tints in the intense light of the tropical sun. In Southern and Central Asia there are altogether some five-and-thirty kinds of pheasants. The most beautiful of them all is the species named after Lady Amherst, which is like the gold pheasant in the form of its plumage, but far more delicate and refined in its coloration. It is generally to be seen in the Regent's Park Gardens, as also is Reeve's pheasant, which has the longest tail which any kind possesses. Curious and nearly allied birds called Tragopans extend from the Himalayas into Southern China. They are often spoken of as 'horned,' because a fleshy process, like a finger, is placed on either side of the head behind the eye. It is of different colours in different species, and though ordinarily hanging down it can be erected. A similarly distensible wattle exists in front of the throat.

This latter reminds us of the common fowl, which is a bird closely allied to them, and similarly of Asiatic origin. Its wild parent has a very extensive range, namely from the Himalaya southwards to the Philippine Islands and Timor. There

There are several allied species and they all resemble, more or less nearly, the game fowl.

As fowls and pheasants are birds of the Indian region and the guinea-fowls are peculiar to Africa, so other members of the same great group of fowl-like, or 'gallinaceous,' birds are peculiar to each of the three remaining regions. The Nearctic region is the exclusive home of the common turkey, which probably owes its name to the fact of its having first reached England in ships from the Levant. When North America was first discovered it was very widely distributed through the country east of the Rocky Mountains, though, as a wild bird, its range has now become very much restricted. The species which inhabits Central America, and which is known as the Honduras turkey, is one of the most gorgeous of birds, resplendent, as it is, with the brightest metallic tints. Amongst the birds of the Nearctic region are the renowned mocking-bird, passenger pigeon, and canvas-backed duck; also the pretty crested partridge, commonly spoken of as the Californian quail. A parrot—a kind of bird quite absent from Europe—still exists in Florida, and was abundant further north in the United States eighty years ago.

The Neotropical region is very rich in parrots and macaws, more species being found there than in any other quarter of the globe. It is also the exclusive home of all the humming-birds, save the Nearctic ones, and of those beautifully plumaged species the toucans. These creatures are provided with bills as remarkable for their extreme lightness as for their seemingly unwieldy size. Other birds known as jacamars, motmots, and todies, are also neotropical. The first-named kind have long, straight bills, and plumage with a metallic lustre, while the motmots are somewhat like our own bee-eater in aspect. Some very singular and very puzzling birds also come to us from South America. One of these is the horned-screamer, which appears to be really a much modified and arboreal goose. Another is the cariama, which some take to be a sort of hawk, while others deem it a kind of bustard. Yet another is known as the oil-bird, a creature which has a hooked beak like that of a bird of prey, and yet seems rather to be an ally of the goat-sucker or nightjar. There are vultures, such as the condor and the king vulture, which form so distinct a type of rapacious birds, that Mr. Seebohm has entirely separated them from those creatures with which they have been previously associated, namely the true vultures. South America has also its own ostrich-like bird, the rhea, but it is extremely different in structure from the true ostrich, while certain other birds,

birds, nowhere else to be found, called tinamous, are now deemed to be allied to the ostrich and the rhea, though they show hardly more external signs of such affinity than do our rails and curlews. The birds, which represent in neotropical regions the turkeys of further north and the pheasants and fowls of Asia, are large birds called curassows, and specimens of them are always to be found in our Zoological Gardens. But perhaps the most interesting of all South American birds is that termed the hoazin. It is a bird in some respects more like a parrot than a fowl, and yet it appears to be a singularly modified creature of the curassow kind. It presents several very exceptional anatomical characters; but its greatest peculiarity is the form of its fore limbs when it quits the shell. Its wing possesses an extraordinarily large hand for a bird, with two bony, claw-bearing fingers; by the help of which it is said to move about more like a quadruped than the bird it is manifestly to become later on.

The sixth, or Australasian region, possesses yet greater peculiarities, and very singular is the modification presented by those birds which take the place of, and represent, the fowls of Asia and the curassows of America. The birds we refer to are the mound-building brush-turkeys, which differ from all other birds as to the mode in which their eggs are hatched. Instead of sitting upon them they lay them inside large mounds of earth, which their powerful feet heap up, and wherein they have enclosed various organic, more or less decaying substances. It is from the heat given forth by this decaying matter that the eggs of most kinds are hatched, though some deposit them in the sand of the sea-shore, leaving them, as turtles do, to be hatched by the sun's heat. The eggs are large, and the young within them become so matured that when, being hatched, they attain the surface of the mound, they are already so well feathered as to be able (as it is said) to fly away at once.

Exceptional as are these birds in their mode of providing for the development of their young, other Australian birds are not less singular in the accessories of their mating. These latter creatures are the bower birds, which construct a very singular run or 'bower,' formed by two rows of twigs set up on end. In the space between, the birds can run to and fro; while at the mouth of the bower they accumulate white stones, bleached shells, bright feathers, and other conspicuous objects. The construction never serves the purpose of a nest, but is merely an accessory of courtship. Its constructor will place himself at the entrance of his bower, and with all sorts of curious contortions will invite the entrance of a mate within it.

A well-known

A well-known and very peculiar bird is the lyre-bird, so called from the peculiar formation of the feathers of its long tail, which, when erected, has much resemblance to that whence the bird derives its appellation. Parrots of various kinds and cockatoos abound in Australia, and though the numbers of species to be there found is less than that of the neotropical region, the variety of forms they present is yet greater.

A bird inhabits the Samoan islands which is interesting because, of all existing ones, it makes the nearest approach to the extinct dodo of Mauritius. The latter could not fly at all, if it wished to do so, but the Samoan bird can fly, and does now fly up into trees to escape cats and other enemies introduced of late years by man. Before their introduction, however, it is supposed to have been altogether a ground bird. It is called the tooth-billed pigeon. Pigeons have their head-quarters in and near New Guinea, although some or other of the three hundred different kinds which exist are to be found all over the world, save in its coldest regions. But another group of birds, justly celebrated though it consists of but thirty kinds, is absolutely confined to New Guinea and the Moluccas. We refer to the birds of paradise, the plumage of which is as varied as it is wonderful. Yet these birds remind us of one of Æsop's fables, for if their gaudy plumage be removed, they show themselves to the anatomist as being mere crows after all!

The island of Celebes, for our knowledge of the ornithology of which we are so much indebted to the late Marquess of Tweeddale, has no less than ninety species of land-birds absolutely peculiar to it.

But if birds of paradise are peculiar to the Moluccan region, it is New Zealand which is (or rather was) the paradise of birds. Apart from bats, no beast existed in it till they were introduced by man. There, birds lorded it over all other living creatures, and the gigantic moas, or largest kinds of dinornis, stalked flightless in absolute security till man came and exterminated them. The little apteryx still for a time survives, but Mantels' rail, which was also flightless, seems now to exist no more. Four curious New Zealand species demand a passing notice. One of these is the huia bird, remarkable from the fact that the bill of the hen is quite different in shape from that of the male bird. The owl-parrot is noteworthy in that, as its name implies, it differs from all other parrots in assuming a most deceptive appearance of being an owl. In the third place the crooked-bill plover alone of all birds has a bill which curves

curves laterally. In a multitude of birds the bill curves downwards. In some, as in the avocet, it curves upwards; but in no other bird but this New Zealand plover does it curve on one side! Lastly a few words must be said concerning the curious and unpleasant Kea parrot. When Europeans first visited the island this parrot fed peacefully on nuts, cracking them with its powerful bill. After the introduction of sheep, however, it began to attack them, perching on their backs and tearing them with its very long and sharp-pointed bill to get at the kidney; so inflicting fatal injuries. This seems a quite unparalleled change of habit, but we suspect that, did we know all the antecedent conditions of New Zealand, the mystery might be explained.

A great number of birds have so wide a range as to be almost cosmopolitan. This is especially the case with gulls, petrels, and such creatures, but we have said nothing as yet about aquatic birds. The most remarkable of such are the penguins, though they are not cosmopolitan, but entirely confined to the Southern Ocean. The most striking kind is perhaps the king penguin, which exists in enormous numbers in the Falkland Islands, Kerguelen land, &c. It it quite unable to raise itself in the air, its wings being clothed, but with scale-like feathers, and it would thus seem to be as flightless as the ostrich or the apteryx. In truth, however, it may be said to fly submerged. It passes the greater part of its time in the water, and large portions of that time it spends beneath the surface, where it swims with its wings only, which are enormously powerful. Its feet serve but as rudders to direct its course. On land it assumes an extraordinarily upright attitude, and differs from every other bird by standing more or less completely on the soles of its feet—as we do—instead of only on the toes. Cormorants are birds very widely distributed, save in the Arctic regions. About forty species are to be found, and the common one and the Shag are usually to be seen on our coasts. In China the cormorant has been domesticated and trained to catch fish for its masters. Nearly allied to these birds are the darters—a small group, of but four species, though distributed over America, South-Eastern Asia, Africa, and Australia. They are not sea-birds, but inhabit the swamps and rivers of warm latitudes, and the American species has long been exhibited at our Zoological Gardens, where its truly wonderful movements could be well and easily observed. The darter has a longish, straight, and very sharp beak and a long and slender neck, which bends in a peculiar way at a certain spot. At that spot the structure of the bones and ligaments of the neck abruptly

abruptly changes, the result being that the head can be thrown suddenly forward with extreme rapidity, force, and accuracy. The darter propels itself under water so quickly as to be able, by this mechanism, to spear fish with its sharply-pointed beak. The bill is then as rapidly withdrawn, and the prey seized with the jaws and swallowed. A similar modification, to a much less marked degree, exists in the cormorant, and also in the booby, gannet, or Solan goose, and the pelican; which are thus shown to be all near allies.

Three birds, called skimmers, are respectively found in Asia, Africa, and America, and they differ from all other members of their class in having the upper division of their bill much shorter than the lower one. They have been observed flying backwards and forwards over the water, ploughing it with the lower and longer half of their most singular beaks. Yet what they live on is a question still disputed.

The petrels constitute a very numerous group of oceanic birds which very rarely come to land except to breed. They possess wonderful powers of flight, and are excellent swimmers, though they hardly ever dive. The various species differ very greatly in size, but they offer a marked contrast to gulls and terns in that they are silent birds. The renowned stormy petrel is not much larger than a swallow. They will nevertheless often accompany a ship for many days, and are the birds which sailors call 'Mother Carey's chickens.' The stormy petrels rove over the Atlantic, and have been occasionally taken in England. The largest of the group, and largest of all oceanic birds, is the wandering albatross. It possesses wings of enormous length, and is celebrated for its power of sailing in the breeze, without flapping them, for a very long period. It occasionally visits Europe, though its home is in the southern hemisphere.

Another wandering, oceanic species is the frigate bird, which also possesses enormously long wings. It is known also as the man-of-war bird, and ranges the ocean in all the warmer parts of the world.

This leads us to consider the wide distances which many birds occasionally traverse in those wonderful flights which are so generally undertaken by them at two seasons of the year. We refer to what is known as the *migration* of birds—a process which still remains enveloped in much mystery.

In very many birds this change of place is conspicuous and indisputable, but all birds practise it to some extent, so that 'migration' may be said to be really a universal habit in the class. The change of the seasons greatly affects the facility for finding suitable

suitable food, and this alone suffices to induce some corresponding change of place, though it may but be a slight one, or may only cause some individuals out of many to make any considerable move. Birds, the individuals of which thus differ, are called 'partial migrants,' and amongst them even the robin may be included, familiar as he is in winter time to most country homes, and though most individuals stop with us all the year. But our migrants differ in this; some breed with us, and some do not. The birds, which come to us in winter, return to a northern home to rear their progeny, while the majority of our visitors, like our nightingales and our swallows, build their nests in England. There are, however, birds which are neither content with such warmth as our winter affords, nor can they endure our summer heat. Such birds pass over us twice every year, but never make a home in these islands. The southern journey which birds undertake is readily comprehensible, but the journey north is much more mysterious. It is a fact, that all birds breed in the coldest region they visit, whether it be towards the Arctic or Antarctic pole; why they do this, however, is by no means clear. Amongst the birds which pass over us is the little stint, which is only to be seen on our shores for a month in the spring, and another month in the autumn. These are two pauses which it makes in its northward and southward migration respectively. Mr. Seebohm supplies us with much interesting information about the migration of birds. Thus he tells us * :—

'The sanderling breeds on the shores of the Arctic Ocean; I have shot it in the lagoon of the Petchora in lat. 70° north, in the middle of the breeding season, and have watched it in the winter feeding on the coast of South Africa, about eight thousand miles further south. The knot has even a wider range, breeding further north and sometimes wintering further south; there can be little doubt that some of its "fly-lines" measure ten thousand miles. . . . Any ornithologist who visits the Sussex Downs on a fine day in autumn—no better place could be selected than that between Brighton and Shoreham—may see small parties of birds passing up and down the coast. . . . If he be a novice he will scarcely be likely to regard their apparent flitting to and fro as in any way connected with migration. But by-and-by he will probably discover that the birds, which are moving in the direction of Dover, are soft-billed insect-eating species, who are migrating east to cross the Straits on their way to warmer winter-quarters down south; whilst those who are migrating towards the Land's End are hard-billed seed-eating species, who are

* 'The Geographical Distribution of the Charadriidæ,' p. 34.

migrating

migrating west. . . . The former birds are migrating out of England, the latter are migrating into it in autumn. . . . Each species has a fixed time of migration, which appears to be very slightly affected by the condition of the weather. Good weather does not seem to hasten the arrival of these birds at their breeding-grounds, nor does bad weather retard their movements. In their winter-quarters they are almost as punctual; and though many of these are reached by somewhat circuitous routes, it is remarkable how few birds lose their way on migration.'

He makes the following interesting remarks respecting migration in the southern hemisphere *:—

'Little or nothing has been written of the migration of birds in the southern hemisphere, but it is almost as important a fact in the history of the birds of Natal as in that of British birds, though the difference in the geographical relations of the two countries modifies the details in many ways. It is a remarkable fact that whilst there are very many birds breeding in the northern hemisphere and wintering in the south, it is not known that any land bird breeds in the southern hemisphere and habitually winters in the northern. . . . One cause of this apparent anomaly may be the difference in the distribution of the land. North of the British Islands, and a similar latitude on the continent of Europe and Asia, is an Arctic region, which is the breeding-ground of great numbers of migratory birds. . . . In the southern hemisphere there are no Antarctic breeding-grounds, whence similar migrants would visit Natal. No part of South Africa is cold enough to be a breeding-ground of Arctic birds, and the land at the Antarctic pole is too cold for them. The natural consequence of this state of things is, that in South Africa there are no migrants from the Antarctic region either in winter, or passing through in spring and autumn to winter further north.'

At the present moment, when so much political attention has been directed to Heligoland, it is not a little interesting to note how great is its ornithological importance. Mr. Seebohm says †:—

'There are many places where migration may be easily studied. The fly-lines of a great many species pass through Malta, and of perhaps still more through Gibraltar; but in no place has more migration been seen and recorded than on the island of Heligoland. This comparatively bare rock, which rises perpendicularly from the sea about 180 feet, scarcely measures 200 acres in extent, and contains perhaps 2000 inhabitants. In conjunction with Sandy Island, about a mile away, exposing say 50 acres of uninhabited sand-hills and beach at low water, reduced to scarcely half that extent at high tide, it has been visited by more species of birds than have been recorded from any country of Europe. The fact is, that

* Ibid. p. 37.

† Ibid. p. 40.

Heligoland

Heligoland is the only part of the world of which the ornithology has been properly worked. Every boy on the island is a born and bred ornithologist. The fisherman steers with a gun by his side, the peasant digs his potatoes with a gun on the turf and heap of birds on his coat. Every unfortunate bird that visits the island has to run the gauntlet of forty or more guns, to say nothing of scores of catapults and blowpipes. Every bird which appears is whistled within range with marvellous skill. Long before sunrise the island is bristling with guns, and after dark the netters are busy at their throstle-bushes; whilst at midnight the birds commit suicide against the lighthouse. The common birds are eaten, the rare ones are sold to the bird-stuffer, and the unknown ones are taken to the celebrated ornithologist Gätke.'

The following are notes from the Diary of the ornithologist referred to as to the occurrence of flocks of birds during observations carried on for thirteen years:—

October, 1870.—Thousands of great tits.
February, 1876.—Tens of thousands of skylarks.
January, 1878.—Countless numbers of fieldfares.
December, 1879.—Millions of red-throated divers.
September, 1880.—Thousands of siskins.
November, 1880.—Thousands of shore-larks.
September, 1881.—Immense flights of common buzzard.
October, 1881.—Thousands of snow-buntings.
October, 1882.—Countless numbers of hedge-sparrows. Thousands of jays. Myriads of goldcrests.
September, 1883.—Enormous number of redstarts.

Mr. Seebohm records his own observations as follows *:—

'The casual visitor to Heligoland, who frequents the restaurant to enjoy the oysters and the lobsters, or rows across to Sandy Island to bathe on the shore and take a constitutional on the dunes, seldom sees much migration. Now and then a flock of waders may be detected hurrying past; flocks of pipits or wheatears occasionally land on the island, feed for an hour or two, and then pass on; and sometimes a scattered and straggling stream of hooded crows, of heavy and laborious flight, will continue all day long. Most birds migrate by night; very few come within sight of the island, and of those that do, not one in ten thousand stops to rest. Every flock which passes over probably drops a few tired or hungry birds; and after a migration-night a walk through the potato-fields in the early morning is most curious and interesting. The variety of species, and the incongruous way in which they are mixed, is quite startling. The potato-fields are practically the only cover on the island; and

* Ibid. p. 43.

all sorts of birds seek this shelter on which to feed, to rest, or to hide. Perhaps the first bird you shoot is a sky-lark; the report of your gun may start a golden plover or a jack snipe; then, may be, you see some small birds picking insects off the potato-leaves, and you presently secure a little bunting, an aquatic warbler, and a shore-lark. Your next shot may be a corncrake, followed by a king ouzel, and Richard's pipit or a teal. Then perhaps a great spotted woodpecker or a short-eared owl attracts your attention. You can scarcely take a step without putting up a bird of some species. But every night is not a migration-night. Sometimes day after day, for a week or more, you may diligently tramp the potatoes without finding a single bird. Migration is a question of wind and weather. By long experience the Heligolanders know when to expect an arrival of birds; and on favourable nights they watch by their "throstle-bushes" to secure their game. There are scarcely any trees on the island, so the peasants make artificial bushes, with a net on one side, into which the poor thrushes are driven with sticks and lanterns as soon as they alight. Some hundreds are thus frequently caught in one night. The islanders describe with great gusto the impetuous arrival of the birds. On a sudden, without a moment's warning, a rush and whirl of wings is heard, and the throstle-bush swarms with blackbirds and thrushes, not dropped, but apparently shot like an arrow from a bow, perpendicularly down from the invisible heights of mid-air. The migration of skylarks as observed on Heligoland is even more remarkable. On the 6th of November, 1868, fifteen thousand of these birds were caught by the islanders. On the 12th of October, 1876, I had the good fortune to witness one of these great migrations of skylarks. For a week previously, while I was on the island, the weather was unfavourable; there were scarcely half-a-dozen birds on the island. On the 11th I shot three shore-larks, and was informed that the appearance of this Arctic species was a very hopeful sign. On the following day the west winds, which had been blowing hard for some days, slackened a little; in the afternoon it was calm with a rising barometer, and in the evening a breeze sprang up from the south-east. Gätke advised me to retire early and to be up before sunrise in the morning, when, in all probability, I should find the island swarming with birds. Soon after midnight I was awakened with the news that the migrants had arrived. Hastily dressing, I at once made for the lighthouse. The night was almost pitch-dark, but the town was all astir. In every street men with large lanterns and nets, like an angler's landing-net, were walking towards the lighthouse. As I crossed the potato-fields birds continually got up at my feet, and when I reached the lighthouse an intensely interesting sight presented itself. The whole of the zone of light within range of the mirrors was alive with birds coming and going. Nothing else was visible in the darkness of the night but the lantern of the lighthouse vignetted in a drifting sea of birds. From the darkness in the east clouds of were continually emerging in an uninterrupted stream; a few swerved

swerved from their course, fluttered for a moment as if dazzled by the light, and then gradually vanished with the rest in the western gloom. Occasionally a bird wheeled round the lighthouse and then passed on, and occasionally one fluttered against the glass, like a moth against a lamp, tried to perch on the wire netting, and was caught by the lighthouse man. I should be afraid to hazard a guess as to the hundreds of thousands that must have passed in a couple of hours, but the stray birds which the lighthouse man succeeded in securing amounted to nearly three hundred. The scene from the balcony of the lighthouse was equally interesting; in every direction the birds were flying like a swarm of bees, and every few seconds one flew against the glass. All the birds seemed to be flying up wind, and it was only on the lee side of the light that any birds were caught. They were nearly all skylarks, but in the heap captured I saw one redstart and one reed-bunting. The air was filled with the warbling cry of the larks; now and then a thrush was heard, and once a heron screamed as it passed by. The night was starless and the town invisible, but the island looked like the outskirts of a gas-lighted city, being sprinkled over with lanterns. Many of the larks alighted on the ground to rest, and allowed the Heligolanders to pass their nets over them. About three o'clock in the morning a heavy thunderstorm came on with deluges of rain, and a few breaks in the clouds revealed the stars. The migration came to an end, or continued above the range of our vision, and, we will hope, above the reach of the tempest.'

When the regular time of autumn migration arrives, it is, most wonderful to say, the birds of the year which are the first to migrate, and which consequently can have had no experience whatever of the route they have to follow. An exceptional old bird or two, however, will often depart before the proper time of migration has come. After the birds of the year, follow the males, to be succeeded by the females, while the cripples—birds which have met with various injuries—follow last as best they may. In the spring, however, the full-grown males come first, then the females, and finally the birds of the year.

But besides that regular alternating movement called 'migration,' other changes, which are irregular, also occur. Such may be known to take place occasionally, or we may know of but one such movement in the history of species. A change of this kind may be fitly called an 'emigration.' The most remarkable movement of the kind was one which was made by a bird, called from its discoverer, Pallas's sand-grouse, during the last quarter of a century. This species, which is much less like a grouse than its name would imply, had its home in the steppes of Central Asia. In 1859, a few individuals made their appearance

pearance in Western Europe, extending as far as North Wales and Kent; but in 1863, many hundreds, if not thousands, of these birds arrived in one quarter of the world, extending from the Pyrenees to Scandinavia, and even to Archangel. They spread themselves almost all over our island, some reaching the Scilly Islands, and others going to the Shetlands and the Faroes. In very various places they attempted to breed, and many eggs were taken, nor can it be doubted but that the range of the species would have been thus as permanently as suddenly extended but for the zeal of sportsmen, gamekeepers, and ornithologists, anxious to 'obtain' specimens. Since then, we have again and again been visited, and it may well be that after all it may establish itself in localities so distant from its first known home, if it may not even be said to have already done so with us.

It cannot be doubted by any modern naturalist, that in past ages the emigration of different species of birds has been as widespread and complicated as those of man himself. These past emigrations may probably afford us some explanation as to migration. We are further helped by our knowledge that birds have an extraordinary memory for localities. The same individuals will often return to breed in the same identical spots year after year, in spite of the thousands of miles they traverse between each annual visit to it. Moreover, the movement of migration is not always accurately performed, for a few birds do go astray. This is shown by various accidental visitors which occasionally come to our shores, especially from North America, the majority of which are also young birds. Nevertheless, it is most wonderful that so few thus lose themselves even amongst birds of the first year. The desire to migrate is certainly an hereditary instinctive feeling, and its performance is aided by the keen sight which birds possess, and their wonderful automatic memory of localities. Nevertheless, after all has been said that can be said, the process remains still mysterious and unexplained. How can either a keen sight or memory of localities serve to guide the birds over those vast distances of sea, which they yearly pass over with unerring security, as regards the great majority of the individuals in each flight?

The consideration of the appearance of species in localities, where they have never before been seen, naturally leads us to speak of the disappearance of other kinds which have passed away from localities where they were once abundant, or even totally disappeared and become extinct altogether. Thus, that large handsome species, the great bustard, was once abundant in England

England in the open country. It was especially so in Salisbury Plain, and also on the Sussex Downs, in Norfolk and in Lincolnshire. In the last-named county it seems to have become extinct about the commencement of the present century. It lingered in Yorkshire till 1830, and the last male bird in Norfolk is believed to have been destroyed in 1838, though females lingered on till 1845, since which time the species has only been represented here by occasional stragglers.

That curious and interesting bird, the spoonbill, was formerly a regular summer visitor to this country, and bred in the marshes of Norfolk and Suffolk. It was, however, exterminated towards the end of the seventeenth century. The destruction of these birds is simply to be regretted, but the same cannot be said with regard to some of the largest birds of prey. The golden eagle bred as far south as Derbyshire in 1668, but now it is confined to the west and north of Scotland, nor can we desire its range to be once more extended. As Mr. Seebohm says *:—

'Most certainly the golden eagle, when he lives where game is scarce, is a pest—truly, indeed, "the pride and the pest of the parish," aye, and of the whole country-side as well. The golden eagle has been known, on one Highland sheep-farm alone, in the course of a single season, to carry off as many as thirty-five lambs. Probably the amount is under-estimated, for on such immense tracts of country as the Highland sheep-farms it is impossible to tell how many lambs are really taken.'

The capercailzie, although now an inhabitant of Perthshire and Forfarshire, appears to have been exterminated both in Scotland and Ireland towards the close of the last century. Its presence in Scotland now is due to its having been reintroduced there by Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton in 1837. Some bones found in caves in the north of England also show that it was once an inhabitant south of the Tweed. It is almost exclusively a bird of the pine forest, though occasionally found amongst oaks and beeches. Its habits in Northern Asia are thus described by Mr. Seebohm †:—

'During the long Siberian winters, when the ground is covered for seven months or more with six feet of snow, the capercailzie feeds almost entirely on the spines of the Scotch fir and the Siberian cedars. As soon as the summer comes the berries of the cranberry, whortleberry, crowberry, and bilberry, that have been preserved during the winter under the frozen snow, afford it abundant food until insects and their larvæ abound, which, with the tender shoots and buds of various trees, are its principal food until the strawberries

* 'British Birds,' vol. i. p. 98. † Ibid. vol. ii. p. 441.

and

and the cloudberries are ripe enough to tempt it to change its diet again. It also feeds upon buckwheat, corn, and acorns. The hen capercailzie is so much superior to the cock when brought to table that there can be little doubt that she eats very few of the pine-needles, which give to the cock bird a strong flavour of turpentine.'

A bird, which only a hundred years ago was one of the commonest of our birds of prey, and which used to be seen in London, has now almost become extinct. This is the kite, which can now only be regarded as an accidental visitor to England. A few pairs still remain in remote parts of Wales, and in 1857 they yet had nests in the woods of Lincolnshire. There can be little doubt that before long it will be utterly exterminated from our islands.

A very interesting bird, once an inhabitant of Britain, but now everywhere utterly extinct, is known as the great auk. It was about the size of a goose, but, having very small wings, was quite unable to fly. Being a powerful bird with a strong bill and a most accomplished diver, it would have continued to live on in full security but for man's reckless destruction. Unable to rise in the air like other water fowl, and deposit its eggs in security on high ledges of rock, it could only shuffle along some gentle slope to lay its eggs at a safe distance above high-water mark. It was formerly very abundant, and hundreds at a time were taken off the coast of Newfoundland in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. In 1813 it was still abundant on the rocky islands off the coast of Iceland; and in 1844 a couple were caught on an island called Eldey. Since then it has disappeared altogether. The last specimen taken in our islands was caught in a landing-net in Waterford Harbour in 1834, and is now preserved in Trinity College. About seventy-six skins and nine skeletons, with sixty-eight eggs and a few bones preserved in collections, are all the relics we have of the now extinct species.

The Labrador duck is another bird which has disappeared, though it lived on till 1852. A very curious handsome starling has become extinct in Mauritius, though, fortunately, a well-preserved skin of it was acquired by Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe, and carried by him to the British Museum, where it is most carefully preserved.

The name of this island naturally brings to our recollection the dodo, so generally known by name as a bird which has become extinct in modern times, that is, by the end of the seventeenth century. Another bird, which inhabited the island of Rodriguez, and was larger than a turkey, has also become extinct. It was know as the solitaire, and lived to a somewhat later

later day than did the dodo. The æpiornis, already noticed with reference to its enormous egg, may have existed in Madagascar till less than two hundred years ago.

We have already referred to Mantel's rail, which has quite recently become extinct in New Zealand, and also to the various kinds of moa, or dinornis, which once inhabited that region. But there also once existed a large bird of prey, known as harpagornis, which had more powerful claws than those possessed by any existing eagle. It has been thought probable that this rapacious creature preyed on the small species of moa and the young of the larger species. All the foregoing extinct species are to be reckoned as quite modern forms. When, however, we ascend the course of time, and explore the rocks deposited in past geological ages, abundant evidences present themselves that birds once existed very different from any of those which people the surface of our planet in the present day. But as we recede we find the change which has taken place to have been a gradual process of change. In the Pliocene rocks we find only genera which now exist; nor are we struck with any marked geographical differences. In Miocene times, however, both trogons and parrots existed in Europe with Eastern forms of stork; but the turkey was then, as now, an inhabitant of America. When once, however, we enter upon the Eocene fauna, we find there genera which are new; but though different from existing generic groups, they nevertheless more or less markedly resemble them. Thus the Eocene bird called protornis was a sort of lark, and that named halcyornis was a sort of kingfisher. Lithornis also was not improbably allied to the king vulture, while a true woodpecker had already made its appearance in France.

As might be expected when we leave these tertiary deposits to explore the relics found in the cretaceous strata of the secondary period, much stranger forms come to light. There we meet with the hesperornis. It was a bird which, like the ostrich and its allies, had no keel to its breastbone; but it had, what no existing bird has, a number of true teeth, which were, however, not implanted in separate sockets, but in open continuous grooves in the jaw. By another character which it presents, however, it differed from every other known bird, existing or extinct. The great auk could not, and the penguin and the ostrich cannot, fly; but they all possess similar wing-bones to those of other birds. The same may be said even of the apteryx, minute as are its rudimentary wings. In the hesperornis, however, the very skeleton of the wing seems to have been imperfect. It had a feeble upper-arm bone, to the distal end of which

which was attached but a rudiment of the rest of the limb-skeleton.

The other celebrated cretaceous bird has been named ichthyornis, on account of the fish-like character of the bones which compose its vertebral column. Each segment of its backbone presents a concavity in front as well as behind, and is thus biconcave, as is the corresponding part of the skeleton of almost all fishes. This bird also had teeth, and each tooth, like each of ours, was implanted in a distinct and separate socket.

The most ancient known bird was found, however, in 1861, in those oolitic strata which are known as the Solenhofen slates of Bavaria. It is the renowned archeopteryx, which in very important respects is the most exceptional of all known birds, and yet in other points is strangely like the general rank and file of the feathered class. In the first place, it has been well ascertained to have possessed feathers; for a detached feather was the very first relic of the species which was found.

Some existing birds are said to have long tails, and others to have short ones; but the term refers to the length of the feathers alone. It does and must so refer, because every existing bird has but a very short bony tail, which supports a fleshy pad—known in the fowl as the 'parson's nose'—into which the tail-feathers are inserted. The archeopteryx, however, possessed a long bony tail of twenty distinct bones, to each side of which long feathers were attached. This is the greatest peculiarity of its structure. But its hand was also very exceptional; for two bones, answering to those imbedded in the flesh of our hand, were separate bones, though in all other known birds they are fused into one. Each hand also possessed two claws. Nevertheless the foot of this bird was quite of the ordinary avian type, and its breast-bone was distinctly keeled.

The changes which we thus see to have taken place in the long course of ages, when considered from the point of view of the evolutionist, give a special interest to the two questions: Whence did birds arise? and How have they been subsequently modified? The great number of existing species—which probably amount nearer to twelve than to ten thousand kinds—makes an elaborate system of classification necessary for their comprehension and study. A second problem thus confronts us—the problem, namely, how to construct a system of classification, which shall correspond with those modifications, which have been induced in the course of the descent of existing species from their first progenitors.

Existing birds are now generally arranged in two very unequal groups. One of these includes only the ostrich and its

allies, while the other embraces all the rest of the class. With the ostrich we class the American ostrich, or rheas, the few species of cassowary, the two emeus and the species of apteryx—some twenty species all told. It is in the structure of the breast and shoulder-bones that these birds agree together and differ from all other species of the class, and it has been suggested that they are the kinds which most nearly resemble the peculiar reptiles from whence all birds have been supposed to have originated.

The reptiles referred to are extinct forms allied to the great iguanodon, first discovered in the Weald of Kent by the late Dr. Mantel, a magnificent mounted skeleton of which is to be seen in the Brussels Museum of Natural History.

That the birds, which because they resemble the ostrich, are called struthious, do resemble each other and may naturally be associated together, we fully agree. It has been suggested that as they all inhabit lands which approach the Antarctic Circle (South Africa, South America, Australia and New Zealand), they may be the descendants of ancestral forms which inhabited an Antarctic continent, now submerged, in times when that region of the globe was relatively warm. This speculation, however, appears to us to be an unwarranted one. Neither can we admit that such resemblance as exists between the struthious birds and reptiles is a sign of any special relationship between them; since their structural peculiarities are related to their having lost the power of flight which ancestors of theirs, not reptilian, evidently once possessed. The ostrich is not a creature on the way to become a flying bird; it is a degraded descendant of birds which once flew, as its wing-structure clearly demonstrates. Moreover the oldest known bird, the archeopteryx, is allied by its breast and shoulder structure, not to the struthious, but to ordinary birds from which, as well as from all struthious birds, it so widely differs in its caudal structure. The origin of birds is thus a matter still open to dispute. Still more open to dispute, however, is every suggestion of bird-classification as the expression of genetic affinity and descent. This our foremost ornithologists now concede. Granted the theory of evolution, granted the assertion that all the variations of bird-structure are the effects of 'descent with modification,' it is nevertheless now widely believed that the attempt to construct a system of classification which shall express the facts of blood-relationship, is a hopeless task. It is hopeless for two reasons: first, on account of the multitude of forms which must have entirely passed away; and secondly, because we can never certainly distinguish between similarities

similarities of structure due to blood-relationship, and similarities of structure which have been induced by a similarity between the influences and conditions to which any two species may have been exposed. The questions of bird-evolution and bird-classification are, however, subjects much too large to be entered upon at the close of this article, although we have felt it necessary to refer to them, however briefly. The interest of ornithology will remain, even if these questions be set finally on one side. It will so remain on account of those various considerations—those various characteristics of the class of birds—to which we referred at starting. Even did we revert to the elementary classification of the days of our childhood—did we divide the class into 'birds of prey,' 'perchers,' 'scratchers,' or gallinaceous birds; 'cooers,' or pigeons; 'climbers,' or scansorial birds; 'waders,' or grallatorial birds; 'runners,' or cursorial birds, and 'swimmers,' or natatory birds—the interest of the great group would not be very greatly diminished, nor would the devotees of ornithology cease to be numerous. Distant as may be the day when a classification of birds shall be established, which all experts in the science will be willing to accept, there is no question but that sure, though slow, progress is being made in detecting points of resemblance between species which reveal an essential affinity of nature, whether or not that affinity be a genetic one. In concluding, we would once more express our cordial thanks to the naturalists, the title of whose works are at the head of this article. Their labours have been fruitful and full of interest; but perhaps they are to be valued above all on account of both the aid and the encouragement they will give to lovers of birds who may desire to enter upon a serious study of ornithology.

We are sure there are not a few such incipient naturalists who only need the stimulus of works like those of Messrs. Godman and Salvin, Seebohm, Oates, and Sharpe, to enter upon a career fruitful both of happiness to themselves and of pleasure and advantage to their fellows. We sincerely trust that all the illustrious ornithologists, to whose works we have here referred, may give us yet other and further grounds to express once more our gratitude for yet more extended labours in that most fertile field—the science of ornithology.

ART. IX.—1. *Speech of the Marquis of Salisbury at the Mansion House*, August 6th, 1890.
2. *Speech of the Marquis of Hartington at York*, September 3rd, 1890.
3. *Hansard's Debates*, 1890.
4. *The Standing Orders of the House of Commons*, 1879 *and* 1890.

PARLIAMENT, according to present arrangements, will meet again in November, and the same difficulty will confront it at the very threshold of its proceedings, which has of late years rendered the work of a Ministry almost impossible, and which threatens to destroy the entire usefulness of Parliament itself—the difficulty of getting any business done. It seems to be very generally supposed by the public and by the Press, that this is a difficulty which is much exaggerated, and that, whatever may be its true extent, it admits of a very speedy and effectual remedy. Observant persons, however, cannot fail to have noticed, that all who are or who have been engaged in carrying on the work of the House of Commons, during the last ten or fifteen years especially, take a totally different view of the matter. They look with the deepest anxiety and apprehension on the growth of obstruction, and on the undeniable failure of the various appliances which have been brought into existence to subdue it. It is no secret that the Speaker of the House, the Chairman of Committees, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. W. H. Smith, and every one who has practical knowledge of the working of the Lower House, begin to have serious doubts whether the business of the nation can be successfully carried on under present conditions, or whether those conditions can be altered without the adoption of measures, which would vitally change the character of the Legislature, and even affect the Constitution of the country. To those who stand outside, it appears to be the easiest thing in the world to remove the impediments to the smooth action of the legislative machine. But all who are in a position to watch its operation, whatever may be their politics, are driven to another and much less satisfactory conclusion. New Rules are devised, and scarcely have they been in operation a week before it is discovered, that means have been found of evading them, or that they have broken down altogether. The supporters of the Government sometimes wonder at its supineness; the public generally are inclined to condemn both parties, the Ministerialists and the Opposition; the proceedings in Parliament are regarded with weariness, and sometimes with shame. The Press scolds, and, to a very great extent, it has ceased

ceased to report Parliamentary Debates. The 'Times' is now the only newspaper in London, which presents anything like an accurate record of what has taken place in Parliament the preceding day. It is assumed by the other London journals, that the people no longer care to know what happens at St. Stephen's. But it is to be observed, that the conductors of the great provincial papers, in Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, and other large centres of population, do not share this opinion. Their Parliamentary reports are much fuller and more accurate than any to be found in the London papers, with the exception of the 'Times.' In a day when the great bulk of the people take a livelier interest in politics than ever they did before, it is not at all probable that they are indifferent to the proceedings which go on in Parliament. But it cannot be denied, that the waste of time which is now so common, the too frequent brawls and 'scenes,' the triumph of obstructive tactics, the comparative powerlessness of the authorities who are responsible for the transaction of public business—all these circumstances are causing Parliament to be regarded with impatience, and sometimes with disgust. It would be idle to deny that the House of Commons has temporarily fallen from its high estate.

Four years ago, we described the obstacles which then existed to the proper discharge of the duties of the popular branch of the Legislature.* Since then, everything has been steadily going from bad to worse. The difficulty of preserving order is found to be greater than ever it was before; more time is wasted in tedious repetitions, or by tactics which are invented for the purpose of preventing any real work being done. And yet during these four years, alterations of the most sweeping, we may almost say, of the most hazardous kind, have been made in the Rules of the House. If we look back over the last ten years, from the period of Mr. Gladstone's second Administration to the present hour, we shall find that the entire procedure of the House has undergone changes which would have seemed utterly incredible a generation ago. We say nothing about the old Parliamentary leaders, but could even Mr. Disraeli return to the House now, he would find himself at a loss to understand its daily proceedings. He could not carry through the business of a single night, until he had informed himself properly on the far-reaching details of the new Standing Orders. Since we gave in these pages an account of the inner life of the House, the Rules have been modified in such a way as to leave many old members, who are not regular attendants, completely in the

* 'Quarterly Review,' October, 1886, 'The House of Commons as it is.'

dark

dark as to their operation. The hour of meeting has been changed, and so has the hour of adjournment. The Closure has been adopted, and can be set in action on the motion of a private member. No opposed business can be taken after midnight, unless by special resolution of the House, to be adopted at the commencement of public business. New regulations have been made for morning sittings. The stages of Committee and Report on the Address to the Crown, at the opening of Parliament, have been discontinued. Notices of questions can no longer be read out in the House. The Speaker or Chairman of Committees has power to put a motion for the adjournment of the House, or for reporting progress, without debate, or he may decline to put it at all. Power has also been given him to order a member 'who persists in irrelevance, or tedious repetition either of his own arguments, or of the arguments used by other members in Debate,' to discontinue his speech, and resume his seat. This might, no doubt, be used with crushing effect, but hitherto justice has been very largely tempered with mercy in its application. The presiding officer may furthermore order a member who is guilty of disorderly conduct to leave the House, and forbid him to return during that day's sitting. When a division is frivolously or vexatiously demanded, he may refuse to allow it to be taken in the usual way, and direct the members who call for it to stand up in their places and be there counted by the clerks—a somewhat trying ordeal to go through. Standing Committees have been appointed to which all Bills relating to Law and Justice, Trade, Shipping, and Manufactures, Agriculture and Fishing, are referred. There is no longer any Committee of the whole House on any Bills coming within these categories. The Speaker now leaves the Chair without putting the question when the Order of the Day is read for going into Committee, unless it be a Committee of Supply or of Ways and Means. All these immense changes—the scope and importance of which can only be properly appreciated by those who have some practical knowledge of Parliamentary Procedure—have been carried out within the last four years. And yet we learn, on the authority of the Prime Minister, that obstruction 'has been king,' that it paralysed the House and the Government last Session; that it was owing to its pernicious influence so little business could be done; and the nation is now invited to step in and put it down. Whatever else may be doubtful, it is perfectly clear that the evil is not of so simple or of so easily remediable a nature as is generally assumed out of doors.

There

There is an elementary question which ought fairly to be weighed before we go any further. What is Obstruction in a Legislative body? It is not so easy to answer that as might, at the first glance, be imagined. It affects various parties differently at different times. And, indeed, it will not do to regard the subject from a party point of view. Every danger which stands before us now would be increased by that policy. We will suppose that the Radical party, including the Irish contingent, were again governing the country, and that a Bill were introduced for the Disestablishment of the Church, or for the creation of a separate Parliament and an independent Executive in Ireland. What course would the Tory party think it necessary to adopt? Would they not endeavour to procure delay, so that there might be time for awakening the country thoroughly to what was going on—time for instructing public opinion, time for that opinion to make itself felt and understood? Would not almost any action be deemed justifiable, which offered a fair and reasonable hope of baffling the attack on the National Church, or of preventing the division of the country? We cannot attempt to deal with obstruction of Parliamentary business from the supposition that the Tory party will always be in office. The instruments which we forge will be turned some day against ourselves, only they will be used with a rigour and an unscrupulousness which we have never thought of exercising. This contingency can never be left out of sight. And it is not sufficient to urge that, if the Conservatives do not take further measures to restrict freedom of discussion, the Radicals will do so when they have the power. That line of argument has already beguiled us into several roads from which we should have done well to turn our faces. There is a great difference between the Conservative party introducing principles of legislation, and having those principles forced upon them under protest. If both parties alike are engaged in a struggle as to which can carry out the greatest number of changes in a given space of time, the future which is before the country need not be in a moment's doubt. We have, therefore, to combine prudence with firmness in the attempt to clear obstruction out of the way of Parliament.

It would be extremely difficult to produce a definition of obstruction, which would be satisfactory to all parties, or be applicable to all circumstances, but those who have under their very eyes the work of the House, can be in no doubt as to the precise moment when the obstructive machine is set in motion. One member after another gets up on the same side of the House, and gives more or less disjointed and confused utterance

to

to criticisms or opinions which have already been repeated, until almost everybody is weary of listening to them. Each clause, each line, of a Bill in Committee may form the subject of innumerable speeches. Sometimes it is found that an inverted kind of 'log rolling' is being practised. 'You help us to oppose this Bill, and we will do the same turn for you when another Bill which you specially dislike comes on.' A good deal of this bargaining was carried on during the last Session. Under the twelve o'clock rule, a small number of men may easily 'talk a measure out' for that sitting, and the next day they can come down to the scene of action, and begin the same performance all over again. It is not in order for any other member to accuse the speakers of obstruction. And it may be far from a simple matter for the presiding officer to decide that they are committing that offence. There is much that may fairly be said about the probable action and scope of a particular clause in any Bill, and to put an end to discussion on such points would be a dangerous stretch of authority. Scarcely any measure is introduced into the Legislature, which is perfect at its birth, or which does not receive great improvements in the course of its passage through either House of Parliament. The obstructionists can very readily take advantage of the opportunities thus afforded to them. A little knot agree that the Bill shall not be advanced beyond a certain point on any given day. They get together a few facts and arguments, or materials which may pass muster in the hurry of the moment for facts and arguments, and slowly wade their way through them. Piles of statistics may be produced, and thrown before the House in unintelligible and studied confusion. Old Blue-books may be rummaged, and it will be strange if nothing apposite to the subject can be dug up out of them. Perhaps there has been a Parliamentary Committee to enquire into the question at some previous time, and their investigations can now be worked into the general mass. In this way, a speech of an hour and a half can be strung together without any fear of exhausting the intellectual powers. Of course it empties the House, but why should the obstructionists care for that? They do not want an audience; they are quite content to grind out words to empty benches. Their sole object is to waste time. If they were peremptorily suppressed, who is to guarantee that perfectly legitimate opposition to an objectionable Bill might not be suppressed also, especially by some future presiding officer, chosen, perhaps, under the influence of strong partisanship, or an overwhelming current of popular feeling? Put all power into the hands of the presiding officer, and how can any one tell that

that it might not be disastrously misused, perhaps at a critical moment in our history?

The obstructionists understand the force of these considerations, and trade upon them. They know that the House does not like to construct new cells of 'Little Ease' for itself. At the present time, the Radical party is anxious to force the Conservatives to narrow the limits of debate, and to restrict the rights of the minority. They expect to come to power at the next election, as all parties in opposition do; and they want to have appliances ready to their hands to use against the Conservative opposition. They could invent them, if they were not already made, but they prefer to work with our tools. Should the time come when a Conservative complained that Bills were being forced through the House of Commons without proper discussion, the answer would be that their party were the authors of the legislation which rendered such proceedings possible. Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Storey, and the 'Forwards' generally like nothing better than to incur the displeasure of the House, or to cause an alteration of the Rules in the direction of greater stringency. The Irish section of Gladstonians who act with them are always at hand when help is needed. And it must be borne in mind that the leading Irish members are complete masters of the whole science of obstruction. When they are joining in a campaign of this sort, or have set one on foot for themselves, they generally manage to keep it going for hours, if not for days. The Rules might be altered every week, and still they would contrive to obstruct without coming into open conflict with them. This it is, no doubt, which gives the Parnellite party their great power in Parliament. They have thoroughly mastered the Standing Orders of the House, and know precisely what can be done and what cannot. They have no compunctions about lowering the character of the House of Commons, for is it not, as Mr. Gladstone has taught them, an 'alien' House, passing 'alien' laws? To bring the House of Commons into contempt and disrepute is, in their eyes, not only a legitimate, but a most laudable part of the 'war' in which they are engaged. Did not one of their number boast long ago that it was their aim and object to 'break the Parliamentary machine?' What is the British Parliament worth in the eyes of the Parnellite party except as a channel for inflicting humiliation upon England, and for striking blows at her from the very heart of the citadel? Never did any legislature of which history bears record contain within itself so compact a body determined to cripple and destroy it. It would be madness to underrate the capacity or the

the power of the men who constitute this body. To begin with, they are the most expert and adroit Parliamentarians ever known. What Mr. T. Healy, or Mr. Sexton, or Mr. Dillon, or Mr. Parnell himself do not know of Parliamentary tactics, especially of the more crooked description, is not worth knowing. Even if they are baffled on one particular point—which rarely happens—they easily take refuge in another. They are always ready at any moment to spring out to each other's assistance. The guard is perpetually on duty, and supporters are in reserve to prevent the skirmishers from being routed. Should there be any remonstrance from the Conservative benches, it is instantly shouted down. No interruptions from that quarter are tolerated. But the Irish members claim and exercise for themselves the right of interrupting other speakers as often and as much as they please, unless Mr. Speaker is in the Chair, when their zeal is kept within something like due bounds. At most other times, they contrive to regulate the course of debate in the manner most agreeable to themselves.

In another important respect, the Irish contingent is unlike any former group of politicians known to Parliamentary history. They do not own allegiance to a party so much as to a man and an idea. They are not troubled by their constituencies, and need have no doubts about their re-election. They are nominated and elected by one man, and so long as they give reasonable satisfaction to that man—who is anything but a hard taskmaster—they hold perfectly safe seats. It used to be thought a monstrous thing, that some landowner should acquire the control of three or four seats in Parliament, and thus acquire the power of sending to Westminster any one he chanced to select for the honour. We have now a man among us who has eighty-five seats in his pocket, and who does what he likes with them. It has happened before, and we shall be very fortunate if it does not happen again, that these eighty-five members impose their own measures on Prime Ministers and on Parliament. When we take this fact into consideration, it may well appear that no private subject of the Crown is so powerful to-day as Mr. Parnell. Other parties in the House of Commons may and will fluctuate in numbers, but his force of eighty-five is a fixed quantity. This is another momentous fact which a weak presiding officer, should we ever see one in the Chair, may often be tempted to keep a little too steadily in view. A Conservative majority may disappear, and a Liberal majority may share the same fate, but the Parnellites will come back as strong as they went away. Their number is out of all reasonable proportion to the population they represent, an anomaly on which

which it will presently be necessary to say a few words more. But no party has thus far proposed electoral reforms in Ireland which would redress the inequality. We have thus a numerous, practised, and well-trained force in Parliament who, when legislation is not to their minds, become obstructionists almost to a man. They act automatically when the proper spring is touched. The leaders come into a Parliament familiar with every device that can be invented, either for the expedition or the delay of business. While new members are trying to master some of the elements of Parliamentary procedure, these veterans are carrying everything before them. They can afford to smile at the indignation and impatience of the new comers. They are almost always at their posts when wanted; they are always full of resource, and always united. It is because people out of doors are not familiar with the working of this force, that they are inclined to make so light of Parliamentary obstruction.

We are aware that it is said, that the House itself ought promptly to suppress all obstructionists, no matter how numerous they may be, or from what part of the country they may come. Such things are easily said. But do the people who say them understand the nature of the problem? To begin with, there is on the part of every House of Commons a natural reluctance to part with the ancient liberties, which have been the pride and glory of the 'mother of Parliaments,' and which may even now be requisite, some day or other, for the preservation of the public safety. It does not take very long to throw away these safeguards, but it may afterwards be found impossible to recover them. The House hesitates to place absolute powers in the hands of its presiding officer, or of the Ministry of the day. Very few members, who have voted for the restrictive measures of the last ten years have done so without regret. The greater their respect for the history and traditions of the House, the keener has been this regret. Again, it must be borne in mind, that no human ingenuity can construct a set of Rules which shall prevent obstruction. The Americans, whom we are now so fond of imitating, especially in all that they would willingly throw away if they could, long ago discovered the impossibility of baffling obstruction in all the forms it could assume. And yet they have adopted the most extreme measures for that purpose. Look at their Lower House. Members have scarcely any personal liberties left. They can rarely find an opportunity of addressing the House; they are completely under the sway of the several Chairmen of Committees; the 'Standing Committee' business has been pushed to such an extreme that the House itself is reduced to a cipher. There

There is a very severe limit as to the time which any member can occupy, and even when a debate has been opened, it may be closed at any moment by a demand for the 'previous question,' which shuts off all discussion, and must be put forthwith. All business is transacted in private before the Standing Committees. Discussion in Congress seldom affects the fate of a Bill, and never alters the fortunes of parties. It cannot turn out a Ministry; it cannot change the policy of the Administration, except in rare cases. Such discussions are not reported in any of the newspapers, because they possess no public interest. There may be a column in a New York paper of the proceedings in the British Parliament the night before, while not five lines will be devoted to the proceedings at Washington. And yet, although Congress has been fettered and hampered in every conceivable way, obstruction oftentimes bars the road to the transaction of any kind of business, and baffles all attempts to deal with it on the old lines. An instructive instance of the kind has occurred this very year. At the opening of the Session of 1890, the Democratic party in the House of Representatives hit upon a new form of obstruction. It is the rule that, when a division is demanded, or a question is put, the 'yeas' and 'nays' may be called in the House, each member answering to his name. The Democrats decided to remain silent when the roll was thus called. No measure can be passed, nor any business done, unless a quorum of the House is present, and a quorum consists of a majority of the House. At present the full number of members is 330, and consequently there must be present 166 to form a quorum, this being one more than half the complete House. The Republicans at their full strength can muster exactly 166, but of course there are always some members absent, through illness or other causes, and as the Democrats held aloof, a deadlock was produced. The Speaker, Mr. Reed, decided to have the members counted in their places, whether they answered to their names or not, and thus he obtained a quorum, though not in the way which had hitherto been adopted. There was a great outcry, and the Democrats decided to walk out of the House when a division was called or a question put. But again Mr. Reed introduced a new custom. When once the Democrats were inside the House he kept them there. Having got his quorum together, he shut and locked the doors; and not long ago there appeared in the newspapers an account of an attempt to force these doors, amid a scene of some disorder and violence. Speaker Reed's tactics may be perfectly justifiable, but they are new to the history of the country, and they are evidently regarded with dislike by a large section

section of the people. It has been pointed out, by a writer in the 'North American Review,' that the growth of obstruction—or 'filibustering,' as it is called in the United States—has inevitably led to the power of the presiding officer being increased, at the expense of the liberties of the House. He observes, with great force, that the power of the Speakership 'has of late years grown to such proportions as to constitute a serious menace to the freedom, and even to the stability, of Parliamentary institutions.'

Precisely the same tendency is visible here. But there is this great difference, that whereas in the United States the Speaker of the House of Representatives never ceases to be a partisan, in this country he is an impartial officer of the House, not desiring to use his powers for the benefit of party, and anxious to be kept entirely out of the range of party conflicts. The effect of the changes which have been made of late years is to deprive him of this independent and neutral position, and to force him into the field among the combatants. His impartiality is, at the very least, brought under suspicion. Consider the position into which he is thrown by the operation of certain new rules. A member may be checked for irrelevance or repetition. But if this power be exercised freely, it will soon be said that it is brought to bear more upon the Speaker's opponents in politics than upon his friends. It is a very invidious power to exercise at the best of times. It may be extremely difficult to decide what is repetition of an obstructive kind. Every man who is in the habit of addressing public audiences has found out for himself that some amount of judicious repetition of an argument is necessary, if it is to be made to produce its due effect on the minds of others. How can a presiding officer always tell when that lawful limit is reached? How is he to decide when a member is irrelevant, unless he knows the whole drift of the argument beforehand? There may be points which are absolutely essential to the case to be presented, and yet their relevancy may be by no means obvious at first sight. So, again, with the rule throwing upon the presiding officer the duty of deciding whether or not a motion for the Closure shall be put. If he declines to put it, he runs a risk of offending the party in power. If he too readily accedes, he incurs the disapprobation of the Opposition. Every day, therefore, the Speaker or Chairman of Committees is forced to do something, or to leave something undone, which may affect his reputation for impartiality, and tarnish his office with the mire of party strife. A strong and courageous man, like Mr. Speaker Peel, will perform his duty regardless of personal

personal inconvenience. But a weak man will hesitate, or do worse. These are among the effects of wholesale changes in the Rules which have never been adequately considered. It would be only prudent to take them into view before going any further with the same kind of enterprise.

There is still another reason for the hesitation to which we have referred on the part of the House of Commons to take further steps for the curtailment of its own liberties. This springs from the doubt how far the country is in sympathy with such measures. We who are Conservatives say there is no doubt on that point—that the country not only approves, but impatiently demands, stringent regulations against obstruction. But perhaps we only hear our own side of the question. We must remember that our opponents are prepared to deny that they have been guilty of any obstruction whatever. The Radicals generally accept that denial, and what is more, we may safely take it for granted, that they would be prepared even to defend obstructive tactics against a Government which they thoroughly detest, because it is keeping them out of office. In other words, there will always be nearly half of the people who will be prepared to maintain that opposition to the party in power cannot properly be called obstruction. They will refuse to look at this opposition, whatever form it may assume, in the light from which it is regarded by the majority. Out of office, the Conservatives would certainly not pursue the open and avowed obstruction which has so often been practised by the followers of Mr. Gladstone, with his knowledge, not to say with his connivance. For in this respect the greatest of the Parliamentary leaders now living assuredly cannot be held free from blame. Mr. Gladstone himself suffered severely from the obstructionist tactics of the Parnellites in the days of his first Administration. Lord Beaconsfield's Administration had also been grievously embarrassed and injured by obstruction, carried on by some men who now energetically condemn it. But Lord Beaconsfield was too much attached to the old ways to make any important innovation in the Rules. The evil grew worse, and changes had to be made. It even became necessary, on one memorable occasion, for the Speaker to close a debate peremptorily, without any Rule of the House existing which could possibly justify him. He was, however, held to be amply justified by the House and by public opinion. But Mr. Gladstone, who thus suffered under obstruction, had previously defended it in articles and speeches; and whenever he has been out of office, he has never uttered a word or made a sign to repress it. Yet he has acknowledged that it is a great evil.

Lord

Lord Hartington very properly referred to this element in question, in the speech delivered by him at York on the 3rd of September last. What assistance, he asked, is likely to be received from the Gladstonian party in the efforts that will still be required to deal with obstruction? 'I fear,' he went on to say, 'we cannot expect to receive from them much effectual assistance, for I believe that, when they accepted the Parnellite principles of Irish government, they at the same time adopted a totally new attitude towards the practice of Parliamentary obstruction, and they have gone very near to the adoption of Parnellite methods themselves. Mr. Gladstone is reported to have used rather a remarkable Gladstonian expression, in which he said that "he had not been a resolute disapprover of obstruction on principle."' That, in Gladstonian language, comes very near to an admission that he had been a conniver. Undoubtedly that is nothing more nor less than the plain truth. Over and over again has Mr. Gladstone looked on at avowed obstruction without signifying his displeasure, or giving a hint to his followers to discontinue it. Some of his lieutenants openly and wilfully encourage it, even if they do not help beforehand to plan it. Sir William Harcourt has more than once stimulated the Radical party to launch out upon a new career of obstruction, even when business was in a fair way of being done. We never heard of any Radical constituency censuring its member for making himself active in work of this kind. There is no moment when it can be said with truth that the 'country' is opposed to obstruction, partly because they do not always recognize it when they see it, partly because in the continually growing heat of political strife, there is a tendency not to criticise too minutely the means which are adopted for injuring and weakening the party in power.

The recent events in the United States, to which we have referred, have brought into existence a party, or at least a cry, in favour of reducing the power in the hands of the Speaker of the House. With us, the tendency, for the moment, is in the other direction. A constant desire is expressed, and sometimes attempts are made, to throw more and more power into the hands of the Speaker, and to render him master of the House. We venture to say that the Speaker, whoever he may be, would strongly deprecate any changes of this description. They would involve a complete reversal of all the traditions of his office, and entail upon him an intolerable burden. Sometimes, even as matters now stand, a disposition is shown to assail the Speaker with an acrimony which is fortunately new to our political life, and to set his authority at defiance. Was there not a thrilling

description once given of a venerable statesman rushing along a suburban road, his coat-tails flying in the wind, his umbrella uplifted, declaiming to an 'interviewer' against the arbitrary conduct of 'the Speaker, the Speaker?' And during the last four years, instances have only been too frequent of daring attempts to overcome the ruling and authority of the Speaker. Thus far the office has survived without undergoing any degradation. That, it cannot be too distinctly understood, is owing more to the firmness and unflinching resolution of the present Speaker than to any generosity in the tactics of the Opposition. The House, as a rule, will always support the authority of the Chair in the last resort. But any further measures to increase either the powers or the responsibilities of the Speaker should be viewed with the gravest distrust, and should only be adopted under pressure of the sternest necessity. Already, as we have endeavoured to convey to the mind of the reader, the position of the Speaker has been placed in considerable jeopardy. The very unpleasant duty has been thrust upon him of practically deciding when the Closure is to be applied. In the United States, the House itself decides that question. The Speaker has no discretion in the matter. He must put the motion, and when put, it cannot be debated. This is a closure in reality as well as in name. But we in this country were not prepared to apply a 'gag' constructed on the American model. In the first place, we gave to the Speaker or Chairman of Committees the absolute power of vetoing an application for the Closure, and in the next place we made it a condition that, at the least, there should be 100 members of the House to vote for it even after the consent of the Speaker had been expressed. It is therefore only a very loose and modified form of the Closure which we possess, a fact to be kept in mind by those who are so ready to blame the Ministry for not making a more effective use of this weapon. In truth, there may and there do occur circumstances when there is no such thing as closure available for the Leader of the House. We could give numerous examples of this, but we will confine ourselves to one which came before the public. One night in May last, the House being in Committee, Mr. Courtney declined to allow the Closure to be put, and the Opposition, thus encouraged, went on moving to report progress until four o'clock in the morning. The Marquis of Hartington, at half-past three, rose in the House and pointed out that the Chairman had, in the exercise of his discretion, allowed 'three or four dilatory motions to be put in succession,' and he advised the Ministry in consequence not to proceed any further with its attempts to transact public business that night. The

Closure

Closure was intended to prevent proceedings of this very kind, and it was not thought probable that purely dilatory motions would be successful after it had once been adopted. But everything depends upon the presiding officer. If he will not assist the House to despatch the business before it, he need not do so. We may easily imagine what will inevitably happen when the process of choosing bitter partisans for Speaker or Chairman is in active operation; and that is avowedly a part of the new and improved Radical programme.

'We intend to have a man,' it is common to hear Radical politicians say, 'who will carry out the wishes of the House'—that is, of their own party. Impartiality will be regarded as a disqualification for the office. The Closure will then be put to a use which the Conservatives have never contemplated. It will not happen then, as it does now, that the Leader of the House will move for it and be refused. Such a rebuke as that undoubtedly places the Leader in a very false, not to say humiliating, position. We believe it may be said that the incident occurs only when Mr. Courtney is in the Chair. And as a rule, Mr. Courtney does not assign any reason for refusing to put the motion, as the Speaker invariably does, even though it is only an unofficial member who has made it. We may safely assume that future Radical leaders will take good care not to run any risks of this kind. The presiding officer will be required to 'fall into line,' like all the others. Now this danger would to some extent be averted, if the Speaker were confined to the performance of his ancient duties, and if the House itself, or the responsible Leader of the House, undertook to set in motion the powers required to meet special emergencies. We may imagine a condition of affairs in which the presiding officer of the House, from fear of offending a dangerous minority, such as the Parnellite party, for example, would decline to allow the Closure to be put when it was manifestly necessary, or, on the other hand, would permit it to be put in a manner which would stifle freedom of discussion. We have not yet seen the full lengths to which party passion may lead men in this country. The struggle for power has, with some interruptions, been carried on within recognized lines, and with a careful regard for public opinion. But what is the public opinion which will have to be taken into account as events are now marching? Something very different from that which our forefathers knew and understood. It may be safe now to entrust almost any powers to the Speaker of the House of Commons. But the day may come when services of another kind may be expected of him than those which he is now asked to render.

Is it wise to make him the centre of party intrigues? Would it not be far better to compel the Leader of the House to take all the responsibility for the direction of its business? He might abuse his privileges, but there would always be a large section of the people who would view anything savouring of despotic action with great dislike, and public opinion would in time revenge it. Let the Minister of the day take all the consequences of restricting freedom of debate, while the Speaker returns to his proper duty of preserving order, and constituting himself, on certain occasions, the mouthpiece of the House. A tyrannical Minister might become a heavy burden to the country, but it would not be endured for long. And even that infliction would be more tolerable than a Speaker who had become the blind tool of an oppressive majority. We do not deny—on the contrary, we assert emphatically—the principle that the majority have a right to direct the legislation of the country. The present Opposition refuse to acknowledge that, but it is an essential part of our system of government, and the Tory party has always loyally submitted to it. The Gladstonians, among the numerous innovations which they have introduced, seek to reverse this rule. They assert, in effect, the right of the Opposition to control legislation, and that is the root and foundation of all obstruction. The majority shall not govern; the minority shall. These are Radical doctrines when the Radicals are out of office. When they are in office, freedom of speech in Parliament is to be, as far as possible, suppressed. Mr. Labouchere, speaking out plainly what most of his party only think, declares that the Government has no right to legislate, and that obstruction is the duty of every 'patriotic' Member of Parliament. The present House does not represent the country. That pretence can be set up in the very first Session of a new Parliament, and the business of the nation may be put an end to almost at the start. As a matter of fact, the present Parliament was not a year old before the Radical leaders alleged that it was elected under a 'mistake,' that it did not represent the people, and consequently that obstruction was legitimate and praiseworthy. They have been acting upon that convenient doctrine ever since. The whole principle of party government has been repudiated or ignored. The minority are to exercise the powers which have hitherto been vested in the majority. The House of Commons is to be told that it is an imposture. If the House of Lords dares to make its power felt in legislation of any kind, it will be informed that it has no right to exist at all. Who, then, is to decide what the Government of the country shall be? Why not have a meeting in Hyde

the remedy will not prove worse than the disease. We look with some distrust on this new imitation of American methods. If we are to continue to borrow from that country, it is a pity we cannot copy some of its contrivances for preventing rash and hasty changes in the Constitution, and for interposing delay in the transformation of the fundamental laws of the land. We venture to think that the day is not far distant when the English people will have had enough, and more than enough, of American importations. The Grand Committees in Parliament have thus far worked fairly well within a limited area. But the system is only in its infancy with us. In the United States, where it has grown to maturity, it has swallowed up the Legislature. The Standing Committees have all the power in their hands, and no member of the House of Representatives, who is not also a member of one of them, has a chance of being heard. Mr. Woodrow Wilson, an American writer of good authority, has shown that the Standing Committees are at all times and under all circumstances the masters of the situation. 'The rules are so framed,' he says, 'as to put all business under their management; and one of the discoveries which the new member is sure to make, albeit after many trying experiences and sobering adventures, is that under their sway, freedom of debate finds no place or allowance.' 'One principle runs through every stage of procedure, and is never disallowed or abrogated—the principle that the Committees shall rule without let or hindrance.' 'The House sits, not for serious discussion, but to sanction the conclusions of its Committees as rapidly as possible.'* The same results of this system will inevitably follow in this country, if the House weakly surrenders its privileges to Grand Committees. Nor are these the only results which will accrue. Lobbying will, in due season, become almost as good a 'profession' in this country as it is on the other side of the Atlantic. As Mr. Woodrow Wilson admits, 'one very noteworthy result of this system is to shift the theatre of debate upon legislation from the floor of Congress to the privacy of the Committee rooms.' In course of time, great public bodies, or any one with an interest at stake in legislation, will find that it is better worth while to devote attention to individual members of Committees than to the entire Legislature. Then, as Mr. Wilson suggestively says, the voter 'hears of enormous subsidies begged and obtained; of pensions procured on commission by professional pension solicitors; of appropriations made in the interests of dishonest contractors;

* 'Congressional Government.' By Woodrow Wilson. Boston, 1887. See Chap. II. on 'The House of Representatives.'

and

and he is not altogether unwarranted in the conclusion that these are evils inherent in the very nature of Congress, for there can be no doubt that the power of the lobbyist consists in great part, if not altogether, in the facility afforded him by the Committee system.' We may flatter ourselves that these are developments of the Committee plan which never could be seen in this country. Why not? Great changes have been witnessed of late years in the composition of the House of Commons, and still greater changes, we do not doubt, are before us. We flatter ourselves, that we can introduce here a principle which has worked very badly in other countries, and that it will produce no ill results with us, because we live in England, and 'Englishmen are so different.' We have had so much to shake our national vanity of late years, that this remaining trace of it might be pardoned, if it did not happen to be fraught with so many disastrous consequences.

As for taking the Estimates from the supervision of the House, and placing them in the hands of a Grand Committee, that is a 'consummation devoutly to be wished' in the eyes of all Ministries. But what is the main and primary business of the House of Commons, if not to grant Supply—and to grant it, not by the hand of another, but by its own? It may, by its negligence or folly, delegate this business to a fraction of its number, but it will make a tremendous departure in its history, if it is induced to take any such step. Governments do not like their Estimates to be criticised, and it must be admitted that the criticisms are often wide of any reasonable mark, sometimes absurd, and occasionally very exasperating. But these are evils within reach of treatment. It would be perfectly right, and we believe it has now become necessary, to deprive members of the House of their privilege of speaking any number of times, and at any length, in Committee of Supply. With the exception of the mover of a reduction, who might have the right of reply, and the Minister in charge of the Vote, no member should be allowed to make more than one speech; if this restriction did not suffice to prevent obstruction, a limit of time should be insisted on. The House of Commons would suffer nothing by these changes. But to part with its own absolute and unchecked control over supply would be a wild leap in the dark. The late Lord Farnborough, Sir Erskine May, was asked a question on this subject when he was before a Select Committee of the House in 1871, 'Would there be any objection,' it was put to him, 'to referring the different classes of the Estimates to those Committees;' and his answer was, 'I should not venture to recommend that. I think a Committee of

of Supply should certainly be a Committee of the whole House, and *nothing short of that.*' There was very much in this warning, and we should hope that so great an innovation upon the ancient rights and privileges of the House, as that which is involved in the proposal to send Supply to a Grand Committee, will never be carried out by the Conservative party.

Yet it is in Committee, whether of Supply or on Bills, that the greatest facilities for obstruction are afforded. Any member may speak for one, two, three, or four hours on these occasions, and when he has had time to get his 'second wind,' there is nothing to prevent him beginning all over again. Last Session Mr. Storey, of Sunderland, contrived to defeat the Savings Banks Bill—a measure designed to protect the savings of the working classes—by dilatory and obstructive discussion upon another Bill to which he had no real objection. His object was clearly perceived by the whole House, and indeed, was plainly avowed, and it was carried out in defiance of the manifest impatience and weariness of the members. But the device succeeded. The Government promised to withdraw the Savings Banks Bill, and Mr. Storey then instantly withdrew his opposition to the Bill before the House, and even recommended his friends to pass it. It is to be regretted that the Government felt that it had no alternative but to give way. We need scarcely point out that the strongest encouragement that can be given to obstruction is to permit it to succeed. Mr. Storey and his friends are not likely to discontinue tactics which have answered their purpose so well. In the speech to which we have already referred, Lord Hartington complained that 'none of the Governments which have had to deal with this vital question have ever yet received the support of a strong public opinion in dealing with this evil.' The reason is that the public do not understand the mystery. They have not the slightest idea of the extent to which obstruction may be, and often is, pushed. Half-a-dozen members, possessed of sufficient knowledge of the rules of the House, can easily bring proceedings to a deadlock throughout the whole of a sitting. In former times, as we are all well aware, it was only upon rare occasions that any member deliberately went to work to exhibit his contempt for the opinion of the House, and to fling himself against all its most cherished observances. If the House showed itself disinclined to pursue a discussion, or indicated its displeasure at the language or tone adopted by a particular member, scarcely any one ever thought of obstinately defying it. But now there are certain members who deem it the most meritorious act they can perform to parade their disrespect for the House to which they

they belong. Even if they are ordered to resume their seats they are not disconcerted, for they are able to repeat their objectionable performances at an early moment. The penalty at present imposed is no punishment for the offence. Very often it does more good than harm to the person upon whom it falls.

There cannot be a doubt that the House will be driven, for its own protection, to deal much more severely with disorderly and contumacious members than was necessary in former times. Greater responsibility for his actions must be thrown upon each member, and the consequences of his misusing what does not belong to him—namely, the time of the public—and of degrading the House of Commons, must be made much more serious than they are now. What is the utmost that can be done by the Speaker to punish a member who is guilty of the grossest misconduct? The offender may be suspended 'during that day's sitting,' or for a week. If he misconducts himself a second time, he may suspended for a fortnight, and on the third occasion for a month. Sometimes an impudent prisoner tells the magistrate who has sentenced him that he could serve out his sentence 'upon his head,' and that is usually the spirit displayed by a member of the Gladstonian party, who has been suspended by the Speaker. He marches out of the House amid the cheers of his comrades, and contrives to make political capital out of his disgraceful behaviour. He goes round the country offering himself as an example of the unfairness of his political opponents. But in nine cases out of ten, especially when the House is in Committee, he can do almost anything he likes, and no one will interfere with him. On the 12th of August last, the Home Secretary was making a statement in the House of Commons when Dr. Tanner interrupted him, in what the Secretary truly described as a 'vulgar manner.' Thereupon Dr. Tanner loudly exclaimed that Mr. Matthews was 'one of the basest and meanest skunks that ever sat upon that bench.' What happened to him as a consequence of this outrageous breach of order? Nothing whatever. The Chairman heard the insult, and mildly called upon Dr. Tanner to apologize to the House. We had better give the sequel in the language of the 'Times' report, which was strictly accurate:—

'Dr. TANNER.—Of course, I always bow to your orders in the most implicit and obedient way, but I do appeal to the Chair on this occasion to protect me from such utterances as have been used by the right hon. gentleman who called me a vulgarian. (Laughter.)

'The CHAIRMAN.—There is no excuse for what the hon. gentleman has done. The hon. gentleman has not done what I desired him to do—namely, to apologize to the House for his conduct. (Cheers.)

'Dr. TANNER.

'Dr. TANNER.—What have I done? If there is anything that I have done in an undue way I shall certainly obey (cries of "Order"), but I am not going to be cowed by hon. gentlemen opposite. I shall certainly follow your ruling, Mr. Courtney, and anything you tell me to do I shall do without hesitation. (Laughter.)

'The CHAIRMAN. Order, order. I have already directed the hon. gentleman to apologize for the violence of his language and his conduct. If he is willing to apologize I shall be glad to hear him.

'Mr. SEXTON.—Will you allow me, Mr. Courtney, to intervene? (Cries of "Order.") I would advise my hon. friend by the ties of long comradeship in this House to withdraw at your dictation the expression he has used, and when he has withdrawn that expression I hope you will see that the interruption of "Dungarvan," although perhaps irrelevant, did not entitle the Home Secretary to use the term "vulgar."

'Dr. TANNER.—I shall implicitly and without hesitation follow the advice of my hon. friend. If I have in any way offended, which unfortunately I fail to see, I shall of course express my due contrition for having offended. But at the same time, Sir (cries of "Order"), I must really say this (renewed cries of "Order" and "Don't qualify it"), that I think the expression "vulgar" was a word that was uncalled for on the part of the right hon. gentleman.

'The CHAIRMAN.—Order, order.'

Can any one be surprised to learn that, in the opinion of Dr. Tanner's friends, the victory remained with him? Such incidents as these are of frequent occurrence. They are fatal to the influence and authority of the Chair. A most gross breach of order is committed, the offender is asked to apologize, he repeats in a flippant manner a sort of burlesque of the Chairman's words, and finds that there is no weapon in the hands of the House which he has any particular reason to dread. Authority, which can be turned into ridicule and set at naught, is worse than no authority at all.

Strange as it may seem, the gravity of offences of the description we have referred to appears to be overlooked by the House of Commons itself, and by the presiding officer, when that presiding officer is not the Speaker. That error is one which has never before been made in this country, and which the Americans take good care shall never be committed in their Legislature. Disorder has, no doubt, occurred ere now in Congress, but the ruling of the presiding officer has very seldom been treated with ridicule. Nor can the House itself be insulted with impunity. The Federal Constitution itself has provided against any such contingency. The second clause of Section 5, Article I., provides that 'each House may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behaviour, and

and with the concurrence of two-thirds, *expel a member.*' There is no trifling with the subject here. If this 'power did not exist,' remarks Judge Story, 'it would be utterly impracticable to transact the business of the nation, either at all or at least with decency, deliberation, and order.' That is precisely the state of affairs to which we are rapidly drifting in this country. 'As a member,' remarks Judge Story again, 'might be so lost to all sense of dignity and duty as to disgrace the House by the grossness of his conduct, or interrupt its deliberations by perpetual violence or clamour, the power to expel for very aggravated misconduct was also indispensable, not as a common, but as an ultimate redress for the grievance.' This is entirely applicable to the special difficulties which are now before us. Obviously, the penalty of expulsion from Parliament is not one which should be lightly employed. But it should be among the reserve powers of the Speaker, although no lesser authority should be at liberty to use it. If it were known to be available, there would seldom be any necessity for its use. Members may cheerfully run the risk of a week's suspension, or even go out of their way to bring it upon themselves, but they would not jeopardize their seats. We are, of course, aware that the House of Commons already possesses a general power of expulsion for 'grave offences.' But it has never been put into force for disorderly conduct in the House, and indeed there is a doubt whether it can be legally exercised under any circumstances. As Sir Erskine May observes, in enumerating the Wilkes' case and others, 'all these cases can only be regarded as examples of an excess of their jurisdiction by the Commons; for one House of Parliament cannot create a disability unknown to the law.' In the United States, as we have seen, the fundamental law confers this particular power upon Congress. Such a law we have not at present in this country, but it may come. We may be very sure that the Radical party will not tolerate such obstruction as the Salisbury Ministry has had to face throughout the present Parliament. It would soon show that it meant to make full use of the power which it had obtained at the polling booths. There is nothing to prevent an alteration of the Rules authorizing the Speaker to suspend for an entire Session an old offender in obstruction. The Select Committee of 1878 remarked in their Report, in reference to the abuse of the Rules of the House, 'Your Committee have borne in mind that by the common law of Parliament, as they have been assured by high authority, such conduct . . . is a grave offence, amounting to a contempt of the House, and that it renders any member who may be guilty of it liable to such censure

sure or punishment as the House may think fit to inflict.' We do not say that an increase in the present penalties would root out obstruction. But the prompt and severe punishment of conspicuous offenders would do much to lessen the practice. The remedies themselves might be abused by a violent and despotic party, but it is impossible to provide against every contingency that may arise. The first thing to do is to enable the Government of the day to discharge its duties in an efficient and orderly manner. We believe that Lord Salisbury took an accurate view of the situation when he said, speaking at the Mansion House on the 6th of August last, 'My impression is that our forefathers would have found a very short and easy way with difficulties of that kind. If I may venture to prophecy, I suspect that our descendants will find a very short and easy way with difficulties of that kind also.' But the evil is now assuming such huge proportions that we shall not be able to wait for our descendants.

Not only is the business of the country brought to a stand-still, but the Ministers of the Crown, the men upon whom the nation depends for the regulation of its affairs, are rendered almost unable to attend to the urgent work of their departments in consequence of the grinding toil and inordinately long hours to which they have to submit. It is true that under the New Rules no contested business can be taken after midnight; but when that class of business is over, there are all the orders of the day to run through. Report of Supply, or money business, may be taken at any hour, and it is often one o'clock in the morning, and sometimes much later, before the House adjourns. The burden of this excessive work does not fall exclusively upon Ministerial shoulders. It is severely felt by independent members of the House, and in course of time it will have the effect of driving some of the best of them out of Parliament. We regret to notice even now that several highly-esteemed members of the present Parliament have given notice of their intention not to contest their seats again, finding themselves unable to respond to the continual and urgent demands of the party Whips. The members to whom we refer belong to the class which the nation can ill afford to lose. No doubt there will be plenty of persons willing to come forward to take their places, but it is another question whether Parliament and the country will gain by the exchange. The truth is, and it is a truth not at all understood by the public, that not Ministers only, but the whole House is so driven and harassed, that it is utterly impossible the present system can go on much longer. We venture to say that no Government in the present day makes sufficient

sufficient allowance for the time that is absolutely required for the unavoidable routine work of the Session, and consequently, each Ministry in turn is apt to construct a programme of legislation on a colossal scale. That programme makes a great appearance on paper, but there is this drawback connected with it, that it cannot possibly be carried out. Every Session there is some legislation that is indispensable. Then there are the Estimates, which must be passed, and it is evident that they will henceforth require much more time than used to be devoted to them. Due allowance must be made for these things. It is not enough to say that an undue desire to speak manifests itself in the House. As Sir Erskine May reminded a Committee before which he was giving evidence in 1871, 'this is an age of discussion; it prevails everywhere, as well as in Parliament; and it has greatly increased in the House of Commons.' That is a characteristic of the present age which we may lament, but there it is, and it does not do to ignore it. Governments must shape their plans accordingly. They are all inclined to exaggerate the public appetite for new legislation. Some day a Ministry will make a great reputation by doing nothing. The 'rest and be thankful' policy may not be popular with agitators, and it would never be expedient to persist in it too long, or to elevate it to undue prominence in the policy of a party. But the people generally would not be indisposed to see a Session of refreshing idleness in the Legislature. The present Ministry was put into office charged with a paramount duty—to preserve the peace in Ireland, and to prevent the nation from being split into two or half-a-dozen parts. It has done this, and if it had done very little more, the country would not have complained. We quite admit, as we believe Ministers would now admit, that the entire scheme of legislation submitted to the House of Commons last Session could not have been carried out unless the whole of the time of the House had been at the disposal of the Government. Some of the measures proposed—such as the Licensing regulations—were certain to provoke keen opposition. When obstruction had once set in, the hopes and intentions of the Ministry were hopelessly overthrown. But the supporters of the Government had to be in their places day after day and night after night, just the same, as if solid and substantial results were being obtained. Many of them, it cannot be denied, foresaw from the first that their labour would be thrown away. At the end of the Session it was inevitable that weariness and disappointment should weigh upon the party. It is a common supposition that the House of Commons cannot be worked too hard, or driven too

too far. There could not be a greater mistake. As matters are now arranged, the demands upon the time of members are unreasonably great. Ministers and supporters alike are jaded before half the Session is over. This cannot be altogether prevented while obstruction remains in the ascendant, but a great improvement might be made in everything but the position of Ministers. For that there is at present no remedy.

It is now univerally admitted that it is impossible for the head of a great department of the State properly to transact his office work, which is sometimes very heavy, and at the same time to give the attendance which is required of him in Parliament. He should be at his office from eleven till four, and be free during those hours to devote himself entirely to the many subjects that will come before him for consideration. But as matters now stand, a large part of this time is taken up with Parliamentary affairs. The permanent officials may get up answers to the questions which are to be put to the Minister that afternoon in the House of Commons, but he will have to be consulted about them. He must see deputations and attend to a multitude of details. Having done a fair, perhaps a hard day's work, he goes to the House at half-past three, and there he must remain until the cry of 'who goes home?' resounds through the building. For a Minister is expected to be in pretty nearly every division. If his name is absent from two or three, he receives a significant reminder from the Leader of the House. This involves an attendance of something like nine hours four days a week. During that time, the Minister may have no Parliamentary work to do, or he may have a great deal. Should he happen to have a Bill under his charge, or be defending his vote in the Estimates, he may be required to make a dozen speeches every night, and it may be necessary for him to be in his place six or seven hours at a stretch. At the outset of the proceedings, he may be harassed by questions innumerable of which he has practically received no notice. One question is put down upon the paper, and member after member jumps up to put further questions, theoretically 'arising out of' the answer, but very likely having no real connection with it. One afternoon last Session, the total number of questions put was 540, although there were no more than eighty on the paper. This is an abuse which undoubtedly requires to be promptly dealt with, not in the manner suggested by some inconsiderate persons who wish, as we have explained, to give an arbitrary power to the Speaker to suppress questions, but in a manner which would be perfectly fair to all. That is to say, no questions whatever should be permitted except those which are actually on the orders of the day. Supplementary questions,

questions, except on the business of the House, should be absolutely prohibited. No doubt, this rule would lead to inconvenience at times, but can any one say that the present method is free from inconvenience? Is there not a general feeling in favour of making some great alteration in it? Nothing is more common now than to find that a sort of debate has been sprung upon the House, under the disguise of putting questions, and it is not always possible for the Speaker to arrest it until a lamentable waste of time has taken place.

The hardships endured by Ministers are shared, we must repeat, by unofficial members. Upon this point much misconception prevails in the public mind, and it is desirable that it should be cleared away, for otherwise the deterioration that is going on in the character of the House will make still more rapid progress than it has done during the last twenty years. The woes of Ministers are often put before the public, for Ministers are powerful persons, and they have the 'ear of the Press,' with the aid of which a man may do almost anything in the present day. The case of the unofficial member is never heard. Or if it is presented in one of the public journals, so ludicrous a perversion of it is given that every one behind the scenes is thunderstruck at the ignorance which prevails out of doors, even in quarters which ought to be well informed. The 'Daily Telegraph' presented such a picture one day during the past Session. The Member of Parliament, it informed the public, is only liable to be detained in the House occasionally when divisions are impending. At most times he is perfectly free. He has nothing to do. He is free 'to roam over a palace with its library, its refreshment and smoking rooms, its river terraces, and its ample lobbies, corridors, and halls.' Moreover, 'the prisoner may solace himself by the society of four or five hundred English gentlemen; he can have visitors, including ladies from outside; and he can even ask them to dine.' What more could mortal desire? There is only a very 'mild obligation of intermittent attendance' for the member to face, and it is impossible to admit that he has anything whatever to do which is worth dignifying with the name of work.

This, no doubt, represents a very prevalent impression as to the life of a Member of Parliament. It may be a correct impression as regards a small number of members who habitually absent themselves from their duties, and who contrive to 'make it up' to their constituencies in other ways. But it is not true as applied to the great majority of members on either side of the House. We venture to say that there is no more exhausting or disappointing and unsatisfactory kind of labour thrown upon any

any professional man in the present day than that which falls upon a moderately industrious Member of Parliament. In examining his lot, the 'Daily Telegraph' chose altogether to omit any reference to his compulsory service on Committees. We doubt whether the artist of the 'Daily Telegraph' would like that part of the performance. His soul might, indeed, be cheered by the blessed thought that he was roaming over a palace, and that he might invite 'ladies from outside.' But it is not altogether pleasant to be called upon to go into a palace at eleven in the morning and remain there until one the next morning, with a shabby interval of an hour or so for dinner. It is not at all an uncommon occurrence for a member to serve on a Committee from eleven in the forenoon till the House meets, and then to go into the House and remain about the building until the adjournment liberates everybody. Service on Committees is often extremely arduous, and involves much preparation and labour, if it is to be properly performed. As for compulsory detention being rare, we should have thought that every one who had the means of access even to the Lobby would have known that this is a thing of daily occurrence. 'Only when divisions are impending,' says the 'Telegraph.' But when are they not impending? The Whips, at any rate, always look for one at any moment, and if they were to allow members to go away, and a division were to be suddenly sprung upon the Government, the remarks addressed to them the next morning would not be framed upon the theory that compulsory attendance is not requisite. As for the charms of the society of 'five hundred English gentlemen' and of the refreshment rooms, it may be that the less said the better. The pleasures of imagination are always greater than those of reality. Work of the hardest kind is not so depressing or so exhausting as being required to linger about an ill-ventilated and evil-smelling building hour after hour, waiting for divisions which perhaps never take place, listening to wearisome speeches, or vainly endeavouring to fix the attention upon a book in the library amid the constant interruptions incidental to the House of Commons. There is no member of the House who will not own that the attendance there through a severe Session has involved the hardest work he has ever done in his life, however laborious that life may have been. It must be remembered that it is becoming increasingly difficult to get a 'pair,' by means of which a member may at least honourably escape to dinner. The Irish party never pair, and the Gladstonians are gradually adopting the same rule. A Liberal Unionist cannot get a pair on any terms. His former colleagues will have nothing to say

to

to him, and he must go away with his vote practically effaced during his absence, if he is compelled to take a little rest or change. This has greatly increased the burden thrown upon an important section of the Ministerialists. The members who are regular attendants of the House lead little better than a dog's life. They are not their own masters at any time. They cannot tell when they will be able to get their food, or when they will be allowed to go home. We say nothing of the work involved for the constituencies—the letters that have to be written, the deputations which must be seen, the applications for all kinds of things, from a cradle to a Government appointment, which must be replied to. All this is part of the Parliamentary penalty. But it is not necessary to add to these penalties by holding up the fagged and worn-out member to the public view as a voluptuary who has been spoiled by excessive indulgence.

For a proper appreciation of the malady which has to be cured, if cure be possible, we have to recognize the fact that the whole House is overworked. We have admitted, without reference to any particular party or Ministry, that too much work is forced upon it, and that sufficient margin is never left for those delays which must and will arise in every large legislative body. A Cabinet generally appears to lay out its plans upon the supposition that not a moment will ever be wasted. Who can hope to see the day when that will be the case? Some allowances must be made for erroneous calculations, and still more for the weaknesses of human nature. There will always be an agitation going on about the interference of the authorities with a great strike, or with a procession in the streets, or about the arrest of a young woman, or some misunderstanding with a Foreign Power, or a fresh disturbance in Ireland. The House of Commons will insist on having something to say on such matters as these, and the only thing that can be hoped for is that the unexpected discussion may be confined within reasonable limits. There is a point at which the most devoted partisans begin to show signs of rebellion. It is reached when they feel that they are being called upon to undertake an impossible task, and when they are forced to carry day after day too heavy a load. They do not openly show an unfriendly tendency, but it is found that somehow or other it is very hard to induce them to attend the House, or to return after dinner. When a party leader ignores these signs, there is always danger of some of his plans breaking down. Mr. Gladstone has more than once put that to the proof, with results which he had weighty reasons for regretting. The first step, then, towards restoring to Parliament its old

efficiency must be to take care that there is a due proportion between the legislative programme and the amount of time at the disposal of the Ministry which seeks to carry it out. For otherwise there will always be a large record of failure at the conclusion of every Session, and the public will grow weary of hearing the charge of obstruction, which each party in its turn will level at the other. We must not forget that between 1881–83, the country rang with this charge, brought by Gladstonians against the Conservatives. It was said that measures of the utmost importance to the public had failed because the Conservatives would not permit any work to be done. The Conservatives brought the same accusations against the Gladstonians, and with far greater justice, between 1877 and 1880. It will be impossible for the public to decide on the merits of these incessant appeals to it, and there is a danger that it will, at no distant date, turn a deaf ear to them all, unless care be taken in placing the facts before it. In that respect, Lord Hartington's recent speech was of great value.

The plain truth is that the House of Commons is much too large for practical work, and that, in particular, one section of the country is extravagantly over-represented in it. We do not see how any man who looks fairly into the subject can have a moment's doubt in his mind that Ireland is not entitled either by population or by any other just claim to 103 representatives in the House of Commons. We can scarcely hope that such a question can be considered without prejudice, or without some violent controversies being aroused, but in spite of these disadvantages, it will have to be taken into consideration, or we may as well make up our minds at once that the popular branch of the Legislature is hopelessly crippled. With a House of the present number, work will never again be well and smoothly done. It matters very little on what basis the Irish representation is calculated, for upon any that may be taken, the number of members allotted to it will be seen to be far too large. In 1884, on the second reading of the Reform Bill of that year, Mr. Gladstone acknowledged that Ireland had no more than one-seventh of the population of the United Kingdom, and that on that basis she was entitled only to 93 members instead of 103. But, being no doubt unwilling to incur the risks of diminishing the Irish representation, he justified an adherence to the higher standard on the ground that some injustice might have been done to Ireland in this respect under the Reform Bill of 1832, and that it was possible Ireland, as regards population, might 'recover something of the ground she had lost.' Since then,

then, Ireland has been still further declining in population, while the rest of the United Kingdom has been gaining ground, so that we are probably not far wrong in estimating that Ireland has less rather than more than one-tenth of the total population. On the basis mentioned by Mr. Gladstone, this would give her 67 representatives in Parliament. The Act of Union fixes the number at 100, but that was adapted to the circumstances of the time. It will scarcely be contended that if the population of Ireland sank to 2,000,000, she should be permitted to retain the same Parliamentary representation that she had when her population was three or four times as much. Mr. Gladstone has already shown the world that the Act of Union is no barrier to the most sweeping changes which may be required by time or by public opinion. The Fifth Article of that Act ordains that the Protestant Episcopal Church, its discipline and government, 'shall be and shall remain in full force for ever.' But that did not prevent Mr. Gladstone from abolishing it. If great injustice is inflicted on the rest of the country by Ireland absorbing considerably more than her fair share of Parliamentary representation, the Act of Union cannot stand in the way of reform. The Fourth Article is not more sacred than the Fifth.

Mr. Gladstone clearly felt, in 1884, that the Irish representation would have to be reduced, but he, not unnaturally, refrained from provoking the opposition of the Parnellite members by introducing clauses into his Bill with a view of carrying out what he knew to be right. Doubtless the fact was also present to his mind that the centres of population had undergone great changes, and that a reapportionment of seats on the basis of population would give a far larger number to the North of Ireland than it at present possesses, while the sections of the country which were, and are, under the dominion of the National League would undergo considerable loss. But, if the representation of Ireland is ever to be put on a strictly equitable footing, such consequences as these will have to be left entirely out of account. The right thing must be done, regardless of which party will lose or which will gain. We do not wish, any more than Mr. Gladstone, to see the population of Ireland continue to decline. But human wishes will not affect the issue one way or the other. The fact is before us that, from various courses, the inhabitants of most rural districts diminish in numbers, and that the centres of industry are not recruited from them. In other words, there is still a constant drain from Ireland to the shores of America. Mr. Gladstone would, no doubt, tell us that this is not by any means an unmixed

unmixed good for Great Britain, and we should fully agree with him. The full effect of the Irish occupation of a large part of the United States has not yet been felt either by that country or by this. It is probably destined to produce many consequences for which the sober portion of the American people are as little prepared as we are. But that is a matter beyond control, and it has no bearing on the constitution of Parliament. Even the Irish in America would scarcely have the audacity to allege that the basis of Parliamentary representation should be calculated upon the theory that they are still in their native country.

Whenever the work of recasting the House of Commons is taken in hand, Ireland will assuredly have to lose some of its members, and of those who remain, a certain proportion will be transferred from the South and West to the North. If all the Irish members were loyal, these changes would be equally a matter of necessity. We have been very sorry in former times to see certain ancient boroughs in England lose their representation in Parliament, but their decline, and the rise of important towns elsewhere, rendered the operation necessary. So it will be with Ireland. If future statesmen have sufficient wisdom and courage—and a good measure of both would be needed for the process—seats which are cut off from one section of the country will not again be given to another section, but will be allowed to lapse altogether. That would be the most cautious and the wisest way of reducing the total numbers of the House. The acute mind of the late Sir Henry Maine perceived the inevitable tendency of the forces now at work. 'The Obstruction,' he remarks, 'spoken of by politicians of experience with lamentation and surprise, is nothing more than a symptom of the familiar disease of large governing bodies; it arises from the numbers of the House of Commons, and from the variety of opinions struggling in it for utterance. The remedies hitherto tried for the cure of Obstruction will prove, in my judgment, to be merely palliatives. No multitudinous assembly which seeks really to govern can possibly be free from it; and it will probably lead to a constitutional revolution, the House of Commons abandoning the greatest part of its legislative authority to a Cabinet of Executive Ministers.'* No prediction was ever in the way of being more fully accomplished. There is but one modification which it is likely to undergo. The House will be cajoled by successive administrations to part with its powers to Committees of its own number,

* 'Popular Government,' pp. 94–95.

which

which will be largely under the influence of the Cabinet. That will be quite as efficacious a method of weakening it as a direct transfer of legislative powers to the Ministry.

'Palliatives,' and nothing more, all the remedial measures which are at present within our reach must remain. Even the strongest steps that could possibly be taken would not prevent obstruction, if a sufficiently determined body had combined to carry it on. We have referred to the penalty of expulsion, and of course we recognize the difficulties connected with that. A member might be expelled, but suppose his constituency re-elected him, and went on doing it as often as he was sent back? The constituency could be disfranchised. But a group of members might be acting together. Should we then go on to disfranchise all those constituencies? That would carry us far—too far, perhaps, for safety. The expelled members and the disfranchised constituencies would, of course, belong to the party out of power. Would it not be said, and sometimes, perhaps, with truth, that the majority were seeking, under pretence of obstruction, to make their hold upon office permanent, and practically to rule the nation by despotic means? Alarm would be naturally aroused in the mind of the nation, no matter which party began to expel on a large, or even on a small, scale. If the persons singled out for punishment were Irish members, does any one suppose that they would long stand alone? They have not done so hitherto when they were engaged in the work of obstruction. Among the taunts which they constantly use with the greatest effect are those which they address to members on both sides of the House who have, in past times, acted with them in obstructive tactics. In the list of those members some of the best known men in Parliament are included. The indictment may or may not be well founded, but a remarkable degree of caution is usually shown in replying to it. We may, as Conservatives, justly boast that the recognized leaders of our party have never condescended to sanction obstruction in any of its multitudinous forms. Lord Beaconsfield was incapable of inflicting any such degradation upon Parliament, and Lord Iddesleigh was equally opposed to the unscrupulous tactics which now, unfortunately, are a recognized part of public life. We should hope that the credit of depriving obstruction of its worst sting may be won by the Conservative party, but we have felt it our duty to point out frankly the obstacles in the way of success. If these obstacles are not accurately measured beforehand, utter failure must attend every effort to set the House of Commons once more free. There must be a greater degree of personal liability for misconduct brought

brought home to every member; there must also be a more direct action of the Closure, on the responsibility of the Leader of the House, who can be brought to account for any misuse of it. If necessary, the Ministry must be prepared to make an appeal to the country on the plain question whether it sanctions obstruction or not, and whether it wishes the national business to be transacted in an honest manner, or to be thrown into shameful disorder and confusion. It would be an eminently wise proceeding to reduce, by degrees, the number constituting the House, and to diminish and reapportion the representation of Ireland. It is probable that none of these measures will receive the immediate support of the body into which a cancer is steadily eating its way. It is only too certain that the time will come when the country will be obliged to adopt them all.

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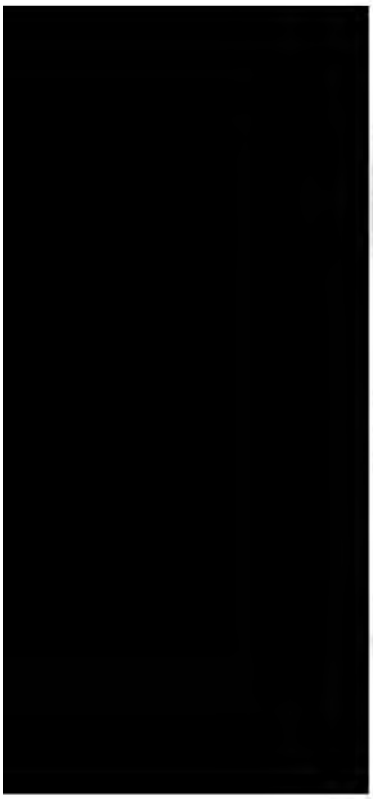

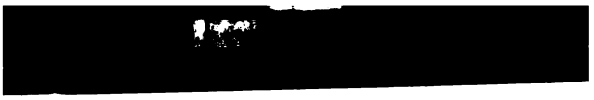

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